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STORIES OF A WESTERN TOWN.

By Octave Thanet.

I.—THE BESETMENT OF KURT LIEDERS.

A SILVER rime glistened all down the street. There was a drabble of dead leaves on the sidewalk which was of wood, and on the roadway which was of macadam and stiff mud. The wind blew sharply, for it was a December day and only six in the morning. Nor were the houses high enough to furnish any independent bulwark; they were low, wooden dwellings, the tallest a bare two stories in height, the majority only one story. But they were in good painting and repair, and most of them had a homely gayety of geraniums or bouvardias in the windows. The house on the corner was the tall house. It occupied a larger yard than its neighbors; and there were lace curtains tied with blue ribbons for the windows in the right hand front room. The door of this house swung back with a crash and a woman darted out. She ran at the top of her speed to the little yellow house farther down the street. Her blue calico gown clung about her stout figure and fluttered behind her, revealing her blue, woollen stockings and felt slippers. Her gray head was bare. As she ran tears rolled down her cheeks and she wrung her hands.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh, lieber Herr Je!" One near would have heard her sob, in too distracted agitation to heed the motorneer of the passing street-car who stared after her at the risk of his car, or the tousled heads behind a few curtains. She did not stop until she almost fell against the door of the yellow house. Her frantic knocking was answered by a young woman in a light and artless costume of a quilted petticoat and a red flannel sack.

"He wiped dishes as he did everything, neatly, slowly."
—Page 144.

"Oh, gracious goodness! Mrs. Lieders!" cried she.

Thekla Lieders rather staggered than walked into the room and fell back on the black haircloth sofa.

"There, there, there," said the young

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woman while she patted the broad shoulders heaving between sobs and short breath, "what is it? The house aint afire?"

"Oh, no, oh, Mrs. Olsen, he has done it again!" She wailed in sobs, like a child.

"Done it? Done what?" exclaimed Mrs. Olsen, then her face paled. "Oh, my gracious, you *don't* mean he's killed himself——"

"Yes, he's killed himself, again."

"And he's dead?" asked the other in an awed tone.

Mrs. Lieders gulped down her tears, "Oh, not so bad as that, I cut him down, he was up in the garret and I sus—suspected him and I run up and—oh, he was there, a choking, and he was so mad! He swore at me and—he kicked me when I—I says: 'Kurt, what are you doing of? Hold on till I git a knife,' I says—for his hands was just dangling at his side; and he says nottings cause he couldn't, he was most gone and I knowed I wouldn't have time to git no knife but I saw it was a rope was pretty bad worn and so—so I just run and jumped and ketched it in my hands, and being I'm so fleshy it couldn't stand no more and it broke! And, oh! he—he kicked me when I was try to come near to git the rope off his neck; and so soon like he could git his breath he swore at me——"

"He swore at me."

"And you a helping of him! Just listen to that!" cried the hearer indignantly.

"So I come here for to git you and Mr. Olsen to help me git him down stairs, 'cause he is too heavy for me to lift, and he is so mad he won't walk down himself."

"Yes, yes, of course. I'll call Carl. Carl! dost thou hear? come! But did you dare to leave him, Mrs. Lieders?" Part of the time she spoke in English, part of the time in her own tongue, gliding from one to another, and neither party observing the transition.

Mrs. Lieders wiped her eyes saying: "Oh, yes, Danke schön, I aint afraid 'cause I tied him with the rope, righd good, so he don't got no chance to move. He was make faces at me all the time I tied him." At the remembrance, the tears welled anew.

Mrs. Olsen, a little, bright tinted woman with a nose too small for her big blue eyes and chubby cheeks, quivered with indignant sympathy.

"Well, I did nefer hear of sooch a mean acting man!" seemed to her the most natural expression; but the wife fired, at once.

"No, he is not a mean man," she cried, "no, Freda Olsen, he is not a mean man at all! There aint nowhere a better man than my man; and Carl Olsen, he knows that. Kurt, he always buys a whole ham and a whole barrel

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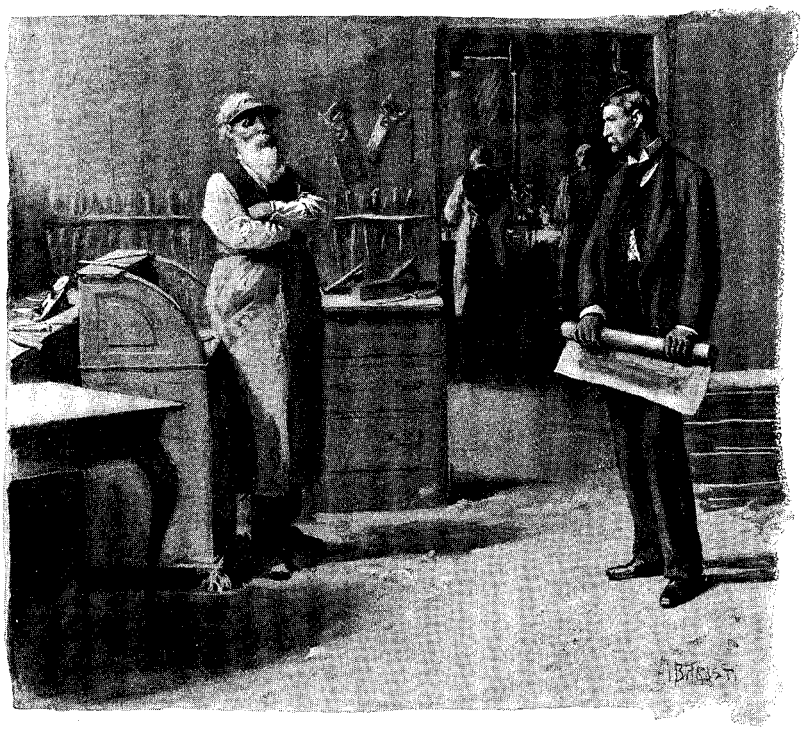
of flour, and never less than a dollar of sugar at a time! And he never gits drunk nor he never gives me any bad



"If they could not get along decently they would better part."—Page 141.

talk. It was only he got this wanting to kill himself on him, sometimes."

"Well, I guess I'll go put on my things," said Mrs. Olsen, wisely declining to defend her position. "You set right still and warm yourself, and we'll be back in a minute."

Indeed, it was hardly more than that time before both Carl Olsen, who worked in the same furniture factory as Kurt Lieders, and was a comely and afterwitted giant, appeared with Mrs. Olsen ready for the street.

He nodded at Mrs. Lieders and made a gurgling noise in his throat, expected to convey sympathy. Then, he coughed and said that he was ready, and they started.

Feeling further expression demanded, Mrs. Olsen asked: "How many times has he done it, Mrs. Lieders?"

Mrs. Lieders was trotting along, her anxious eyes on the house in the distance, especially on the garret windows. "Three times," she answered, not removing her eyes, "onct he tooked Rough on Rats and I found it out and I put some apple butter in the place of it, and he kept wondering and wondering how he didn't feel notings, and after a while I got him off the notion, that time. He wasn't mad at me; he just said: 'Well, I do it some other time. You see!' but he promised to wait till I got the spring house cleaning over, so he could shake the carpets for me; and by and by he got feeling better. He was mad at the boss and that made him feel bad. The next time it was the same, that time he jumped into the cistern——"

"Yes, I know," said Olsen, with a half grin, "I pulled him out."

"It was the razor he wanted," the wife continued, "and when he come home and says he was going to leave the shop and he aint never going back there, and gets out his razor and sharps it, I knowed what that meant and I told him I got to have some bluing and

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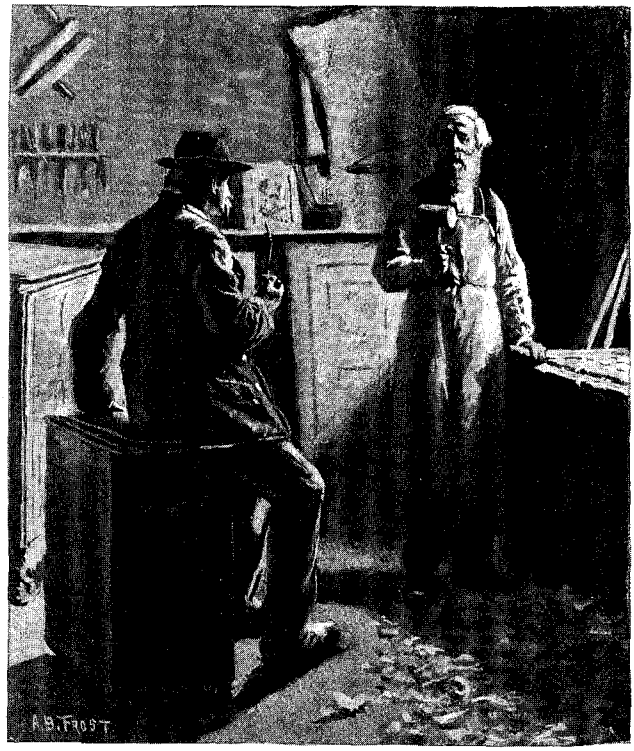
wouldn't he go and get it? and he says, 'You won't git another husband run so free on your errands, Thekla,' and I

Mrs. Lieders, "but he said it was for to shave him, and I got him to promise to let the barber shave him sometime, in-



"None of the 'boys' came to see him, except Carl Olsen."—Page 142.

says I don't want none; and when he was gone I hid the razor and he couldn't find it, but that didn't mad him, he didn't say notings; and when I went to git the supper he walked out in the yard and jumped into the cistern, and I heard the splash and looked in and there he was trying to git his head under, and I called, 'For the Lord's sake, papa! For the Lord's sake!' just like that. And I fished for him with the pole that stood there and he was sorry and caught hold of it and give in, and I rested the pole agin the side cause I wasn't strong enough to h'ist him out; and he held on whilest I run for help——"

"And I got the ladder and he clum out," said the giant with another grin of recollection, "he was awful wet!"

"That was a month ago," said the wife, solemnly.

"He sharped the razor onct," said

stead. Here, Mrs. Olsen, you go righd in, the door aint locked."

By this time they were at the house door. They passed in and ascended the stairs to the second story, then climbed a narrow, ladder-like flight to the garret. Involuntarily they had paused to listen at the foot of the stairs, but it was very quiet, not a sound of movement, not so much as the sigh of a man breathing. The wife turned pale and put both her shaking hands on her heart.

"Guess he's trying to scare us by keeping quiet!" said Olsen, cheerfully, and he stumbled up the stairs, in advance. "Thunder!" he exclaimed, on the last stair, "well, we aint any too quick."

In fact Carl had nearly fallen over the master of the house, that enterprising self-destroyer having contrived,

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pinioned as he was, to roll over to the very brink of the stair well, with the plain intent to break his neck by plunging headlong.

In the dim light all that they could see was a small, old man whose white hair was strung in wisps over his purple face, whose deep set eyes glared like the eyes of a rat in a trap, and whose very elbows and knees expressed in their cramps the fury of an outraged soul. When he saw the new-comers he shut his eyes and his jaws.

"Well, Mr. Lieders," said Olsen, mildly, "I guess you better git downstairs. Kin I help you up?"

"No," said Lieders.

"Will I give you an arm to lean on?"

"No."

"Won't you go at all, Mr. Lieders?"

"No."

Olsen shook his head. "I hate to trouble you Mr. Lieders," said he in his slow, undecided tones, "please excuse me," with which he gathered up the little man into his strong arms and slung him over his shoulders, as easily as he would sling a sack of meal. It was a vent for Mrs. Olsen's bubbling indignation to make a dive for Lieders's heels and hold them, while Carl backed down-stairs. But Lieders did not make the least resistance. He allowed them to carry him into the room indicated by his wife, and to lay him bound on the plump feather bed. It was not his bedroom, but the sacred "spare room," and the bed was part of its luxury. Thekla ran in, first, to remove the embroidered pillow shams and the dazzling, silken "crazy quilt" that was her choicest possession.

Safely in the bed, Lieders opened his eyes and looked from one face to the other, his lip curling. "You can't keep me this way all the time. I can do it in spite of you," said he.

"Well, I think you had ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Lieders!" Mrs. Olsen burst out, in a tremble between wrath and exertion, shaking her little, plump fist at him.

But the placid Carl only nodded, as in sympathy, saying, "Well, I am sorry you feel so bad, Mr. Lieders. I guess we got to go now."

Mrs. Olsen looked as if she would have liked to exhort Lieders further; but she shrugged her shoulders and followed her husband in silence.

"I wished you'd stay to breakfast, now you're here," Thekla urged out of her imperious hospitality; had Kurt been lying there dead, the next meal must have been offered, just the same. "I know, you aint got time to git Mr. Olsen his breakfast, Freda, before he has got to go to the shops, and my tea-kettle is boiling now, and the coffee'll be ready—I *guess* you had better stay."

But Mrs. Olsen seconded her husband's denial and there was nothing left

"Hang himself?" stammered Lossing.—Page 146.

Thekla but to see them to the door. No sooner did she return than Lieders spoke. "Aint you going to take off them ropes?" said he.

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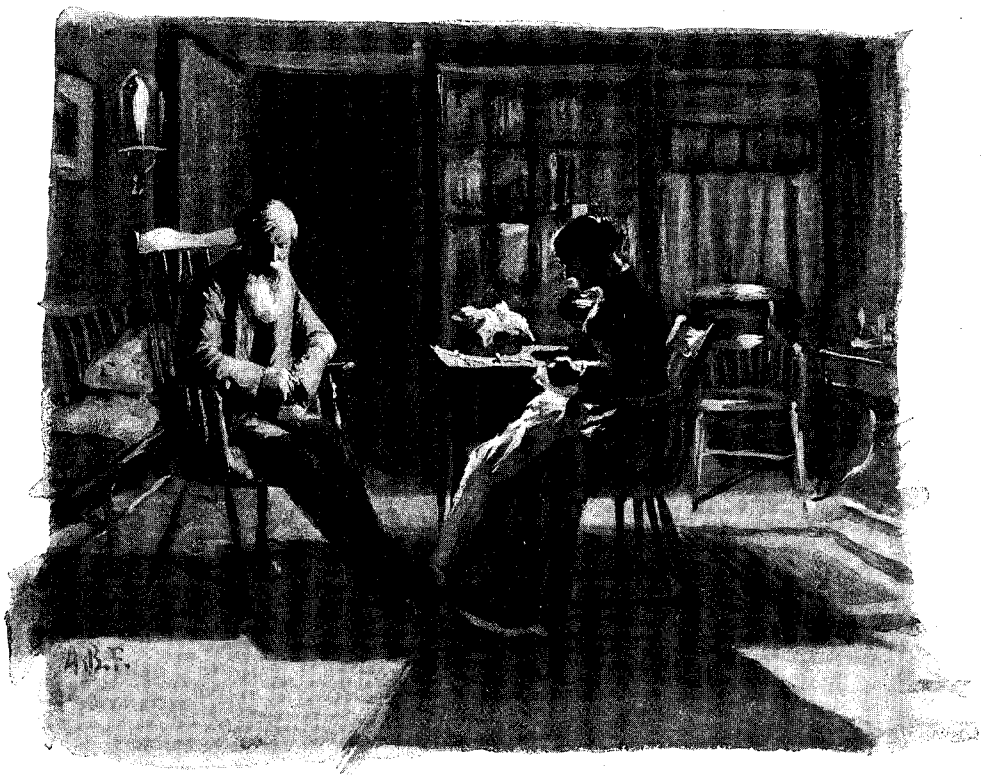

"No, it was not fair to thee—I know that now."—Page 147.

"Not till you promise you won't do it."

Silence. Thekla, brushing a few tears from her eyes, scrutinized the ropes again, before she walked heavily out of the room. She turned the key in the door.

Directly a savory steam floated through the hall and pierced the cracks about the door; then Thekla's footsteps returned; they echoed over the uncarpeted boards.

She had brought his breakfast, cooked with the best of her homely skill. The pork chops that he liked had been fried, there was a napkin on the tray, and the coffee was in the best gilt cup and saucer.

"Here's your breakfast, papa," said she, trying to smile.

"I don't want no breakfast," said he.

She waited, holding the tray, and wistfully eying him.

"Take it 'way," said he, "I won't touch it if you stand till doomsday, lessen you untie me!"

"I'll untie your arm, papa, one arm; you kin eat that way."

"Not lessen you untie all of me, I won't touch a bite."

"You know why I won't untie you, papa."

"Starving will kill as dead as hanging," was Lieders's orphic response to this.

Thekla sighed and went away leaving the tray on the table. It may be that she hoped the sight of food might stir his stomach to rebel against his dogged will; if so she was disappointed, half an hour went by during which the statue under the bedclothes remained without so much as a quiver.

Then the old woman returned. "Aint you awful cramped and stiff, papa?"

"Yes," said the statue.

"Will you promise not to do yourself a mischief, if I untie you?"

"No."

Thekla groaned, while the tears started to her red eyelids. "But you'll git awful tired and it will hurt you if

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you don't get the ropes off, soon, papa!"

"I know that!"

He closed his eyes again, to be the less hindered from dropping back into his distempered musings. Thekla took a seat by his side and sat silent as he. Slowly the natural pallor returned to the high forehead and sharp features. They were delicate features and there was an air of refinement, of thought, about Lieders's whole person, as different as possible from the robust comeliness of his wife. With its keen sensitiveness and its undefined melancholy it was a dreamer's face. One meets such faces, sometimes, in incongruous places and wonders what they mean. In fact, Kurt Lieders, head cabinet maker in the furniture factory of Lossing & Co., was an artist. He was, also, an incomparable artisan and the most exacting foreman in the shops. Thirty years ago he had first taken wages from the senior Lossing. He had watched a modest industry climb up to a great business, nor was he all at sea in his own estimate of his share in the firm's success. Lieders's workmanship had an honesty, an infinite patience of detail, a daring skill of design that came to be sought and commanded its own price. The Lossing "art furniture" did not slander the name. No sculptor ever wrought his soul into marble with a more unflinching conscience or a purer joy in his work than this wood-carver dreaming over sideboards and bedsteads. Unluckily, Lieders had the wrong side of the gift as well as the right; was full of whims and crochets, and as unpractical as the Christian martyrs. He openly defied expense, and he would have no trifling with the laws of art. To make after orders was an insult to Kurt. He made what was best for the customer; if the latter had not the sense to see it he was a fool and a pig and some one else should work for him, not Kurt Lieders, *begehr!*

Young Lossing had learned the business practically. He was taught the details by his father's best workman; and a mighty hard and strict master the best workman proved! Lossing did not dream that the crabbed old tyrant who rarely praised him, who made him go over, for the twentieth time, any imperfect piece of work, who exacted all the artisan virtues to the last inch, was secretly proud of him. Yet, in fact, the thread of romance in Lieders's prosaic life was his idolatry of the Lossing Manufacturing Co. It is hard to tell whether it was the Lossings or that intangible quantity, the firm, the business, that he worshipped. Worship he did, however, the one or the other, perhaps the both of them, though in the peevish and erratic manner of the savage who sometimes grovels to his idols and sometimes kicks them.

Nobody guessed what a blow it was to Kurt when, a year ago, the elder Lossing had died. Even his wife did not connect his sullen melancholy and his gibes at the younger generation, with the crape on Harry Lossing's hat. He would not go to the funeral, but worked savagely, all alone by himself, in the shop, the whole afternoon — breaking down at last at the sight of a carved panel over which Lossing and he had once disputed. The desolate loneliness of the old came to him when his old master was gone. He loved the young man, but the old man was of his own generation; he had "known how things ought to be and he could understand without talking." Lieders began to be on the lookout for signs of waning consideration, to watch his own eyes and hands, drearily wondering when they would begin to play him false; at the same time because he was unhappy he was ten times as exacting and peremptory and critical with the younger workmen, and ten times as insolently independent with the young master. Often enough, Lossing was exasperated to the point of taking the old man at his word and telling him to go if he would, but every time the chain of long habit, a real respect for such faithful service, and a keen admiration for Kurt's matchless skill in his craft, had held him back. He prided himself on keeping his word; for that reason he was warier of using it. So he would compromise by giving the domineering old fellow a "good, stiff, rowing." Once, he coupled this with a threat, if they could not get along decently they would better part! Lieders had an-

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swered not a word; he had given Lossing a queer glance and turned on his heel. He went home and bought some poison on the way. "The old man is gone and the young feller don't want the old crank round, no more," he said to himself, "Thekla, I guess I make her troubles, too; I'll git out!"

That was the beginning of his tampering with suicide. Thekla, who did not have the same opinion of the "trouble," had interfered. He had married Thekla to have someone to keep a warm fireside for him, but she was an ignorant creature who never could be made to understand about carving; he felt sorry for her when the baby died, the only child they ever had; he was sorrier than he expected to be on his own account, too, for it was an ugly little creature, only four days old, and very red and wrinkled; but he never thought of confiding his own griefs or trials to her. Now, it made him angry to have that stupid Thekla keep him in a world where he did not wish to stay. If the next day Lossing had not remembered how his father valued Lieders, and made an excuse to half apologize to him, I fear Thekla's stratagems would have done little good.

The next experience was cut out of the same piece of cloth. He had relented, he had allowed his wife to save him; but he was angry in secret. Then came the day when open disobedience of Lossing's orders had snapped the last thread of his patience. To Lieders's aggrieved "If you ain't satisfied with my work, Mr. Lossing, I kin quit," the answer had come instantly, "Very well, Lieders, I'm sorry to lose you, but we can't have two bosses here; you can go to the desk." And when Lieders in a blind stab of temper had growled a prophesy that Lossing would regret it, Lossing had stabbed in turn: "Maybe, but it will be a cold day when I ask you to come back." And he had gone off without so much as a word of regret. The old workman had packed up his tools, the pet tools that no one was ever permitted to touch, and crammed his arms into his coat and walked out of the place where he had worked so long, not a man saying a word. Lieders didn't reflect that they knew nothing of the quarrel. He glowered at them and went away sore at heart. We make a great mistake when we suppose that it is only the affectionate that desire affection, sulky and ill-conditioned souls often have a passionate longing for the very feelings that they repel. Lieders was a womanish, sensitive creature under the surly mask, and he was cut to the quick by his comrades' apathy. "There ain't no place for old men in this world," he thought, "there's them boys I done my best to make do a good job, and some of 'em I've worked overtime to help; and not one of 'em has got as much as a good-by in him for me!"

But he did not think of going to poor Thekla for comfort, he went to his grim dreams. "I git my property all straight for Thekla, and then I quit," said he. Perhaps he gave himself a reprieve unconsciously, thinking that something might happen to save him from himself. Nothing happened. None of the "boys" came to see him, except Carl Olsen, the very stupidest man in the shop who put Lieders beside himself, fifty times a day. The other men were sorry that Lieders had gone, having a genuine workman's admiration for his skill, and a sort of underground liking for the unreasonable old man because he was so absolutely honest and "a fellow could always tell where to find him." But they were shy, they were afraid he would take their pity in bad part, they "waited a while."

Carl, honest soul, stood about in Lieders's workshop, kicking the shavings with his heels for half an hour, and grinned sheepishly, and was told what a worthless, scamping, bragging lot the "boys" at Lossing's were, and said he guessed he had got to go home now; and so departed, unwitting that his presence had been a consolation. Mrs. Olsen asked Carl what Lieders said; Carl answered simply, "Say, Freda, that man feels terrible bad."

Meanwhile Thekla seemed easily satisfied. She made no outcry as Lieders had dreaded, over his leaving the shop.

"Well, then, papa, you don't need git up so early in the morning no more, if you aint going to the shop," was her

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only comment; and Lieders despised the mind of woman more than ever.

But that evening, while Lieders was down town (occupied, had she known it, with a codicil to his will), she went over to the Olsens and found out all Carl could tell her about the trouble in the shop. And it was she that made the excuse of marketing to go out the next day that she might see the rich widow on the hill who was talking about a china closet, and Judge Trevor, who had asked the price of a mantel, and Mr. Martin, who had looked at sideboards (all this information came from honest Carl); and who proposed to them that they order such furniture of the best cabinet-maker in the country, now setting up on his own account. He, simple as a baby for all his doggedness, thought that they came because of his fame as a workman, and felt a glow of pride, particularly as (having been prepared by the wife, who said, "You see it don't make so much difference with my Kurt 'bout de prize, if so he can get the furniture like he wants it, and he always know of the best in the old country") they all were duly humble. He accepted a few orders and went to work with a will; he would show them what the old man could do! But it was only a temporary gleam; in a little while he grew homesick for the shop, for the sawdust floor and the familiar smell of oil, and the picture of Lossing flitting in and out. He missed the careless young workmen at whom he had grumbled, he missed the whir of machinery, and the consciousness of rush and hurry accented by the cars on the track outside. In short, he missed the feeling of being part of a great whole. At home, in his cosey little improvised shop, there was none to dispute him, but there was none to obey him either. He grew deathly tired of it all. He got into the habit of walking around the shops at night prowling about his old haunts like a cat. Once the night watchman saw him. The next day there was a second watchman engaged. And Olsen told him very kindly, meaning only to warn him, that he was suspected to be there for no good purpose. Lieders confirmed a lurking suspicion of the good Carl's own, by the clouding of his face. Yet he would have chopped his hand off rather than have lifted it against the shop.

That was Tuesday night, this was Wednesday morning.

The memory of it all, the cruel sense of injustice, returned with such poignant force that Lieders groaned aloud.

Instantly, Thekla was bending over him. He did not know whether to laugh at her or to swear, for she began fumbling at the ropes, half sobbing. "Yes, I knowed they was hurting you, papa; I'm going to loose one arm. Then I put it back again and loose the other. Please don't be bad!"

He made no resistance and she was as good as her word. She unbound and bound him in sections, as it were; he watching her with a morose smile.

Then she left the room, but only to return with some hot coffee. Lieders twisted his head away. "No," said he, "I don't eat none of that breakfast, not if you make fresh coffee all the morning; I feel like I don't eat never no more on earth."

Thekla knew that the obstinate nature that she tempted was proof against temptation; if Kurt chose to starve, starve he would with food at his elbow.

"Oh, papa," she cried, helplessly, "what *is* the matter with you?"

"Just dying is the matter with me, Thekla. If I can't die one way I kin another. Now Thekla, I want you to quit crying and listen. After I'm gone you go to the boss, young Mr. Lossing—but I always called him Harry because he learned his trade of me, Thekla, but he don't think of that now—and you tell him old Lieders that worked for him thirty years is dead, but he didn't hold no hard feelings, he knowed he done wrong 'bout that mantel. Mind you tell him."

"Yes, papa," said Thekla, which was a surprise to Kurt; he had dreaded a weak flood of tears and protestations. But there were no tears, no protestations, only a long look at him and a contraction of the eyebrows as if Thekla were trying to think of something that eluded her. She placed the coffee on the tray beside the other breakfast. For a while the room was very still. Lieders could not see the look of re-

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solve that finally smoothed the perplexed lines out of his wife's kind, simple old face. She rose. "Kurt," she said, "I don't guess you remember this is our wedding-day; it was this day, eighteen year we was married."

"So!" said Lieders, "well, I was a bad bargain to you, Thekla; after you nursed your father that was a cripple for twenty years, I thought it would be easy with me; but I was a bad bargain."

"The Lord knows best about that," said Thekla, simply, "be it how it be, you are the only man I ever had or will have, and I don't like you starve yourself. Papa, say you don't kill yourself, to-day, and you will eat your breakfast!"

"Yes," Lieders repeated in German, "a bad bargain for thee, that is sure. But thou hast been a good bargain for me. Here! I promise. Not this day. Give me the coffee."

He had seasons, all the morning, of wondering over his meekness, and his agreement to be tied up again, at night. But still, what did a day matter? a man humors women's notions; and starving was so tedious. Between whiles he elaborated a scheme to attain his end. How easy to outwit the silly Thekla. His eyes shone, as he hid the little, sharp knife up his cuff. "Let her tie me!" says Lieders, "I keep my word. To-morrow I be out of this. He won't git a man like me, pretty soon!"

Thekla went about her daily tasks, with her every-day air; but, now and again that same pucker of thought returned to her forehead; and, more than once, Lieders saw her stand over some dish, poising her spoon in air, too abstracted to notice his cynical observation.

The dinner was more elaborate than common, and Thekla had broached a bottle of her currant wine. She gravely drank Lieders's health. "And many good days, papa," she said.

Lieders felt a queer movement of pity. After the table was cleared, he helped his wife to wash and wipe the dishes as his custom was of a Sunday or holiday. He wiped dishes as he did everything, neatly, slowly, with a careful deliberation. Not until the dishes were put away and the couple were seated, did Thekla speak.

"Kurt," she said, "I got to talk to you."

An inarticulate groan and a glance at the door from Lieders. "I just got to, papa. It aint righd for you to do the way you been doing for so long time; efery little whiles you try to kill yourself; no, papa, that aint righd!"

Kurt, who had gotten out his pencils and compasses and other drawing tools, grunted: "I got to look at my work, Thekla, now, I am too busy to talk."

"No, Kurt, no, papa"—the hands holding the blue apron that she was embroidering with white linen began to tremble; Lieders had not the least idea what a strain it was on this reticent, slow of speech woman who had stood in awe of him for eighteen years, to discuss the horror of her life; but he could not help marking her agitation. She went on, desperately: "Yes, papa, I got to talk it oud with you. You had ought to listen, 'cause I always been a good wife to you and nefer refused you notings. No."

"Well, I aint saying I done it 'cause *you* been bad to me, everybody knows we aint had no trouble."

"But everbody what don't know us, when they read how you tried to kill yourself in the papers, they think it was me. That always is so. And now I never can any more sleep nights, for you is always maybe git up and do something to yourself. So now, I got to talk to you, papa. Papa, how could you done so?"

Lieders twisted his feet under the rungs of his chair; he opened his mouth, but only to shut it again with a click of his teeth.

"I got my mind made up, papa. I thought and I thought. I know *why* you done it; you done it 'cause you and the boss was mad at each other. The boss hadn't no righd to let you go——"

"Yes, he had, I madded him first; I was a fool. Of course I knowed more than him 'bout the work, but I hadn't no right to go again him. The boss is all right."

"Yes, papa, I got my mind made up"—like most sluggish spirits there was an immense momentum about Thekla's

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mind, once get it fairly started it was not to be diverted—"you never killed yourself before you used to git mad at the boss. You was afraid he would send you away; and now you have sent yourself away you don't want to live, 'cause you do not know how you can git along without the shop. But you want to get back, you want to get back more as you want to kill yourself. Yes, papa, I know, I know where you did use to go, nights. Now"—she changed her speech unconsciously to the tongue of her youth—"it is not fair, it is not fair to me that thou should treat me like that, thou dost belong to me, also; so I say, my Kurt, wilt thou make a bargain with me? If I shall get thee back thy place wilt thou promise me never to kill thyself any more?"

Lieders had not once looked up at her during the slow, difficult sentences with their half choked articulation; but he was experiencing some strange emotions, and one of them was a novel respect for his wife. All he said was: "'Taint no use talking. I won't never ask him to take me back."

"Well, you aint asking of him. *I* ask him; I try to git you back."

"I tell you, it aint no use, I know the boss, he aint going to be letting womans talk him over; no, he's a good man, he knows how to work his business himself!"

"But would you promise me, Kurt?"

Lieders's eyes blurred with a mild and dreamy mist; he sighed softly. "Thekla, you can't see how it is. It is like you are tied up, if I don't can do that; if I can then it is always that I am free, free, to go free, to stay. And for you, Thekla, it is the same."

Thekla's mild eyes flashed. "I don't believe you would like it so you wake up in the morning and find *me* hanging up in the kitchen by the clothes-line!"

Lieders had the air of one considering deeply. Then he gave Thekla one of the surprises of her life; he rose from his chair, he walked in his shuffling, unheeled slippers across the room to where the old woman sat; he put one arm on the back of the chair and stiffly bent over her and kissed her.

"Lieber Herr Je!" gasped Thelka.

"Then I shall go, too, pretty quick, that is all, mamma," said he, Thekla wiped her eyes. A little pause fell between them and in it they may have both remembered vanished, half-forgotten days when life had looked differently to them, when they had never thought to sit by their own fireside and discuss suicide. The husband spoke first; with a reluctant, half-shamed smile, "Thekla, I tell you what, I make the bargain with you; you get me back that place I don't do it again, less you let me; you don't git me back that place you don't say notings to me."

The apron dropped from the withered, brown hands to the floor. Again there was silence; but not for long; ghastly as was the alternative, the proposal offered a chance to escape from the terror that was sapping her heart.

"How long will you give me, papa?" said she.

"I give you a week," said he.

Thekla rose and went to the door; as she opened it a fierce gust of wind slashed her like a knife, and Lieders exclaimed, fretfully, "what you opening that door for, Thekla, letting in the wind? I'm so cold, now, right by the fire, I most can't draw. We got to keep a fire in the base-burner good, all night or the plants will freeze."

Thekla said confusedly that something sounded like a cat crying. "And you talking like that it frightened me; maybe I was wrong to make such bargains——"

"Then don't make it," said Lieders, curtly, "I aint asking you."

But Thekla drew a long breath and straightened herself, saying, "Yes, I make it, papa, I make it."

"Well, put another stick of wood in the stove, will you, now you are up?" said Lieders, shrugging his shoulders, "or I'll freeze in spite of you! It seems to me it grows colder every minute."

But all that day he was unusually gentle with Thekla. He talked of his youth and the struggles of the early days of the firm; he related a dozen tales of young Lossing, all illustrating some admirable trait that he certainly had not praised at the time. Never had he so opened his heart in regard to his own ideals of art, his own ambitions. And Thekla listened, not always compre-

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hending but always sympathizing; she was almost like a comrade, Kurt thought afterward.

In the morning, he was surprised to have her appear equipped for the street, though it was bitterly cold. She wore her garb of ceremony, a black, alpaca gown, with a white crocheted collar neatly turned over the long black, broadcloth cloak in which she had taken pride for the last five years; and her quilted black silk bonnet was on her gray head. When she put up her foot to don her warm overshoes Kurt saw that the stout ankles were encased in white stockings. This was the last touch. "Gracious, Thekla," cried Kurt, "are you going to market this day? It is the coldest day this winter!"

"Oh, I don't mind," replied Thekla, nervously. She had wrapped a scarf about her and gone out while he was getting into his own coat, and conning a proffer to go in her stead.

"Oh, well, Thekla she aint such a fool like she looks!" he observed to the cat, "say, pussy, was it you out last night?"

The cat only blinked her yellow eyes and purred. She knew that she had not been out last night. Not any better than her mistress, however, who at this moment was hailing a street-car.

The street-car did not land her anywhere near a market; it whirled her past the lines of low wooden houses into the big brick buildings with their arched windows and terra cotta ornaments that showed the business streets of the growing Western town, past these into mills and factories and smoke-stained chimneys. Here, she stopped. An acquaintance would hardly have recognized her, her ruddy cheeks had grown so pale. But she trotted on to the great building on the corner from whence came a low, incessant buzz. She went into the first door and ran against Carl Olsen. "Carl, I got to see Mr. Lossing," said she breathlessly.

"There ain't nothing——"

"No, Gott sei dank', but I got to see him."

It was not in Carl's way to ask questions; he promptly showed her the office and she entered. She had not seen young Harry Lossing half a dozen times; and, now, her anxious eyes wandered from one dapper figure at the high desks, to another, until Lossing advanced to her.

He was a handsome man, she thought, and he had kind eyes, but they hardened at her first timid sentence: "I am Mrs. Lieders, I come about my man——"

"Will you walk in here Mrs. Lieders?" said Lossing. His voice was like the ice on the window-panes.

She followed him into a little room. He shut the door.

Declining the chair that he pushed toward her she stood in the centre of the room, looking at him with the pleading eyes of a child.

"Mr. Lossings, will you please save my Kurt from killing himself?"

"What do you mean?" Lossing's voice had not thawed.

"It is for you that he will kill himself, Mr. Lossing. This is the third time that he has done it. It is because he is so lonesome now, your father is died and he thinks that you forget, and he has worked so hard for you, but he thinks that you forget. He was never tell me till yesterday; and then—it was—it was because I would not let him hang himself——"

"Hang himself?" stammered Lossing, "you don't mean——"

"Yes, he was hang himself, but I cut him, no I broke him down," said Thekla, accurate in all the disorder of her spirits; and forthwith, with many tremors, but clearly, she told the story of Kurt's despair. She told, as Lieders never would have known how to tell, even had his pride let him, all the man's devotion for the business, all his personal attachment to the firm; she told of his gloom after the elder Lossing died, "for he was think there was no one in this town such good man and so smart like your fader, Mr. Lossing, no, and he would set all the evening and try to draw and make the lines all wrong, and, then, he would throw the papers in the fire and go and walk outside and he say, 'I can't do nothing righd no more now the old man's died; they don't have no use for me at the shop, pretty quick!' and that make him feel awful bad!" She told of his homesick wanderings about the shops by

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night; "but he was better as a watchman, he wouldn't hurt it for the world! He telled me how you was hide his dinner-pail, onct for a joke and put in a piece of your pie, and how you climbed on the roof with the hose when it was afire. And he telled me if he shall die I shall tell you that he ain't got no hard feelings, but you didn't know how that mantel had ought to be, so he done it righd the other way, but he hadn't no righd to talk to you like he done, nohow, and you was all righd to send him away, but you might a shaked hands, and none of the boys never said nothing nor none of them never come to see him, 'cept Carl Olsen, and that make him feel awful bad, too! And when he feels so bad he don't no more want to live, so I make him promise if I git him back he never try to kill himself again. Oh, Mr. Lossing, please don't let my man die!"

Bewildered and more touched than he cared to feel, himself, Lossing still made a feeble stand for discipline. "I don't see how Lieders can expect me to take him back again," he began.

"He aint expecting you, Mr. Lossing, it's *me!*"

"But didn't Lieders tell you I told him I would never take him back?"

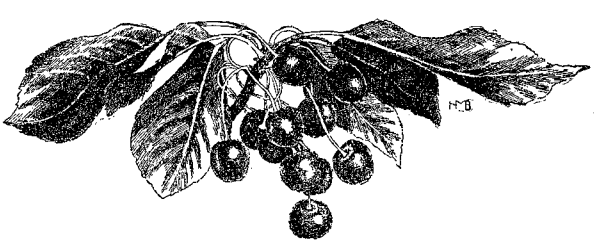
"No, sir, no, Mr. Lossing, it was not that, it was you said it would be a cold day that you would take him back; and it was git so cold yesterday, so I think, 'Now it would be a cold day to-morrow and Mr. Lossing he can take Kurt back.' And it *is* the most coldest day this year!"

Lossing burst into a laugh, perhaps he was glad to have the Western sense of humor come to the rescue of his compassion. "Well, it was a cold day for you to come all this way for nothing," said he. "You go home and tell Lieders to report to-morrow."

Kurt's manner of receiving the news was characteristic. He snorted in disgust: "Well, I did think he had more sand than to give in to a woman!" But after he heard the whole story he chuckled: "Yes, it was that way he said, and he must do like he said; but that was a funny way you done, Thekla. Say, mamma, yesterday, was you look out for the cat or to find how cold it been?"

"Never you mind, papa," said Thekla, "you remember what you promised if I git you back?"

Lieders's eyes grew dull; he flung his arms out, with a long sigh. "No, I don't forget, I will keep my promise, but—it is like the handcuffs, Thekla, it is like the handcuffs!" In a second, however, he added, in a changed tone, "But thou art a kind jailer, mamma, more like a comrade. And no, it was not fair to thee—I know that now, Thekla."



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FADED PICTURES.

By William Vaughn Moody.

Only two patient eyes to stare
  Out of the canvas: all the rest,
  The warm green gown, the small hands pressed
Light in the lap, the heapy hair,

That must have made the sweet, low brow
  So earnest, centuries ago,
  When some one saw it change and glow—
All faded. Just the eyes burn now.

I dare say people pass and pass
  Before the blistered little frame,
  And dingy work, without a name,
Shut in behind its bit of glass:

But I—well, I left Raphael
  Just to come drink these eyes of hers,
  To think away the stains and blurs,
And make all whole again and well.

Only for tears the head will bow,
  Because there on my heart's last wall,
  Not one tint left to tell it all,
A picture keeps its eyes, somehow.

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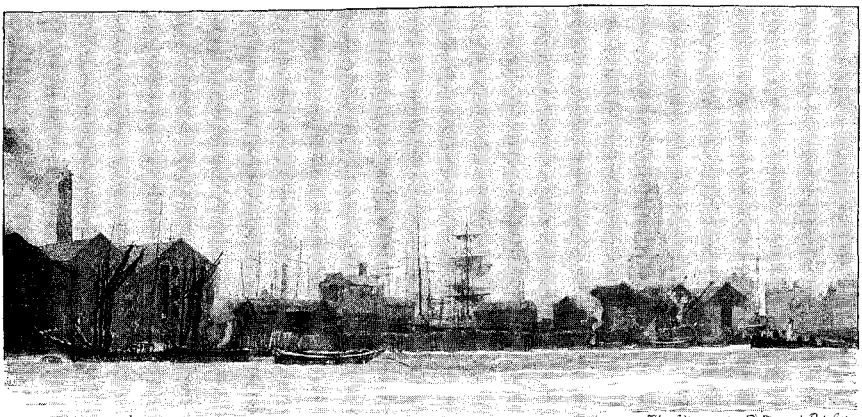

The Riverside St James's Ratcliff with Limehouse Church

A Riverside Parish.

By Walter Besant.

THERE are several riverside parishes east of London Bridge, not counting the ancient towns of Deptford and Greenwich, which formerly lay beyond London, and could not be reckoned as suburbs. The history of all these parishes, till the present century, is the same. Once, southeast and west of London, there stretched a broad marsh covered with water at every spring-tide; here and there rose islets overgrown with brambles, the haunt of wild fowl innumerable. In course of time, the city having grown and stretching out long arms along the bank, people began to build a broad and strong river-wall to keep out the floods. This river-wall, which still remains, was gradually extended until it reached the mouth of the river and ran quite round the low coast of Essex. To the marshes succeeded a vast level, low-lying, fertile region affording good pasture, excellent dairy farms, and gardens of fruit and vegetables. The only inhabitants of this district were the farmers and the farm-hands. So things continued for a thousand years, while the ships went up the river with wind and tide, and down the river with wind and tide, and were moored below the Bridge, and discharged their cargoes into lighters, which landed them on the quays of London Port, between the Tower and the Bridge. As for the people who did the work of the Port—the loading and the unloading—those whom now we call the stevedores, coalers, dockers, lightermen, and watermen, they lived in the narrow lanes and crowded courts above and about Thames Street.

When the trade of London Port increased, these courts became more crowded; some of them overflowed, and a colony outside the walls was established in St. Katherine's Precinct beyond the Tower. Next to St. Katherine's lay the fields called by Stow "Wappin in the Wose," or Wash, where there were broken places in the wall, and the water poured in so that it was as much a marsh as when there was no dyke at all. Then the Commissioners of Sewers thought it would be a good plan to encourage people to build along the wall, so that they would be personally interested in its preservation. Thus arose the Hamlet of Wapping, which, till far into the eighteenth century, consisted of little more than a single long street, with a few cross lanes, inhabited by sailor-folk. At this time —it was toward the end of the sixteenth century—began that great and wonderful development of London trade which has continued without any cessation of growth. Gresham began it. He taught the citizens how to unite for the common weal; he gave them a Bourse; he transferred the foreign trade of Antwerp to the Thames. Then the service of the river grew apace;

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where one lighter had sufficed there were now wanted ten; "Wappin in the Wose" became crowded Wapping; the long street stretched farther and farther along the river beyond Shad's Well; beyond Ratcliff Cross, where the "red cliff" came down nearly to the river bank; beyond the "Lime-house;" beyond the "Poplar" Grove. The whole of that great city of a million souls, now

called East London, consisted, until the end of the last century, of Whitechapel and Bethnal Green, still preserving something of the old rusticity; of Mile End, Stepney and Bow, and West Ham, hamlets set among fields, and market-gardens, and of that long fringe of riverside streets and houses. In these rural hamlets great merchants had their country-houses; the place was fertile; the air was wholesome; nowhere could one see finer flowers or finer plants; the merchant-captains—both those at sea and those retired—had houses with garden-bowers and masts at Mile End Old Town. Captain Cook left his wife and children there when he went sailing round the world; here, because ground was cheap and plentiful, were long rope-walks and tenter-grounds; here were roadside taverns and gardens for the thirsty Londoner on a summer evening; here were placed many almshouses, dotted about among the gardens, where the poor old folks lengthened their days in peace and fresh air.

But Riverside London was a far different place; here lived none but sailors, watermen, lightermen, and all those who had to do with ships and shipping, with the wants and the pleasures of the sailors. Boat-builders had their yards along the bank; mast-makers; sail-makers; rope-makers; block-makers; there were repairing docks dotted about all down the river, each able to hold one ship at a time, like one or two still remaining at Rotherhithe; there were ship-building yards of considerable importance; all these places employed a vast number of workmen—carpenters, caulkers, painters, riggers, carvers of figure-heads, blockmakers, stevedores, lightermen, watermen, victuallers, tavern-keepers, and all the roguery and *ribauderie* that always gather round mercantile Jack ashore. A crowded suburb indeed it was, and for the most part with no gentle-folk to give the people an example of conduct, temperance,

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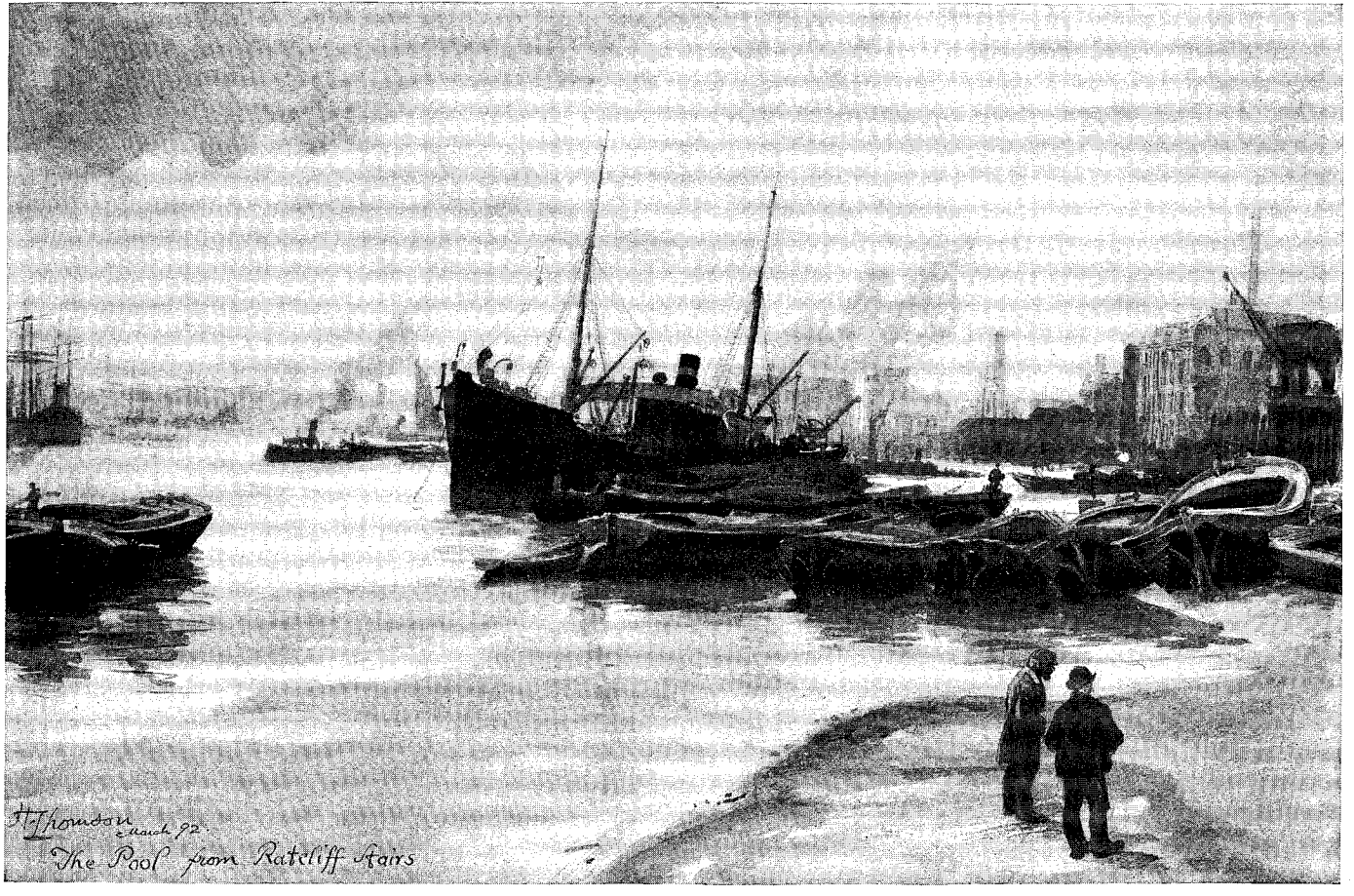

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and religion. At best the master-mariners, a decorous people, and the better class of tradesmen, to lead the way to church. And as time went on the better class vanished, until the riverside parishes became abandoned entirely to mercantile Jack, and to those who live by loading and unloading, repairing and building the ships, and by showing Jack ashore how fastest and best to spend his money. There were churches—Wapping, St. George in the East, Shadwell, and Limehouse—they are there to this day; but Jack and his friends enter not their portals. Moreover, when they were built the function of the clergyman was to perform with dignity and reverence the services of the church; if people chose not to come, and the law of attendance could not be enforced, so much the worse for them. Though Jack kept out of church, there was some religious life in the place, as is shown not only by the presence of the church, but also by that of the chapel. Now, wherever there is a chapel it indicates thought, independence, and a sensible elevation above the reckless, senseless rabble. Some kinds of Nonconformity also indicate a first step toward education and culture.

He who now stands on London Bridge and looks down the river, will see a large number of steamers lying off the quays; there are barges, river steamers, and boats; there are great ocean steamers working up or down the river; but there is little to give the stranger even

"Their first yearning is for finery."—Page 166.

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a suspicion of the enormous trade that is carried on at the Port of London. That Port is now hidden behind the dock gates; the trade is invisible unless one enters the docks and reckons up the ships and their tonnage, the warehouses and their contents. But a hundred years ago this trade was visible to any who chose to look at it, and the ships in which the trade was carried on were visible as well.

Below the Bridge, the river for more than a mile, pursues a straight course with a uniform breadth. It then bends in a northeasterly direction for a mile or so, when it turns southward, passing Deptford and Greenwich. Now, a hundred years ago, for two miles and more below the bridge, the ships lay moored side by side in double lines, with a narrow channel between. There were no docks; all the loading and the unloading had to be done by means of barges and lighters in the stream. One can hardly realize this vast concourse of boats and barges and ships; the thousands of men at work; the passage to and fro of the barges laden to the water's edge, or returning empty to the ship's side; the yeo-heave-oh! of the sailors hoisting up the casks and bales and cases; the shouting, the turmoil, the quarrelling, the fighting, the tumult upon the river, now so peaceful. But when we talk of a riverside parish we must remember this great concourse, because it was the cause of practices from which we suffer to the present day.

Of these things we may be perfectly certain. First, that without the presence among a people of some higher life, some nobler standard, than that of the senses, this people will sink rapidly and surely. Next, that no class of persons, whether in the better or the worser rank, can ever be trusted to be a law unto themselves. For which reason we may continue to be grateful to our ancestors who caused to be written in large letters of gold, for all the world to see

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once a week, "THUS SAITH THE LORD, "Thou shalt not steal," and the rest: the lack of which reminder sometimes causeth, in Nonconformist circles, it is whispered, a deplorable separation of faith and works. The third maxim, axiom, or self-evident proposition is, that when people can steal without fear of consequences they will steal. All through the last century, and indeed far into this, the only influence brought to bear upon the common people was that of authority. The master ruled his servants; he watched over them; when they were young he had them catechised and taught the sentiments proper to their station; he also flogged them soundly; when they grew up he gave them wages and work; he made them go to church regularly; he rewarded them for industry by fraternal care; he sent them to the almshouse when they were old. At church the sermons were not for the servants but for the masters; yet the former were reminded every week of the Ten Commandments, which were not only written out large for all to see, but were read out for their instruction every Sunday morning. The decay of authority is one of the distinguishing features of the present century.

Children at prayer in the Chapel Hanford House

But in Riverside London there were no masters, and there was no authority for the great mass of the people. The sailor ashore had no master; the men who worked on the lighters and on the ships had no master except for the day; the ignoble horde of those who supplied the coarse pleasures of the sailors had no masters; they were not made to do anything but what they pleased; the church was not for them; their children were not sent to school; their only masters were the fear of the gallows, constantly dangled before their eyes at Execution Dock and on the shores of the Isle of Dogs, and their profound respect for the cat o' nine tails. They knew no morality; they had no other restraint; they all together slid, ran, fell, leaped, danced, and rolled swiftly and easily adown the Primrose Path; they fell into a savagery the like of which has never been known among English-folk since the days of their conversion to the Christian faith. It is only by searching and poking among unknown pamphlets and forgotten books that one finds out the actual depths of the English savagery of the last century. And it is not too much to say that for drunkenness, brutality, and ignorance, the Englishman of the baser kind touched about the lowest depth ever reached by civilized man during the last century. What he was in Riverside London has been disclosed by Colquhoun, the Police Magistrate. Here he was not only a drunkard, a brawler, a torturer of dumb beasts, a wife-beater, a profligate—he was also, with his fellows, engaged every day, and all day long, in a vast systematic organized depredation. The people of the riverside were all, to a man, river pirates; by day and by night they stole from the ships. There were often as many as a thousand vessels lying in the river; there were many hundreds of boats, barges, and lighters engaged upon their cargoes. They practised their robberies in a thousand ingenious ways; they weighed the anchors and stole them; they cut adrift lighters when they were loaded, and when they had floated down the river

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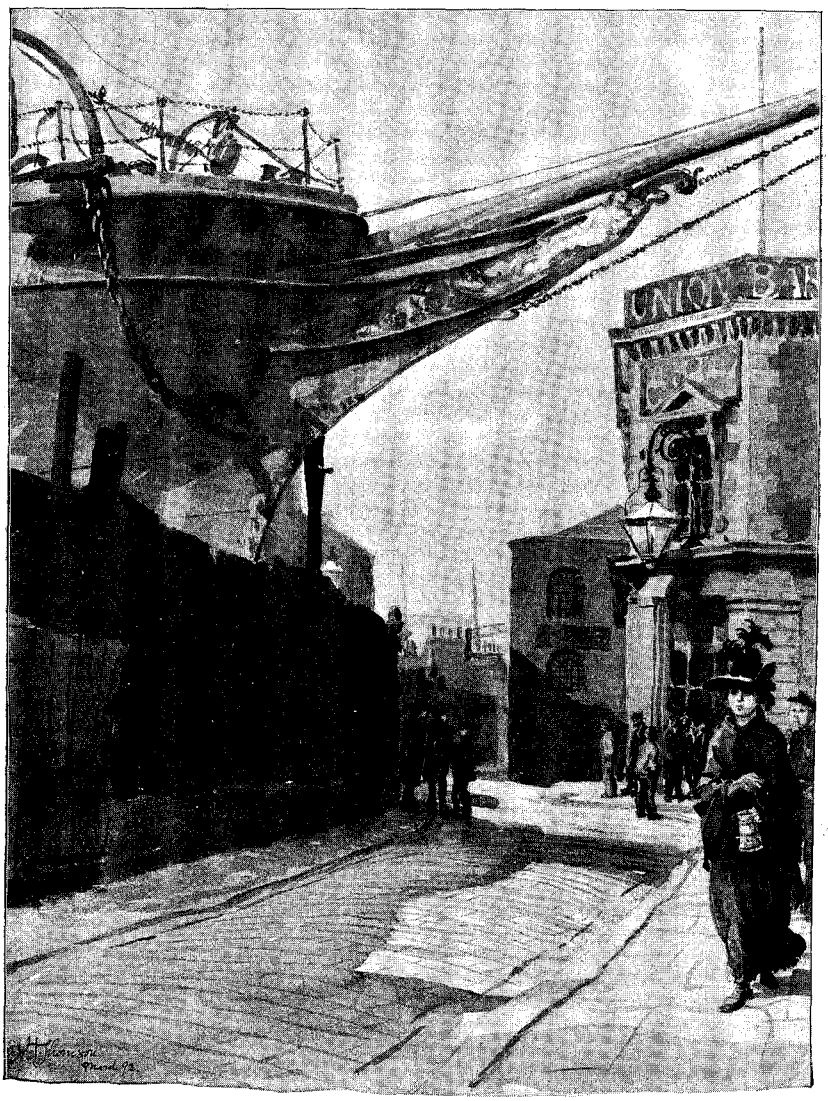

"Her bowsprit and figurehead stick out over the street."—Page 158.

they pillaged what they could carry and left the rest to sink or swim; they waited till night and then rowed off to half-laden lighters and helped themselves. Sometimes they went on board the ships as stevedores and tossed bales overboard to a confederate in a boat below; or they were coopers who carried under their aprons bags which they filled with sugar from the casks; or they took with them bladders for stealing the rum. Some waded about in the mud at low tide to catch anything that was thrown to them from the ships. Some obtained admission to the ship as rat-catchers, and in that capacity were able to carry away plunder previously concealed by their friends; some, called *scuffle-hunters*, stood on the quays as porters, carrying bags under their long aprons in which to hide whatever they could pilfer. It was estimated that, taking one year with another, the depredations from the shipping in the Port of London amounted to nearly a quarter of a million sterling every year. All this

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was carried on by the riverside people. But, to make robbery successful, there must be accomplices, receiving-houses, fences, a way to dispose of the goods. In this case the thieves had as their accomplices the whole of the population of the quarter where they lived. All the public-houses were secret markets attended by grocers and other tradesmen where the booty was sold by auction, and, to escape detection fictitious bills and accounts were given and received. The thieves were known among themselves by fancy names, which at once indicated the special line of each and showed the popularity of the calling; they were bold pirates, night plunderers, light horsemen, heavy horsemen, mud-larks, game lightermen, scuffle-hunters and gangsmen. Their thefts enabled them to live in the coarse profusion of meat and drink, which was all they wanted; yet they were always poor because their plunder was knocked down for so little; they saved nothing; and they were always egged on to new robberies by the men who sold them drinks, the women who took their money from them, and the honest merchants who attended the secret markets.

I dwell upon the past because the present is its natural legacy. When you read of the efforts now being made to raise the living, or at least to prevent them from sinking any lower, remember that they are what the dead made them. We inherit more than the wealth of our ancestors; we inherit the consequences of their misdeeds. It is a most expensive thing to suffer the people to drop and sink; it is a burden which we lay upon posterity if we do not continually spend and be spent in lifting them up. Why, we have been the best part of two thousand years in recovering the civilization which fell to pieces when the Roman Empire decayed. We have not been fifty years in dragging up the very poor whom we neglected and left to themselves, the gallows, the cat, and the press-gang only a hundred years ago. And how slow, how slow and sometimes hopeless, is the work!

The establishment of river police and the construction of docks have cleared the river of all this gentry. Ships now enter the docks; there discharge and receive; the laborers can carry away nothing through the dock-gates. No apron allows a bag to be hidden; policemen stand at the gates to search the men; the old game is gone—what is left is a surviving spirit of lawlessness; the herding together; the hand-to-mouth life; the love of drink is the chief attainable pleasure; the absence of conscience and responsibility; and the old brutality.

What the riverside then was may be learned by a small piece of Rotherhithe in which the old things still linger. Small repairing-docks, each capable of holding one vessel, are dotted along the

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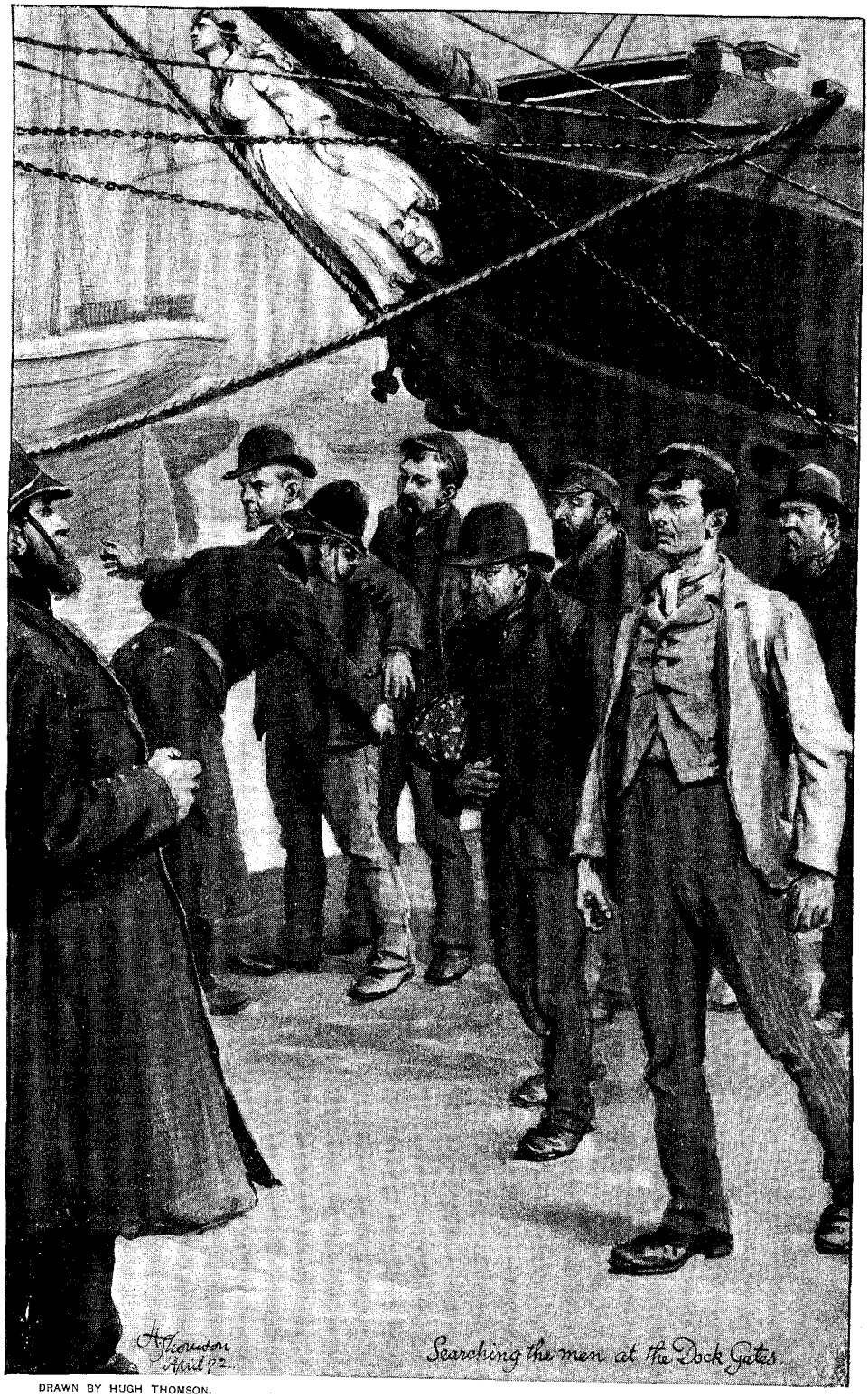

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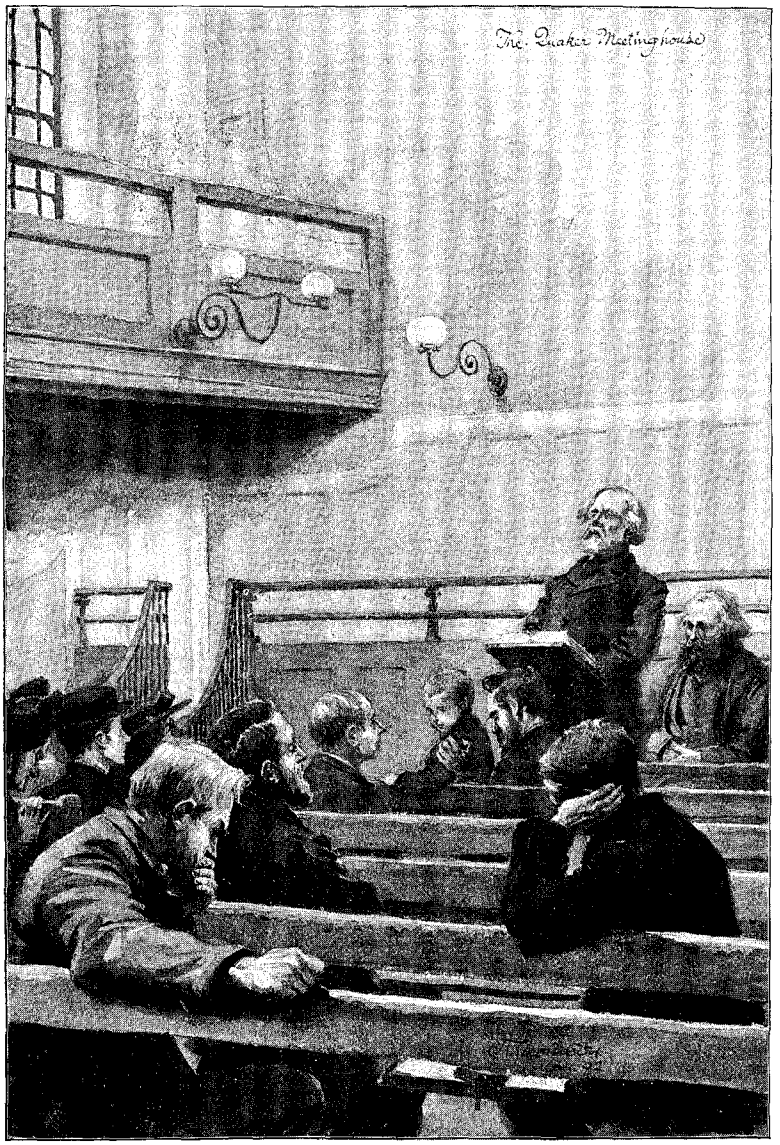

street; to each are its great dock-gates keeping out the high tide, and the quays and the shops and the care-taker's lodge; the ship lies in the dock shored up by timbers on either side, and the workmen are hammering, caulking, painting, and scraping the wooden hull; her bowsprit and her figurehead stick out over the street. Between the docks are small two-storied houses, half of them little shops trying to sell something; the public-house is frequent, but the "Humors" of Ratcliff Highway are absent; mercantile Jack at Rotherhithe is mostly Norwegian and has morals of his own. Such, however, as this little village of Rotherhithe is, so were "Wappin in the Wose," Shadwell, Ratcliff, and the "Lime-house" a hundred years ago, with the addition of street fighting and brawling all day long; the perpetual adoration of rum; quarrels over stolen goods; quarrels over drunken drabs; quarrels over all fours; the scraping of fiddles from every public-house, the noise of singing,

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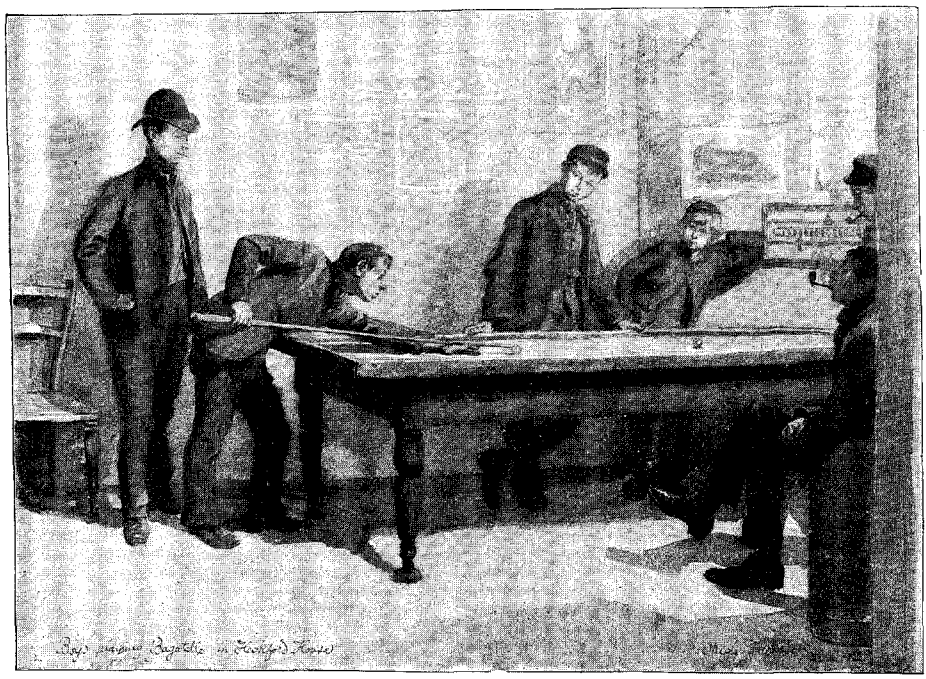
feasting, and dancing, and a never-ending, still-beginning debauch, all hushed and quiet—as birds cower in the hedge at sight of the kestrel—when the press-gang swept down the narrow streets and carried off the lads, unwilling to leave the girls and the grog, and put them aboard His Majesty's tender to meet what fate might bring.

carried on. That branch of industry was abandoned after 1868, when the shipwrights struck for lower wages. Their action transferred the ship-building of the country to the Clyde, and threw out of work thousands of men who had been earning large wages in the yards. Before this unlucky event Riverside London had been rough and squalid,



The construction of the great docks has completely changed this quarter. The Precinct of St. Katherine's by the Tower has almost entirely disappeared, being covered by St. Katherine's Dock; the London Dock has reduced Wapping to a strip covered with warehouses. But the church remains, so frankly proclaiming itself of the eighteenth century, with its great churchyard. The new Dock Basin, Limehouse Basin, and the West India Docks, have sliced huge cantles out of Shadwell, Limehouse, and Poplar; the little private docks and boat-building yards have disappeared; here and there the dock remains, with its river gates gone, an ancient barge reposing in its black mud; here and there may be found a great building which was formerly a warehouse when ship-building was still

but there were in it plenty of people earning good wages—skilled artisans, good craftsmen. Since then it has been next door to starving. The effect of the shipwrights' strike may be illustrated in the history of one couple.

The man, of Irish parentage, though born in Stepney, was a painter or decorator of the saloons and cabins of ships: he was a highly skilled workman of taste and dexterity: he could not only paint but he could carve: he made about three pounds a week and lived in comfort. The wife, a decent Yorkshire woman whose manners were very much above those of the Riverside folk, was a few years older than her husband: they had no children. During the years of fatness they saved nothing; the husband was not a drunkard, but, like most workmen, he liked to cut a figure and

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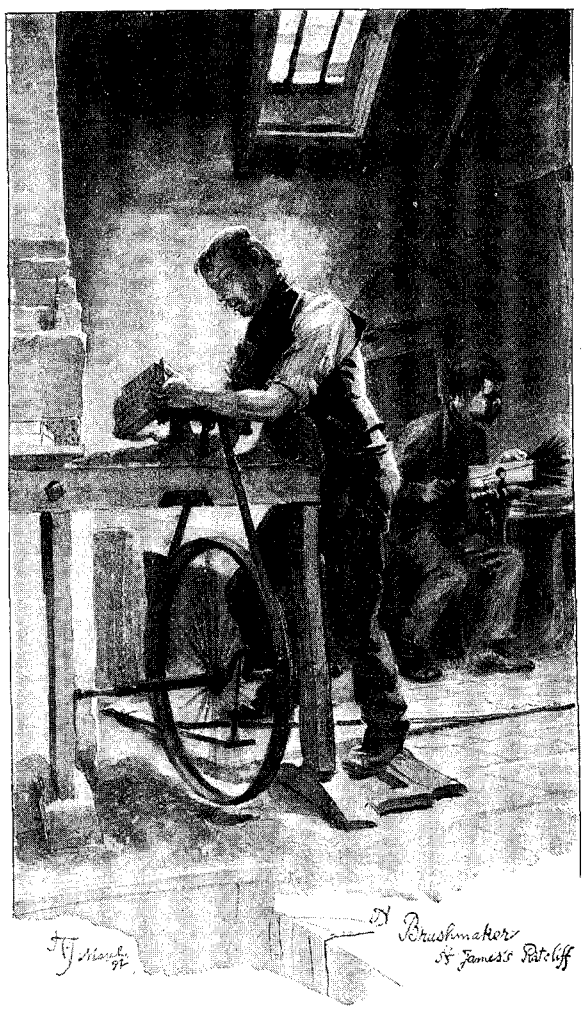
to make a show. So he saved little or nothing. When the yard was finally closed he had to cadge about for work. Fifteen years later he was found in a single room of the meanest tenement-



house: his furniture was reduced to a bed, a table, and a chair: all that they had was a little tea and no money—no money at all. He was weak and ill with trudging about in search of work: he was lying exhausted on the bed while his wife sat crouched over the little bit of fire. This was how they had lived for fifteen years—the whole time on the verge of starvation. Well, they were taken away; they were persuaded to leave their quarters and to try another place where odd jobs were found for the man, and where the woman made friends in private families for whom she did a little sewing. But it was too late for the man; his privations had destroyed his sleight of hand, though he knew it not; the fine workman was gone; he took painters' paralysis and very often when work was offered his hand would drop before he could begin it; then the long years of tramping about had made him restless; from time to time he was fain to borrow a few shillings and to go on the tramp again, pretending that he was in search of work; he would stay away for a fortnight, marching about from place to place, heartily enjoying the change

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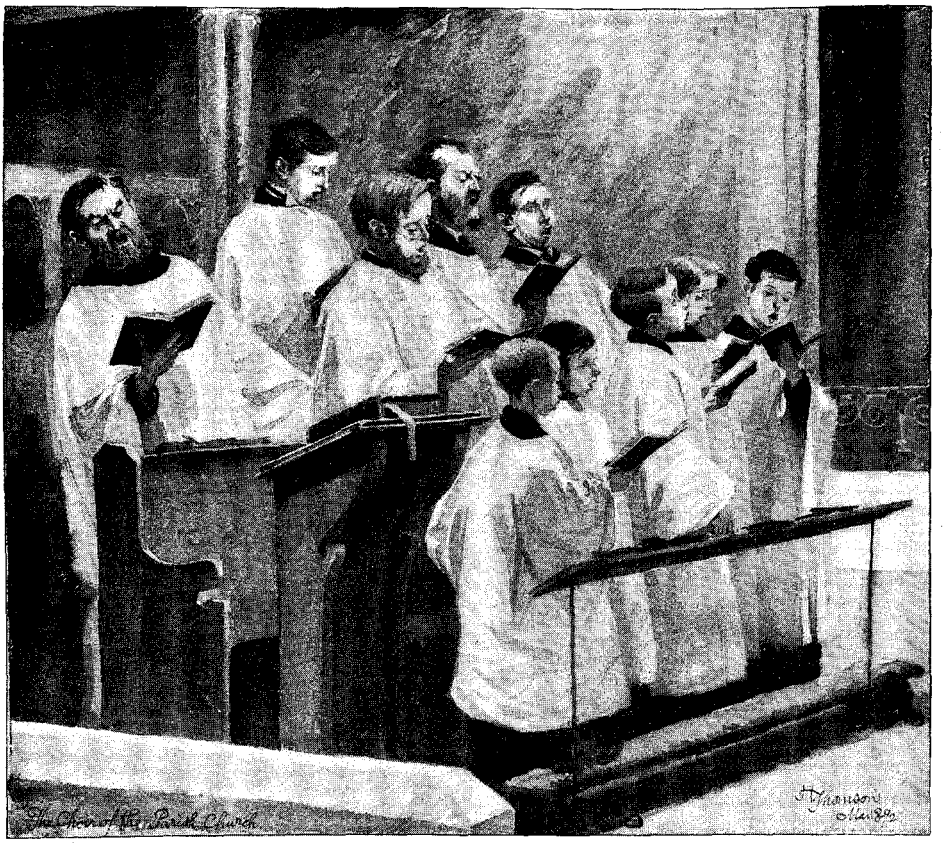

and the social evening at the public-houses where he put up. For, though no drunkard, he loved to sit in a warm bar and to talk over the splendors of the past. Then he died. No one, now looking at the neat old lady in the clean white cap and apron who sits all day in the nursery crooning over her work, would believe that she has gone through this ordeal by famine, and served her fifteen years' term of starvation for the sins of others.

The Parish of St. James's, Ratcliff, is the least known of Riverside London. There is nothing about this parish in the Guide-books; nobody goes to see it. Why should they? There is nothing to see. Yet it is not without its romantic touches. Once there was here a cross—the Ratcliff Cross—but nobody knows what it was, when it was erected, why it was erected, or when it was pulled down. The oldest inhabitant now at Ratcliff remembers that there was a cross here—the name survived until the other day, attached to a little street, but that is now gone. It is mentioned in Dryden. And on the Queen's accession, in 1837, she was proclaimed, among other places, at Ratcliff Cross—but why, no one knows. Once the Shipwrights' Company had their hall here; it stood among gardens where the scent of the gillyflower and the stock mingled with the scent of the tar from the neighboring rope-yard and boat-building yard; in the old days, many were the feasts which the jolly shipwrights held in their hall after service at St. Dunstan's, Stepney. The hall is now pulled down, and the Company, which is one of the smallest, worth an income of less than a thousand, has never built another. Then there are the Ratcliff Stairs—rather dirty and dilapidated to look at, but, at half-tide, affording the best view one can get any where of the Pool and the shipping. In the

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good old days of the scuffle-hunters and the heavy horsemen, the view of the thousand ships moored in their long lines with the narrow passage between

Smoking Concert at the Tee-to-tum, St. James's, Ratcliff.—Page 167.

was splendid. History has deigned to speak of Ratcliff Stairs. 'Twas by these steps that the gallant Willoughby embarked for his fatal voyage ; with flags flying and the discharge of guns he sailed past Greenwich, hoping that the king would come forth to see him pass. Alas ! the young king lay a dying, and Willoughby himself was sailing off to meet his death.

The parish contains four good houses, all of which, I believe, are marked in Roque's map of 1745.

One of these is now the vicarage of

the new church ; it is a large, solid, and substantial house, built early in the last century, when as yet the light horsemen and lumpers were no nearer than Wapping. The walls of the dining-room are painted with Italian landscapes to which belongs a romance. The paintings were executed by a young Italian artist. For the sake of convenience he was allowed by the merchant who then lived here, and employed him, to stay in the house. Now the merchant had a daughter, and she was fair ; the artist was a goodly youth, and inflammable ; as the poet says, their eyes met ; presently, as the poet goes on, their lips met ; then the merchant found out what was going on, and ordered the young

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man, with good old British determination, out of the house; the young man retired to his room, presumably to pack up his things. But he did not go out of the house; instead of that, he hanged himself in his room. His ghost, naturally, continued to remain in the house, and has been seen by many. Why he has not long ago joined the ghost of the young lady is not clear, unless that, like many ghosts, his chief pleasure is in keeping as miserable as he possibly can.

The second large house of the parish is apparently of the same date, but the broad garden in which it formerly stood has been built over by mean tenement-houses; nothing is known about it; at present certain Roman Catholic sisters live in it and carry on some kind of work.

The third great house is one of the few surviving specimens of the merchant's warehouse and residence in one. It is now an old and tumble-down place. Its ancient history I know not. What rich and costly bales were hoisted into this warehouse; what goods lay here waiting to be carried down the Stairs, and so on board ship in the Pool; what fortunes were made and lost here one knows not. Its ancient history is gone and lost, but it has a modern history. Here a certain man began, in a small way, a work which has grown to be great; here he spent and was spent; here he gave his life for the work, which was for the children of the poor. He was a young physician; he saw in this squalid and crowded neigh-

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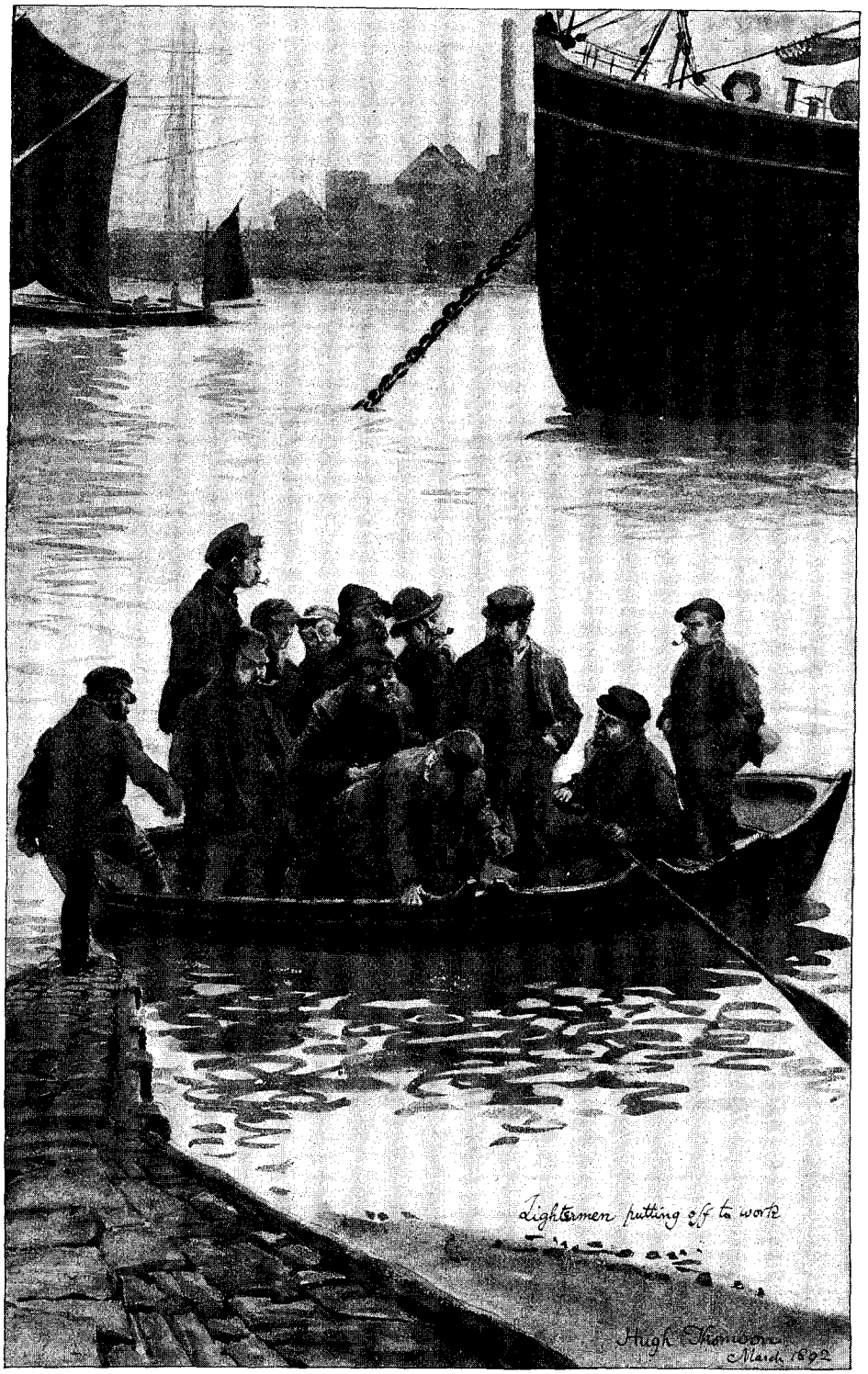

DRAWN BY HUGH THOMSON.

Lightermen after Dinner Putting off to Work from Ratcliff Stairs.

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borhood the lives of the children needlessly sacrificed by the thousand for the want of a hospital; to be taken ill in the wretched room where the whole family lived was to die; the nearest hospital was two miles away. The young physician had but slender means, but he had a stout heart. He found this house empty, its rent a song. He took it, put in half a dozen beds, constituted himself the physician and his wife the nurse, and opened the Children's Hospital. Very soon the rooms became wards; the wards became crowded with children; the one nurse was multiplied by twenty; the one physician by six. Very soon, too, the physician lay upon his death-bed, killed by the work. But the Children's Hospital was founded, and now it stands, not far off, a stately building with one of its wards—the Heckford Ward—named after the physician who gave his own life to save the children. When the house ceased to be a hospital it was taken by a Mr. Dawson, who was the first to start here a club for the very rough lads. He, too, gave his life for the cause, for the illness which killed him was due to overwork and neglect. Devotion and death are therefore associated with this old house.

The fourth large house is now degraded to a common lodging-house. But it has still its fine old staircase.

The Parish of St. James's, Ratcliff, consists of an irregular patch of ground having the river on the south, and the Commercial Road, one of the great arteries of London, on the north. It contains about seven thousand people, of whom some three thousand are Irish Catholics. It includes a number of small, mean, and squalid streets; there is not anywhere in the great city a collection of streets smaller or meaner. The people live in tenement-houses, very often one family for every room—in one street, for instance, of fifty houses, there are one hundred and thirty families. The men are nearly all dock-laborers—the descendants of the scuffle-hunters, whose traditions still survive, perhaps, in an unconquerable hatred of government. The women and girls are shirt-makers, tailoresses, jam-makers, biscuit-makers, match-makers, and rope-makers.

In this parish the only gentle-folk are the clergy and the ladies working in the parish for the Church; there are no substantial shopkeepers, no private residents, no lawyer, no doctor, no professional people of any kind; there are thirty-six public-houses, or one to every hundred adults, so that if each spends on an average only two shillings a week, the weekly takings of each are ten pounds. Till lately there were forty-six, but ten have been suppressed; there are no places of public entertainment, there are no books, there are hardly any papers except some of those Irish papers whose continued sufferance gives the lie to their own everlasting charges of English tyranny. Most significant of all, there are no Dissenting chapels, with one remarkable exception. Fifteen chapels in the three parishes of Ratcliff, Shadwell, and St. George's have been closed during the last twenty years. Does this mean conversion to the Anglican Church? Not exactly; it means, first, that the people have become too poor to maintain a chapel, and next, that they have become too poor to think of religion. So long as an Englishman's head is above the grinding misery, he exercises, as he should, a free and independent choice of creeds, thereby vindicating and asserting his liberties. Here there is no chapel, therefore no one thinks; they lie like sheep; of death and its possibilities no one heeds; they live from day to day; when they are young they believe they will be always young; when they are old, so far as they know, they have been always old.

The people being such as they are—so poor, so helpless, so ignorant—what is done for them? How are they helped upward? How are they driven, pushed, shoved, pulled, to prevent them from sinking still lower? For they are not at the lowest depths; they are not criminals: up to their lights they are honest; that poor fellow who stands with his hands ready—all he has got in the wide world—only his hands—no trade, no craft, no skill—will give you a good day's work if you engage him; he will not steal things; he will drink more than he should with the money you give him; he will knock his wife down if she angers him; but he is not a criminal. That step has yet to be

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taken; he will not take it; but his children may, and unless they are prevented they certainly will. For the London-born child very soon learns the meaning of the Easy Way and the Primrose Path. We have to do with the people ignorant, drunken, helpless, always at the point of destitution, their whole thoughts as much concentrated upon the difficulty of the daily bread as ever were those of their ancestor who roamed about the Middlesex Forest and hunted the bear with a club, and shot the wild-goose with a flint-headed arrow.

First there is the Church work; that is to say, the various agencies and machinery directed by the vicar. Perhaps it may be a new thing to some American readers to learn how much of the time and thoughts of our Anglican beneficed clergymen are wanted for things not directly religious. The church, a plain and unpretending edifice, built in the year 1838, is served by the vicar and two curates. There are daily services, and on Sundays an early celebration. The average attendance at the Sunday morning mid-day service is about one hundred; in the evening it is generally double that number. They are all adults. For the children another service is held in the Mission Room. The average attendance at the Sunday schools and Bible classes is about three hundred and fifty, and would be more if the vicar had a larger staff of teachers, of whom, however, there are forty-two. The whole number of men and women engaged in organized work connected with the Church is about one hundred and twenty-six. Some of them are ladies from the other end of London, but most belong to the parish itself; in the choir, for instance, are found a barber, a postman, a care-taker, and one or two small shopkeepers, all living in the parish. When we remember that Ratcliff is not what is called a "show" parish, that the newspapers never talk about it, and that rich people never hear of it, this indicates a very considerable support to Church work.

In addition to the church proper there is the "Mission Chapel," where other services are held. One day in the week there is a sale of clothes at very small prices. They are sold rather than given, because if the women have paid a few pence for them they are less willing to pawn them than if they had received them for nothing. In the Mission Chapel are held classes for young girls and services for children.

The churchyard, like so many of the London churchyards, has been converted into a recreation ground, where there are trees and flower-beds, and benches for old and young.

Outside the Church, but yet connected with it, there is, first, the Girls' Club. The girls of Ratcliff are all working-girls; as might be expected, a rough and wild company, as untrained as colts, yet open to kindly and considerate treatment. Their first yearning is for finery; give them a high hat with a flaring ostrich feather, a plush jacket, and a "fringe," and they are happy. There are seventy-five of these girls; they use their club every evening, and they have various classes, though it cannot be said that they are desirous of learning anything. Needlework, especially, they dislike; they dance, sing, have musical drill, and read a little. Five ladies who work for the church and for the club, live in the club-house, and other ladies come to lend assistance. When we consider what the homes and the companions of these girls are, what kind of men will be their husbands, and that they are to become mothers of the next generation, it seems as if one could not possibly attempt a more useful achievement than their civilization. Above all, this club stands in the way of the greatest curse of East London—the boy and girl marriage. For the elder women there are Mothers' Meetings, at which two hundred attend every week; and there are branches of the Societies for Nursing and Helping Married Women. For general purposes there is a Parish Sick and Distress Fund; a fund for giving dinners to poor children; there is a frequent distribution of fruit, vegetables, and flowers, sent up by people from the country. And for the children there is a large room which they can use as a play-room from four o'clock till half-past seven. Here they are at least warm; were it not for this room they would have to run about the cold streets;

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here they have games and pictures and toys. In connection with the work for the girls, help is given by the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, which takes charge of a good many of the girls.

For the men there is one of the institutions called a Tee-To-Tum Club, which has a grand *café* open to everybody all day long; the members manage the club themselves; they have a concert once a week, a dramatic performance once a week, a gymnastic display once a week; on Sunday they have a lecture or an address, with a discussion after it; and they have smaller clubs attached for foot-ball, cricket, rowing, and swimming.

For the younger lads there is another club, of one hundred and sixty members; they also have their gymnasium, their foot-ball, cricket, and swimming clubs; their classes for carpentry, wood-carving, singing, and shorthand; their savings' bank, their sick club, and their library.

Only the better class of lads belong to this club. But there is a lower set, those who lounge about the streets at night, and take to gambling and betting. For these boys the children's play-room is opened in the evening; here they read, talk, box, and play bagatelle, draughts, and dominos. These lads are as rough as can be found, yet on the whole they give very little trouble.

Another important institution is the Country Holiday; this is accomplished by saving. It means, while it lasts, an expenditure of five shillings a week; sometimes the lads are taken to the seaside and live in a barn; sometimes the girls are sent to a village and placed about in cottages. A great number of the girls and lads go off every year a hopping in Kent.

Add to these the temperance societies, and we seem to complete the organized work of the Church. It must, however, be remembered that this work is not confined to those who attend the services or are Anglican in name. The clergy and the ladies who help them go about the whole parish from house to house; they know all the people in every house, to whatever creed they belong; their visits are looked for as a kind of right; they are not insulted even by the roughest; they are trusted by all; as they go along the streets the children run after them and hang upon their dress; if a strange man is walking with one of these ladies they catch at his hands and pull at his coat-tails —we judge of a man, you see, by his companions. All this machinery seems costly. It is, of course, far beyond the slender resources of the parish. It demands, however, no more than £850 a year, of which £310 is found by different societies and the sum of £500 has to be raised somehow.

There are, it has been stated, no more than seven thousand people in this parish, of whom nearly half belong to the Church of Rome. It would therefore almost seem as if every man, woman, and child in the place must be brought under the influence of all this work. In a sense all the people do feel the influence of the Church, whether they are Anglicans or not. The parish system, as you have seen, provides everything; for the men, clubs; for the women, nursing in sickness, friendly counsel always, help in trouble; the girls are brought together and kept out of mischief and encouraged in self-respect by ladies who understand what they want and how they look at things; the grown lads are taken from the streets, and, with the younger boys, are taught arts and crafts, and are trained in manly exercises just as if they were boys of Eton and Harrow. The Church services, which used to be everything, are now only a part of the parish work. The clergy are at once servants of the altar, preachers, teachers, almoners, leaders in all kinds of societies and clubs, and providers of amusements and recreation. The people look on, hold out their hands, receive, at first indifferently—but presently, one by one, awaken to a new sense. As they receive they cannot choose but to discover that these ladies have given up their luxurious homes and the life of ease in order to work among them. They also discover that these young gentlemen who "run" the clubs, teach the boys gymnastics, boxing, drawing, carving, and the rest, give up for this all their evenings—the flower of the day in the flower of life.

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What for? What do they get for it? Not in this parish only, but in every parish the same kind of thing goes on and spreads daily. This—observe—is the last step *but one* of charity. For the progress of charity is as follows: First, there is the pitiful dole to the beggar; then the bequest to monk and monastery; then the founding of the almshouse and the parish charity; then the Easter and the Christmas offerings; then the gift to the almoner; then the cheque to a society; next—latest and best—personal service among the poor. This is both flower and fruit of charity. One thing only remains. And before long this thing also shall come to pass as well.

Those who live in the dens and witness these things done daily must be stocks and stones if they were not moved by them. They are not stocks and stones; they are actually, though slowly, moved by them; the old hatred of the Church—you may find it expressed in the workingman's papers of fifty years ago—is dying out rapidly in our great towns; the brawling is better; even the drinking is diminishing. And there is another—perhaps an unexpected—result. Not only are the poor turning to the Church which befriends them, the Church which they used to deride, but the clergy are turning to the poor; there are many for whom the condition of the people is above all other earthly considerations. If that great conflict—long predicted—of capital and labor ever takes place, it is safe to prophecy that the Church will not desert the poor.

Apart from the Church what machinery is at work? First, because there are so many Catholics in the place, one must think of them, It is, however, difficult to ascertain the Catholic agencies at work among these people. The people are told that they must go to mass; Roman Catholic sisters give dinners to children; there is the Roman League of the Cross—a temperance association; I think that the Catholics are in great measure left to the charities of the Anglicans, so long as these do not try to convert the Romans.

The Salvation Army people attempt nothing—absolutely nothing in this parish. There are at present neither Baptist, nor Weslyan, nor Independent chapels in the place. A few years ago, on the appearance of the book called the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London," an attempt was made by the last-named body; they found an old chapel belonging to the Congregationalists, with an endowment of £80 a year, which they turned into a mission hall, and carried on with spirit, for two years mission work in the place; they soon obtained large funds, which they seem to have lavished with more zeal than discretion. Presently their money was all gone and they could get no more; then the chapel was turned into a night-shelter. Next it was burned to the ground. It is now rebuilt and is again a night-shelter. There is, however, an historic monument in the parish with which remains a survival of former activity. It is a Quaker meeting-house which dates back to 1667. It stands within its walls, quiet and decorous; there are the chapel, the ante-room, and the burial-ground. The congregation still meet, reduced to fifty; they still hold their Sunday-school; and not far off one of the fraternity carries on a Crêche which takes care of seventy or eighty babies, and is blessed every day by as many mothers.

Considering all these agencies—how they are at work day after day, never resting, never ceasing, never relaxing their hold, always compelling the people more and more within the circle of their influence; how they incline the hearts of the children to better things and show them how to win these better things—one wonders that the whole parish is not already clad in white robes and sitting with harp and crown. On the other hand, walking down London Street, Ratcliff, looking at the foul houses, hearing the foul language, seeing the poor women with black eyes, watching the multitudinous children in the mud; one wonders whether even these agencies are enough to stem the tide and to prevent this mass of people from falling lower and lower still into the hell of savagery. This parish is one of the poorest in London; it is one of the least known; it is one of the least visited. Explorers of slums seldom come here; it is not fashionably mis-

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erable. Yet all these fine things are done here, and as in this parish so in every other. It is continually stated as a mere commonplace—one may see the thing advanced everywhere, in "thoughtful" papers, in leading articles — that the Church of Rome alone can produce its self-sacrificing martyrs, its lives of pure devotion. Then what of these parish-workers of the Church of England? What of that young physician who worked himself to death for the children? What of the young men—not one here and there but in dozens—who give up all that young men mostly love for the sake of laborious nights among rough and rude lads? What of the gentlewomen who pass long years—give up their youth, their beauty, and their strength—among girls and women whose language is at first like a blow to them? What of the clergy themselves, always, all day long, living in the midst of the very poor—hardly paid, always giving out of their poverty, forgotten in their obscurity, far from any chance of promotion, too hard-worked to read or study, dropped out of all the old scholarly circles? Nay, my brothers, we cannot allow to the Church of Rome all the unselfish men and women. Father Damien is one of us as well. I have met him—I know him by sight—he lives, and has long lived, in Riverside London.

SUN IN THE WILLOWS.

By Harrison S. Morris.

THE waning sun, through willow lattices,
Looked down a dewy dingle of the hills;
Crossed here a quiet pool with little thrills
Of radiance 'gainst the eddies when the breeze
Tranquilly touched them; sloped away through trees
And sheavéd uplands; touched the windowed mills
To sudden glory; leapt two swampy rills;
And last lay in the green wheat at his ease:

A lazy, winking journey full of whims,
With dew to cool his feet, and pictures set
Each way about him: Ah, the sweetest yet,
Seen from an orchard when the twilight mellows,
Was nigh a shadowy water where the willows
Webbed all his golden face with tiny limbs!

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WHEN THE CENTURY CAME IN.

By Mrs. Burton Harrison.

I.

From Mrs. Ferdinando Berkeley, of Princess Royal Street, Belhaven, Virginia, to her married daughter, Mrs. F. Faulkland, of Mount Eagle, near Charlestown, Virginia.

3rd February, 1803.

My dearest girl will, I know, acquit me of intentional neglect in missing the last post. At length I have an opportunity to sit down and devote an evening to telling you our news; and, by good luck, the waggoner who is to take the bundle of linen and fustian I chose for you, will leave Clagett's Tavern to-morrow morning. Indeed, I could hardly rest, last night, for thinking my dearest Peggy might worry a little at not hearing from home, which would be bad for her and for my sweet precious new grandson—little rogue, that keeps his mamma away from us, when her brother Billy is about to present his family with a bride. To think, my dear, that your Brother's day is set, the seventh, next Tuesday! Oh! may the Almighty shower his blessings on the Pair. We—our entire household, except the little ones—are (if we are spared) to go over to Maryland to the wedding, which is all very well; but after a week's frolicking, the bridal party comes here, and then, Peggy, pity me. Such nice managers the Stuarts are, and old Mrs. S——, who will of course accompany her daughter, famed far and wide for her housekeeping; I shall be in a terrible pucker with them, and no Peggy to help me with the whipt creams and drest dishes! Ah! my dear, I owe your good man a grudge for taking you—the flower of my flock—away; but there, I am not in earnest. I never think of your match but with gratitude to God, and love to your Partner. One thing only is wanting—were you but near me—but the thought then strikes me, that you might have been as far removed and with an Indifferent Husband—this reflection hushes all my regret. I am content—more than content—I am happy, thankfull. Old Mrs. Stuart is vaunted all over her State for her turtle-soup; and I need not tell you, child—you have seen your good father pish and pshaw over ours and push away his plate, often enough—poor Penny is not at her best in turtle-soup. However, If I have to sit up all the night before, and make some pretext to run out of the room just before

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the dinner is announced, I will (if I live) see ours rightly flavoured, when old Mrs. Stuart comes. Your sister Finetta, for a wonder, has come down off of her high horse, and offered to make the custards and jelly-cake. Little Jack says: "I wish it were sister Peggy's jelly-cake," and I bid the child run and play, for if Finetta heard that, away would fly all our chances of a helping hand from *her!*

I almost wish I could stay away from the wedding and have my mind at Ease for preparations. But Billy makes a point of my going; and, with Lucilla and Finetta on the front seat of the chariot, and Tom a-horseback, we are (if we are spared) to set out on Monday next. But here I am, forgetting to tell you why the affair is at the last so hurried up. You have not forgotten that your future sister Juliana has enjoyed a fine name as a flirt, and has been blowing *hot and cold* on Billy's flame for many months, & even after she wore his ring, wou'd never Name the Day. Poor Billy was too proud to let me know his suff'ring; but who can deceive a mother's fond eyes? I saw him mope at home, and then ride away to Maryland, return from thence more cheerful, & again fall into the Blues. This was repeated, till I must needs take a tuck in the back of his waistcoats, every one, and his coats hung as if upon a rack. His beautiful hair went rough, and his cheeks lost their roseate bloom. Finetta gibed her brother, you may be sure, and advised him to give up Prince George's County, and look about him in Belhaven for a Fair. Next came the rumour, just before Christmas, that Miss Juliana Stuart was to wed with her neighbour, Colonel Crespigny, whom you have heard of as a great fortune, the match of the county.

'Twill be never known what a time I had with Billy then! Shut up in his room staring at the wall, or on horseback riding so hard that he lamed the gray filly which is not yet cured (and a pretty scolding he got from your papa, who, Finetta says, in his heart thinks the filly worth two Miss Juliana Stuarts!). At last Master Billy got the invitation to spend Christmas week with Cousin John Thornton at Buck Ridge, near Annapolis, & fine doings they had. (I'd warrant Jack Thornton, for all his fifty years, to foot it with the youngest beau in the party!) Pretty Miss Juliana being one of the belles present, she and Billy made it up; and Billy now vows Colonel Crespigny was never more than a well-wisher to his sweetheart, & that it was ridiculous for any one to say otherwise. (He forgets his own jealousy, my dear!) I must remark to you, Peggy, that I did not think the Stuarts would consent to the speedy marriage that Billy—methinks wisely—insisted on. My son, although as everybody knows the *handsomest, sweetest, dearest* young fellow, the best *rider* and *dancer* in the town, has little beyond a genteel competency and his prospects from your father's sister Ariana, now residing in the city of Bath, England; & Miss Ariana Berkeley, it is equally well known, is of a captious temper and apt to take fits of changing her mind when least expected. Col: Crespigny, on the other hand, has a fine old place and manor-house, and his crops and negroes are prodigiously valuable, they say. Little Juliana, who is so soon to be gathered to my Maternal arms, has, however, led her parents quite a dance; and perhaps they are pleased to see her safely settled. Little puss! She has written to me a vastly pretty note, that makes me forgive her coquetting with my Billy. And after all, do we not every day see the greatest toasts and flirts around us marry and make the *best of wives* to those whom they have kept in suspense until the very Nuptial Hour! You, Peggy, were not of that sort. Never shall I forget your coming to me after Mr. Faulkland carried off the ring for you at the Culpepper Tournament and courted you the same evening, saying, "He is the only man I ever could have chosen to be my lord!" Finetta is so sharp with her would-be suitors, that I doubt me she will ever make any selection; and little Lucilla is too young to talk about beaux and weddings yet a while, thank goodness! I must tell you, child, that Lucilla, at fifteen turned, is beginning to improve mightily in shape and complexion. Billy and Tom declare she will beat Sister Finetta hollow, but that none can come up to Sister Peggy. If

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it were not for her unfortunate red hair, which alas! *nothing* can remedy! I have kept Susan's Sally combing it for hours with the lead comb; it has been washed in medicated waters; and yet it remains the same—brown in the shade, but, when the sun strikes it, as red as the sorrel's mane. Cousin Priscilla Randolph, who has just returned from Baltimore, brought us word that the latest style there is to wear the hair close and glossy like a Sattin cap. Those ladies whose locks will not yield to smoothing with the brush, oil and pomade them freely. Finetta, who always seeks the latest mode, wore hers so to a party, last week; and I have tried to persuade Lucilla that this is her chance to hide the defects of nature at the wedding. I coaxed her into the Chamber, yester-day, and made her stand still, while I put onguents on her hair, and forced it to lie smooth. At last 'twas of a rich, dark colour that nobody would dream of calling by that odious word *red;* and, for once, I breathed free about my poor dear's appearance—when in came Tom from riding, and laugh't at her, and cried out, "Little Lu's head looks like the mahogany knob on your chest of drawers, mother!" Out ran Lucilla in a passion, wash't her hair in hartshorn, and when she came down tossing her locks like a Shetland poney, I'll own to you, child, I gave her a smart scolding and bid her take her own stubborn way. When my precious grandsons (bless their hearts—I keep little Urban's curl, till I can get a locket fit to put it in—you will find a nice batch of horse-cakes and sugar-candy in the bundle for him, with grandma's love) get big enough to have their own way, you will understand some of the trials of a mother's lot!

Here I am wand'ring away from the wedding, which is to be a grand affair, the Stuart house full, and every house in the neighbourhood crowded with guests. My Billy is in such a state I hardly think he knows whether he walks or flies, & Mother must always be ready to hear his raptures. He has given Juliana a set of pearls, necklace, brooch, and spray, and has bought the tiniest little ring, I protest 'twould fit a fairy.

Oh! Peggy, what with ordering dainties, and drilling the servants, and keeping your dear father in a good humour about our large expenses, my hands have been full! Of course you will want to hear first about our dresses. I have got me a grave-coloured Sattin, nearly puce, I will enclose a scrap to let you see the colour—and with the old Mechlin lace, it will have to be first day's and second day's best, too, I reckon; for there are Finetta & Little Lu. to fit out. Finetta has bought herself a new White Lutestring, a lavender gauze, a cross-barr'd Blue Lutestring, and two new dimity frocks for morning. She has a beautiful Rideding-dress near the colour of your Great Coat, but a Casimer. She has some notion of getting a plain muslin; she has made up her worked one fashionably, & it is very pretty. The Ladies now wear a Lace Veil and two Long White feathers in the hair, the veil pinned up—a handsome head dress, and the newest; so of course Finetta has one, besides a wreath and bunch of flowers; & you see she is smartly fixt. Tom vext her by saying she was going to set her cap for Col. Crespigny, and Finetta bridled and coloured furiously. Then saucy Tom said if Col. C—— knows what is good for him he will chuse little Lu., who is so good natured she will let you pull her hair; and I said "No more nonsence like that, Tom. I'll not have Lu. snatched up and carried off by a husband like Peggy was at sixteen!" Which I tell you, my dear, repenting it—for if ever girl was blessed in a kind generous spouse 'tis you; and well may old Penny say: "Husbands like Marse Frank Faulkland don't grow on bushes by de way." Lu. is vastly set up with two new white muslins over blue and pink silk slips, and a white dimity with bird's eye dots of cherry. I wanted a new pelisse for her, but the bills this year will be so large, I daren't propose it, even to your dear generous papa. You know he has taken a lease of Claire-mont for Billy and his wife. Since old Mr. Mason died the place has been in the market to rent. Mr. George William Carter, who married Mary Turberville, writ up from Westmoreland to have it purchased for him, but the executors would not consent, and Mr. Carter, 'tis said, is too Aristocratic to live on rented land. My poor Billy,

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unless his aunt Ariana helps him, cannot be so choice. There is a good house, good water, gardens, ice-house, stable, poultry-yard—I doubt if Miss Juliana, although she did not, like you, have the bar of a town education, will raise many fowls. Your papa kindly promises to do their marketing for them, and you know what a fine hand he is. They need only send a servant twice a week to town, and Billy will keep up the farm, which is small, but in fair condition. I am gossiping on, my Peggy, as if you were in the Chamber with your little mother chattering in your ear. I must thank you, love, for the pickles, the best I ever ate, and I am proud of your getting over that trick of over-spicing. I could always trust my Peggy to conquer her worst faults. Oh! my dear, I drop into bed this night, weary, but thanking the Almighty for my two children's blest lots. If I were to chuse through the world I'd have selected dear Mr. Faulkland, and Billy's happiness is mine. If Finetta could only curb her tongue and temper a little bit (I know her heart is right) I should have nothing else to ask. Tom and Lu. and the little ones are so well-grown and good, and no woman, not even you, Peggy, had ever such a Partner as mine is. Kiss my babys for me; Finetta will write directly after The Event. God bless all my dear ones, prays their affect^te^.

S. Berkeley.

P.S.—Pray tell Harriet from me that her children are well, and in good places, and that she may trust me to take care of them. My servants have been uncommonly well this winter, except old Dilsey; and a Doctor the old woman called on, in my absence at your house, bled, blistered and salivated her so that when I returned she had hardly any pulse. I was obliged to give her a quantity of Madeira wine, and take great care of her & she is now hearty. Cousin Potts is about to try Electricity for her rheumatism, having exhausted all other remedies. It frights me to think of such a daring thing. Do, my dear, keep using the bark powder for your teeth—they were always extreamely delicate. Pray do not omit my affect^te^ Compts to your husband's Aunt Griffin, should she come to visit you; although, fortunately, the roads between you are so bad. I must not Cloase without telling you that poor old Mrs. Giddy died of a Consumption, and we have Lost our neighbour Mrs. Jones, who hanged herself, while deranged, by tyeing a handkerchief to a Tester of the Bedstead. Mrs. Rose has a Beautifull Boy, and would like the pattern of your darling nurseling's caps.

II.

From Miss Berkeley, of Princess Royal Street, Belhaven, to her Sister, Mrs. F. Faulkland, of Mount Eagle.

23rd February, 1803.

Well, my dear Peggy, as we wrote you, the great Affair is over, and I take pen in hand to give you fuller particulars of an Occasion where you were sensibly mist, and often reverted to, by Enquiring Friends. The Stuarts gave a splendid entertainment, all the rooms open and drest with laurel and crow's foot garlands, wax-candles by hundreds, on the supper-tables a profusion of pine-apples, oranges, Cocoa-Nuts and other rare West Indian fruits, besides sweets, & oysters, crabs, salads, turkeys, wines and punches. The greatest display of Glass and Plate I ever beheld. (I wonder if any of it was borrow'd or hired for the occasion!) The bride came down the stairs and joined with Brother Billy at the foot, and the bridesmaids followed, among them Lu. and I, and walked in to the big saloon and stood before the parson in a semi-circle. They call our new sister a beauty, and beauty she may be in *Prince George's*, but she is not up to Belhaven standard, in my opinion! She has a little pale face, and big dark eyes, and so much brown hair it is too heavy for her head. Billy's pearl spray was its only ornament, except a camellia behind one ear; and she wore a plain square of Blond for a veil. Her dress was white Sattin, of course—not as good a quality as yours, my dear, if that will comfort you—and her figure is like a thread-paper. We danced till

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morning, Brother Billy leading in the reel with the bride—my partner Colonel Crespigny, whom you may have heard of, a neighbour of the Stuarts, and a monstrous fine young man. He asked Little Lu. to dance a minuet with him, to the child's great discomfiture, and I fancied her head would be quite turned. Next day, there was a dinner for all the gentry of the neighbourhood. We sat down at three o'clock & did not rise till six; the same profusion; & I thought our little mother would feel put out of countenance by Mrs. Stuart's table. But Lord! when you came to taste the calf's foot jelly, it was poor stuff, I'll warrant you! And the Blanc Mange eggs in the hen's nest hardly seasoned, & half melted! The bride's-cake was fine to look at, iced by the Confectioner in Washington with a sugar Cupid in a Cage on top, and a sugar couple standing before Hymen's altar under it. I took a bit to sleep on (they teased me next day to know if I dreamed of *any Colonel*, but of course that's nonsense, child); and I broke off a crumb or two to see what Prince George's could do in the way of black cake. Bless me, Peggy, it was not a patch on yours! The icing had *no orange-flower water* in it—*no blanched almonds*—conceive of such a thing! And this they call the *model housekeeping* of Maryland!

Juliana's second day's dress was pinkish lavender brocade with pigeon bertha and ruffles of white silk muslin. I wore my cross-barred lustring, and Lu. wore her other muslin. Papa, who, all the way driving over in the chariot, had fretted, vowing and protesting he would leave for home the next morning after the wedding early, as he could not abide junketing among a lot of idle people, joked and told stories, touch'd glasses with all the gentlemen, & was the life of the party. *Between ourselves and the Church clock*, he was in no hurry to get home! You won't believe it, Peggy, our papa danced the reel with fat Mrs. Stuart, and cut the pigeon wing—yes! and a lively one. He skipped into the air!

Thursday, our Papa & Mama returned to Belhaven, but I was prevailed on to stay, and they kept little Lu. because, forsooth, I suppose they feared me being homesick. Col. Crespigny brought his horses for me to ride; & on Friday, gave us a dining at his Mansion which is truly elegant. He is a tall dark man, a little reserved in manner, a bachelor of two-and-thirty. Any one can see 'twas the merest folly to talk of his caring for Billy's Juliana. Well, my dear, to make a long story short, we stayed out the week, and then the bride and groom and wedding party came over to Belhaven, our chariot sent again for us, the rest riding or driving as they fancied. Col. Crespigny would have little Lu. and me mounted on his horses, while some of the elders took our places in the chariot. It was clear, mild weather, a touch of Spring in the air, and our ride delightful. (You must know the Colonel, Peggy. He is about Mr. Faulkland's hight and build, but less gay and off-hand than your spouse.) Now, for the celebrations of the week. The town is very gay, and I tell you we have no cause to blush for Belhaven entertainments. A party every night, abundance of costly viands, Mrs. Swann's supper being set forth on a new service of glass that cost her three hundred dollars in Philadelphia; and Mrs. Tyler's old English plate all on her table at once. Oh! my dear, such an odd affair. Miss Kitty Dickson's wedding, of which so much has been said—the town is in a Hubbub over it. Last Thursday was the day set, *but the bridegroom did not come!* The cakes were made, the supper drest; everything ready but the Gent'n, a very important part of it, *at Miss Kitty's age*, especially. You may guess the gossip this occasioned. Such ridicule—such triumph in the Malicious! Though that family are not my first favourites, it put me out of conceit with Human Nature. The bridegroom, Mr. Pearse, neither came nor sent word; and for days the Dicksons were in the uttermost perplexity. At last, *on the following Thursday, he* came, and with him his Sisters. It seems they *mistook the day!* And now, everybody flocks again to the house and the nuptials take place duly, Miss Kitty in—1st day—White Sattin and crape; 2nd day—White Lutestring and muslin. At the 1st day's entertainment a prodigious com-

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pany of married gents & Ladies. 2nd day, all the young genteel people in the town. Both suppers were superb—pyramids three hands high, and everything renewed for the second supper. Mr. Pearse, about whom the Dicksons had so much pother, is, now they have got him, homely enough to scare the crows in his own cornfields. Rumour hath it that your old friend Louisa Beckwith is to marry Johnny Boyd, the little broken-backed man; there is no doubt husbands are scarce when little Johnny gets picked up. Almost every family of our acquaintance has called upon Mrs. Billy, and we have had four large dinner companies for them, and evening entertainments too, & they have been much invited out. Mama is on her feet greatly, but keeps in good health, and old Penny has done wonders in the cooking. Brother Tom was a subscriber to this year's Birth night Ball, and he came off with great applause, every one seem'd pleased with his Gaiety and Candour, though he speaks his mind so freely. Little Lu. has contrived to see a good deal of the goings-on, spite of our intentions to keep her in. I confess the girl is much improved in looks. Peggy, don't you—Honour bright—child, ever feel that you'd give your ears to be back in all our gayeties, instead of away off there, mewed up with your husband and Babys in the country? You that was lately so full of life and animation? Ah! well, child, perhaps you're right (for I can hear you answer "*No*"). Methinks I can sometimes understand it. But enough of this—I have promised Col. Crespigny to ride with him tomorrow to Washington to call on Mrs. Law. She is in the midst of the fashionable whirl, and I have seen her little. That city was never so gay since the Government was fixt there, but for reasons you know of, we prefer Belhaven society. Our Papa, spite of his kinship with the President, hath so strong a dislike to what he calls Mr. Jefferson's scandalous low notions about putting us all on a par with the lower classes, he will not hear of our waiting on the Ladies at The Palace. He, and the other Federalists in town, still feel deeply the slight put upon the British Ambassador's lady at the banquet in December, when the President gave his right and left to Mrs. Madison and Mme. Yrujo, and forsook Mistress Merry to shift for herself! Nothing is heard discust in Washington, but the question of this or that official lady's precedence, and the turmoil is fatiguing to us who *know our places*, and fret not at *Imaginary* Slights.

Oh, my dear! Col. Crespigny is a *Republican*, the friend and Crony of Mr. Madison, the Secretary of State, & also of Genl. Smith and M. Jerome Bonaparte, whose young wife, late the beautiful Miss Patterson of Baltimore, is producing such a sensation, politically and otherwise, in *Court* circles this season. Imagine my fear lest the subject of Politicks should come up at our Board when Papa might not be in a mood to keep the Peace. Tho' the Col. is most kind and considerate, he cannot know, nor can we always warn him, that certain questions of Statesmanship are to our Parent like a red Rag to the Bull. I gave him a hint of this in telling him that our papa's Sister Ariana had removed to take up her abode in England because of her objection to the "filthy Democrats," as she is pleased to style certain of our President's supporters; and he laught, saying the Ladies were ever virulent in *Party warfare*, though not always certain as to their *Premises*.

And now, my child, Adieu. If I have succeeded in amusing you by my talk, I shall not regret the time thus spent. We have twenty people to sup here tonight, and the card-tables out afterwards. Our papa's friend, the good Chief-Justice Marshall, hath promised to ride down from Washington, and lie in Princess Royal Street. I must hasten to assist mama, who with the family, including our new sister, desires to be warmly remembered to Mr. Faulkland and yourself. I remain your Ever Attach'd

FINETTA BERKELEY.

P.S.—Do not think I mean anything by my talk about the Colonel. And pray, for Mercy's sake, don't let Mr. Faulkland see this scrawl. Mama desires me to add that, should little Urban

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catch the *Mumps* (which, she says, may Heaven forefend), she hath a wonderful new remedy of Dr. Dick's. Do not cut your short gown by the pattern you took away. I have a newer fash'n'd one for you. Little Lu. hath just run in to show me a nosegay of Cape jasmines and geranium leaves that Col. Crespigny hath fetched her from his glass-houses. You will say perchance that he is *most* anxious to please even this little one, but indeed, it is all in the fancy of the Gossips from whom our Society is not altogether Free.

III.

From Miss Lucilla Berkeley, of Princess Royal Street, to Mrs. F. Faulkland, at Mount Eagle :

6th March, 1803.

Dear Sister Peggy : I have been crying my eyes out, so that I can scarce see to dip my quill into the ink-pot ; and yet I must write you, this post, because even our dearest little mama is not let into my room till I give up, and Susan's Sally has promised to get this letter to you someway, and oh ! my Hart aches for you, Sister Peggy. Cou'd you but sit beside me on the sopha, and let me rest my head upon your breast, and tell you all, it would Ease my Pain, I think. But, you will be wond'ring what has happen'd, unless (which is not likely) Mama has writ to you, ere this. How shall I tell you, sister, that I, your little Lu. the tomboy, the Red Headed Woodpecker as Bro. Tom calls me, have got a Suitor—a grand gentleman who has the ill-luck to displease our Papa in Pollyticks. (Mama says I am not careful in my Spelling, & I tried that word two ways, but it does not yet seem right.) Ever since Bro. Billy's and Sis. Juliana's Wedding, I have known that the great Colonel Crespigny, who I danced with in the minuet, has been coming over here to Belhaven to see poor little Me, for he told me so, & I dar'd not tell Sister Finetta nor yet Mama, for I fear'd their laughter. He is so big and kind, Sister, and his dark eyes made my Hart go pit-a-pat, and it seem'd so great a thing to have a Suitor —and such an one—before I was sixteen, that I kept the secret close. One day, when I met him on the Stairs, and he whisper'd something in my ear, I went straightway to the old nursery, and put away my London doll Aunt Ariana sent me (and which I nurst and drest only a sennight since) till Baby Pen can be trusted to handle it. A week later, he came again, and when we went from the Blue Parlour in to tea, he slipped (in passing) a bit of paper in my hand. That paper burnt a hole in my pocket, Sister, till I got a chance to light my bed-room candle, and read it when I went up-stairs. I will write out what it said, for I learned it by Hart, although Papa has sent it back to him.

Sonnet to Almira.

The wand'ring exile on a foreign shore
By adverse fortune destin'd to remain,
Each long lost pleasure fondly traces o'er,
And sighs to tread his native soil again.
So I, when banish'd from Almira's smiles,
Nor crowded scenes nor silent shades can please ;
Fond Hope alone the tedious day beguiles,
Fond Hope alone, my drooping heart can ease.
Oft when I seek the solitary grove
Imagination holds her to my sight ;
Or thro' the meadows pensive as I rove
When dark'ning shades proclaim the approach of night ;
In fancy still, I gaze upon her charms,
And long with soft desire to clasp her in my Arms.

There, Sister, wou'd you ever believe that *I* am "Almira?" 'Tis so beautifully writ, no copper plate cou'd be finer ; and where he tells how he seeks "the solitary grove," it makes me want to weep for sympathy. But oh ! I am not telling you the worst & at any moment I may be told to snuff my candle out. The last time the Col. drank tea with our parents, it appears he had the ill-fortune to engage in an argument, Playful on his side, Heated on our Papa's, about the Position (Sister Finetta said) of the President towards England. He took the President's part ; Papa waxed more and more scornful, shooting his usual arrows of disdain at our Cousin Jeffn's habit of dress, his slippers without heels, his ill fit Cloathes, his homely ways—Col. C. defending the Pdt. ; this went on, till our Papa flew

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into one of his rages Wee all know and do not mind, because they so soon Blow By. Mama and Sister Finetta interposed, and led Col. C. into another room, to hear Sister play upon the harpsichord, but Papa has never forgot, nor forgiv'n the Incident and Its Cause. Yesterday — ah! Sister as I come to this, my tears brake out afresh —My suitor came, arrived at the house & (so Mama says) made a formal offer for my hand! Papa, most polite and cold (you know how he can be, his wig pushed a little crooked, his lips curling, his eyes like blue steel), *refused*, without a moment's delay, and in language so couched that Col. C., as a gentleman, could but bow (though very pale, poor dear) & get again upon his horse the groom was holding in the street, & ride clattering away. I saw him from the upstairs hall-window seat (where I sat darning Papa's silk hose), and tho' I did not know the reason, my Hart misgave me all was over. Then Papa sent for all the family—the Elders I mean—in the chocolate-panelled study where his books stay, & told me I must never think or speak of Col. Crespigny again. Then I burst into loud crying and flung myself in Mama's arms, who was trembling there, looking with her pitiful kind eyes at Papa, and I vowed I would love the Col. and none other, till I die. At which, our father rose, and ordered me to keep my bed-room till I knew myself for a head-strong impertinent little Baggage, & was ready to ask his pardon and promise what he required. Next, a strange thing happened, Sister, that I cannot understand. Sister Finetta, whose face I chanc'd to see grow red, then pale and stern, stept out from the rest, and put her arm around my waist. She that never caresses anyone! She led me away up to my room, and kissed me in silence ere she shut the door. Next, Mama came in and, crying, told me it was all a sad business, sadder than I knew. That she too (altho' not for my father's reasons), counsel'd me to give Col. Crespigny up. That, until I promised, she must leave me to myself; and then she kissed me like the Angle that she is, and went out and lock't the door. Without supper (wh. I could not eat), I cried myself to sleep. To-day I ate a mouthful of the breakfast brought me by Susan's Sally; and since I am writing this to you, that I began last night and writ till cautioned by Papa's voice outside my door, to go to bed. Sister Peggy, you will (I know you, I can hear your gentle questions that always made us confess everything) inquire if I am *sure* of my own feelings for Col. Crespigny, I that was a child when you saw me last. In answer, I say, "ask Yourself what if they had wanted *you* to give up your Francis after that night he Courted you?" Yes, I do love him, I shall always love him and honour him before all men. I would follow him to the Land's End, I think. And—there's some one coming up the stairs—oh! write to them, Sister, you that can move Papa if any one. The person—'twas a servant asking if I would have refreshments (I know the little mother sent up those iced maids-of-honour of which I usually ask for three, but I cannot swallow now)—has gone, and I resume. A little while ago, I took down from the shelf the sweet annual, bound in pink and gold, "Affection's Offering," that you used to read in Company with Mr. Faulkland during your betrothal. Strange, passing strange, that it should have opened at these lines:

With plaintive courage, lo! the turtle dove
Laments the fate of his departed love.
His mate, once lost, no comfort now he knows,
His little breast with inward anguish glows,
Nor lawns nor groves his throbbing heart can charm,
Nor other love his languid bosom warm;
Oppressed with grief, he yields his latest breath
And proves at last his constancy in death;
A proper lesson to the fickle mind,
An emblem apt of tenderness refined,
Affection pure and undissembled love,
Which absence, time, nor death can e'er remove.
Then like the dove let constancy and truth
And spotless innocence adorn your youth;
In every state the same blest temper prove,
Be fixt in friendship and be true to love.

Sister, as I write these words, so applicable to my condition, my tears refuse to be staunched—Oh! Sister, what shall I do—pity me, help me. Could you but come—but what do I ask, considering the Distance, the State of the

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Roads, your Young Infants, etc. No, I must be Brave. Write then, and I await your Counsel—but remember, I *cannot* resign my noble—my manly C. Do you think, perchance, he could be induced to become a Federalist—In truth I cannot see the difference between them and the Others Papa chuses to despise.

Yr. ever loving and afflict'd,
L. BERKELEY.

P.S.—I believe I could promise that he would make no further allusion to the President, or to England.

P.S. N° 2.—I broke off here, to receive a visit from my dear and honoured Mama, who came at the wish of my Papa—he having slept well and re-considered his Action of last night. Oh! dear Sister, you would never believe what our parent has convey'd to me. I dare not commit it to paper lest the Curious shou'd chance to read it—let Peggy, who knows us all, divine—but I am now convinc'd that in fixing my affectns on Col. C., I am wronging Another—one innocent of Intention, a Victim of Circumstance. As by a Lightning-Flash, I saw what my self-willed determination to have my own way in this matter would entail. Immediately, I sought out my Papa, who was sitting, as Before, in the little chocolate room, reading a Journal which I observed to be Upside Down, while his hand shook, & his eye when he turn'd it upon me was velvet-soft and loving. Our blessed mother went up to him, and with an arm around his neck, placed my hand in his. "Our child is worthy of herself, husband," she said in the sweet voice that sounds ever like a flute. "She hath promised to renounce what will cause more unhappiness to others than it can, now, bring happiness to her." Oh! Sister, when our parents gathered me into their Embrace, I felt like the Lamb that has been Lost and Found again—I can not now write more! Forget what I have said that was foolish or headstrong. Love me always, and believe that I will be true to my promise to papa, and only you shall know what it Costs me to submit.

Your L.

IV.

From Ferdinando Berkeley, Esquire, of Princess Royal Street, Belhaven, to his daughter, Mrs. Faulkland, at Mount Eagle.

11th October, 1803.

MY DEAR: I shall send this under cover to your good husband that he may consult his Judgment about delivering it you or No. I conceive that the tenderness of the female nature, nay, my Peggy's nature in especial, will make as severe to endure what I have to communicate, as 'tis cruel to me to write it. My child, the Almighty hath laid a heavy hand upon our once happy household. The newspapers will have informed you of the pestilential fever that has mysteriously appeared in Belhaven. As I was in the act of preparing to send my Family to the country, I meant to forbear writing to you until they were safely away. But God's will be done—your dear mother is laid low with the pestilence, and 2 of the servants, as well as your brother Tom. The children, I have sent out to my son William's seat, Clairemont, where Juliana will take faithful care of them. Finetta alone remains in town, for Lucilla, although most unwilling to be parted from her mother, has also gone, by my express command. Finetta, at ordinary times, so difficult to controul, has now, I am pleased to say, developed a spirit of helpfulness and courage that makes her invaluable to her poor mother. There is so much misery attending this dreadful Calamity in the town, that while my dear ones continue to hold their own, I will not repine against the decree that has smitten us. My Dr. Girl may Join her prayers with ours for the preservation of our sufferers. I can write no more at present. My Complmts to your Spouse. Lucilla will keep you inform'd, or William or Juliana, as the malady progresses.

From, my dr. Margaret, your loving and anxious Father,

F. BERKELEY.

Pray inform your faithful Harriet that her children are well.

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V.

From Miss Lucilla Berkeley, at Clairemont, to Mrs. Faulkland, at Mount Eagle.

18th October, 1803.

God be praised, Peggy dearest, that our little Mother is said to be on the mend. Tom has been very Low, but he and our Mama owe their lives under God to Sister Finetta's care. Oh, that I were suffered to be with them, to be of service. I, whose poor life, clouded by disappointment, is of so little use to anyone! While our Family is passing from under the pillar of cloud, people have dyed all around our house. The burials are frequent, the streets deserted. Marks of distress and depopulation on every side. If 'twou'd please God to send a heavy rain and severe frost after it, perhaps it might be checkt. What a mellancholy situation is our poor friend Mrs. Cracroft's; she has lost, poor Lady, both her Husband and her Daughter, Miss Betsey. What will be the end! Our hopes give way to Apprehensions, and yet Mama is better, and Tom is out of danger, and the two maids are improving. Thank you, Sweet Sister, for the last letter about my own affairs, that seem little now, beside this great Publick calamity. I have bowed to my Earthly Father's, as to my Heavenly Father's will, but *he whom you know of* (so Juliana has heard from Maryland) has not ceased to hope that *affairs may change* in his Favour. Ah! what a selfish girl am I, to write of this now. Forgive me, Sister dear. Write to me again. Brother Billy and Juliana and our children are well as well can be. Tell Harriet hers are well, and I am your affectnte.

LUCILLA.

I open this to say a messenger has come from town. Bad news, alas! Sister Finetta, the Brave & Strong, has been stricken down. I will keep the letter open till to-morrow to tell you what betides.

Tuesday Morng.

Sister Finetta very ill, our mother still mending. Tom, poor brother, has a relapse.

I must Close to catch the post. The Doctor says Sister F. has it in a worse form than any of the rest. God pity us all!

L.

VI.

From Mrs. William Berkeley, of Clairemont, near Belhaven, to Mrs. Faulkland, Mt. Eagle.

25th October, 1803.

My dear Sister Margaret will comprehend when I tell her that I feel my inadequacy to fitly represent the cherished members of her family whose place I assume to take in Writing this. My own Mr. Berkeley hath gone for a ride upon his bay mare to get rid (so he says) of the blue devils in his brain. He began a letter to you. But his fingers were all thumbs, and he gave up the task. Never have I seen his chearful Countenance so overspread with gloom, as since rendering the last sad offices to his departed brother Tom. That amiable and estimable youth will indeed deeply mourned. We can but trust be that he is now happy in the Enjoyment of the Everlasting Felicity of Heaven. Your Beloved Mother, spite of her trials, continues to improve. And God be praised, Sister Finetta yesterday (it is hoped) passed the turning-point of her malady, and will now recover. Beneath these encircling Clouds of Gloom it is my pleasing duty to inform you of the unexpected happiness of our little Pet, Lucilla, whose rare sweetness and beauty hath endear'd her to me as to all that know her. When your Sister Finetta lay (as it was believed) upon her death bed, she called your Father to her side & in feeble accents pray'd him to grant her the boon of withdrawing his Opposition to Lucilla's Alliance with Col. Crespigny. This, upon the assurance from me (who was fortunate to be so far in the Col's confidence as to bear proper witness) of his *unaltered fidelity* to the lady of his Love, was freely and tenderly granted by your Papa, which promise 'twou'd seem, afforded at once to the sufferer, a Calm, proving to be the precursor of Healthy Sleep. I have myself writ the summons to the Anx-

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ious Lover to meet Lucilla under her brother's and my Roof. And if you will pardon the selfish thoughts of personal joy at such a Time, I would fain be first to convey the news that our Aunt Ariana at Bath, England, has presented your brother with her handsome dwelling and estate, Shannon Hill, twenty miles hence in Fauquier County, whither we shall in due time remove, and your brother be releas'd from the discomfort of rented land, which he has borne in silence, as befits his noble self. Trusting that the white-winged Dove of Peace and Happiness will henceforth unfurl her wings upon our Family, & with mine and my Mr. Berkeley's most affect. respectful Compl.mts to your husband, and kisses to your Pets, believe me,

Your attach'd, faithful friend and Sister,
JULIANA BERKELEY.

VII.

A FRAGMENT.

From Miss Lucilla Berkeley, to Mrs. Faulkland, Mount Eagle.

CLAIREMONT, 28th October, 1803.

Sister mine, my heart overflows in these few lines to tell you that He has come. Am I wrong, amid all the sorrow still ling'ring o'er my home and dear ones, to be so hap. . . .

AFTER THE BATTLE.

By Edgar Mayhew Bacon.

WHERE the tawny tiger-lilies in the marshy meadow bloom
And the tangled rushes wither by the red and sluggish rill,
There is silence all unbroken; there are secrets all unspoken
That the trembling grass is hiding from the hill.

Where the mystic firs in cluster on the rocky hillside stand,
Where the vine's empurpled masses in the sunset's passion glow,
Lo! the bird-notes are a-dying and the troubled wind is sighing
For the secret that the meadow must not know.

Over meadow, over mountain, in a city by the sea,
There are wives and mothers waiting; there are sweet hopes growing cold;
There are eyes that watch in anguish, there are loving hearts that languish
For the secret that shall nevermore be told.

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View of the End of a Glacier at the Head of a Greenland Fiord.

During the recent greater extension of the ice the stream filled all the valley enclosed in the field of view and overtopped the neighboring mountains.

ICEBERGS.

By N. S. Shaler.

MUCH has been said by optimists concerning the many advantages which arise from the simple but most exceptional fact that, while all other substances contract, water expands in passing from the fluid to the solid state. The consequences of this peculiarity are indeed not overstated by those who take an excessively pleasant view of man's relations to the world about him, for the simple reason that it is not easy to exaggerate the beneficial effects which arise from them. If water did not depart from the general law that substances occupy less space in their solid than in their liquid form, the ice on

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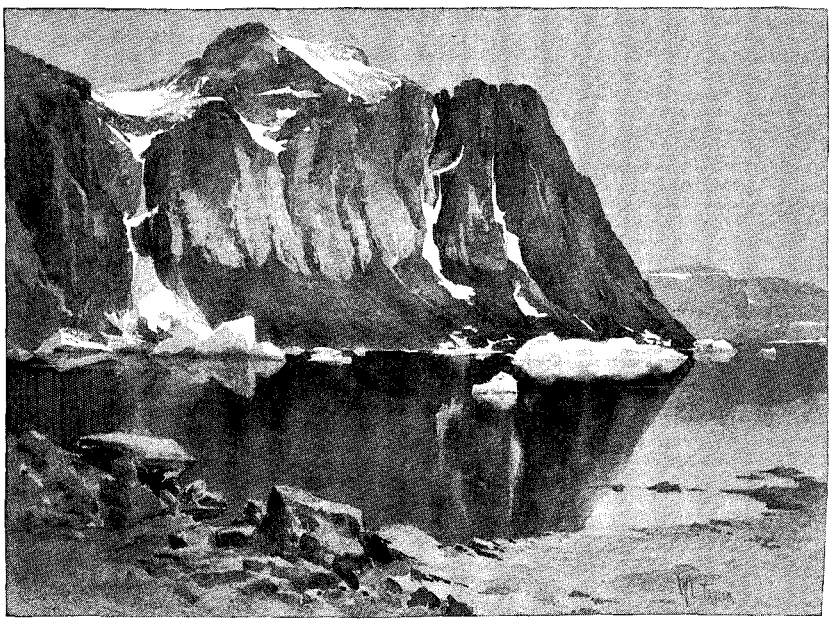
our seas and lakes would, as fast as it formed, sink to the bottom, so that all the oceans and other water-basins in high latitudes would normally be frozen to their floors, except when the summer's heat had melted a thin layer next the surface. If it were really worth the while to theorize concerning things which are out of the present order of nature, we might easily show that such a condition of affairs would make the earth essentially unfit for the uses of civilization. It will, however, be more profitable to consider the points which the pessimist might take, if his ever-smiling adversary pressed the profit arising from the fact that water expands in freezing too far for patience to endure, to show, in a word, the list of considerable disadvantages which arise from this law, which serve indeed, in some part, to countervail the blessings it brings to us. In his argument he would have to depend in the main upon the dangers which arise from the ice which drifts from either pole into the parts of the sea which ships need to traverse, bringing with them an atmosphere of fog, which, rendering the floating islands almost invisible, adds much to the risks of navigation. These ice-masses not only endanger vessels, but they chill the waters of the sea in such a measure that, by the cold and misty air which sweeps thence upon the land, extensive regions, like the island of Newfoundland, are made unfit for agriculture. These migrations of icebergs are manifestly due, in the main, to the fact that ice floats; if it sunk, whatever other costs this condition entailed, there would be no wandering ice-fields in the seas.

To understand the conditions which lead to the existence, even in midsummer, of floating islands of ice within the warm northward-setting waters of the Gulf Stream, it is necessary for us to consider many facts concerning the natural history of ice, and the physical condition of the regions from which these bergs are derived, as well as that of the districts through which they journey to the central portions of the North Atlantic; fortunately for our purpose all these facts are very interesting, and some of them are of the most picturesque features which the



View of a Part of the Coast of Greenland.

Showing small glaciers and floating icebergs. In the foreground are masses of rock dropped from floating bergs.

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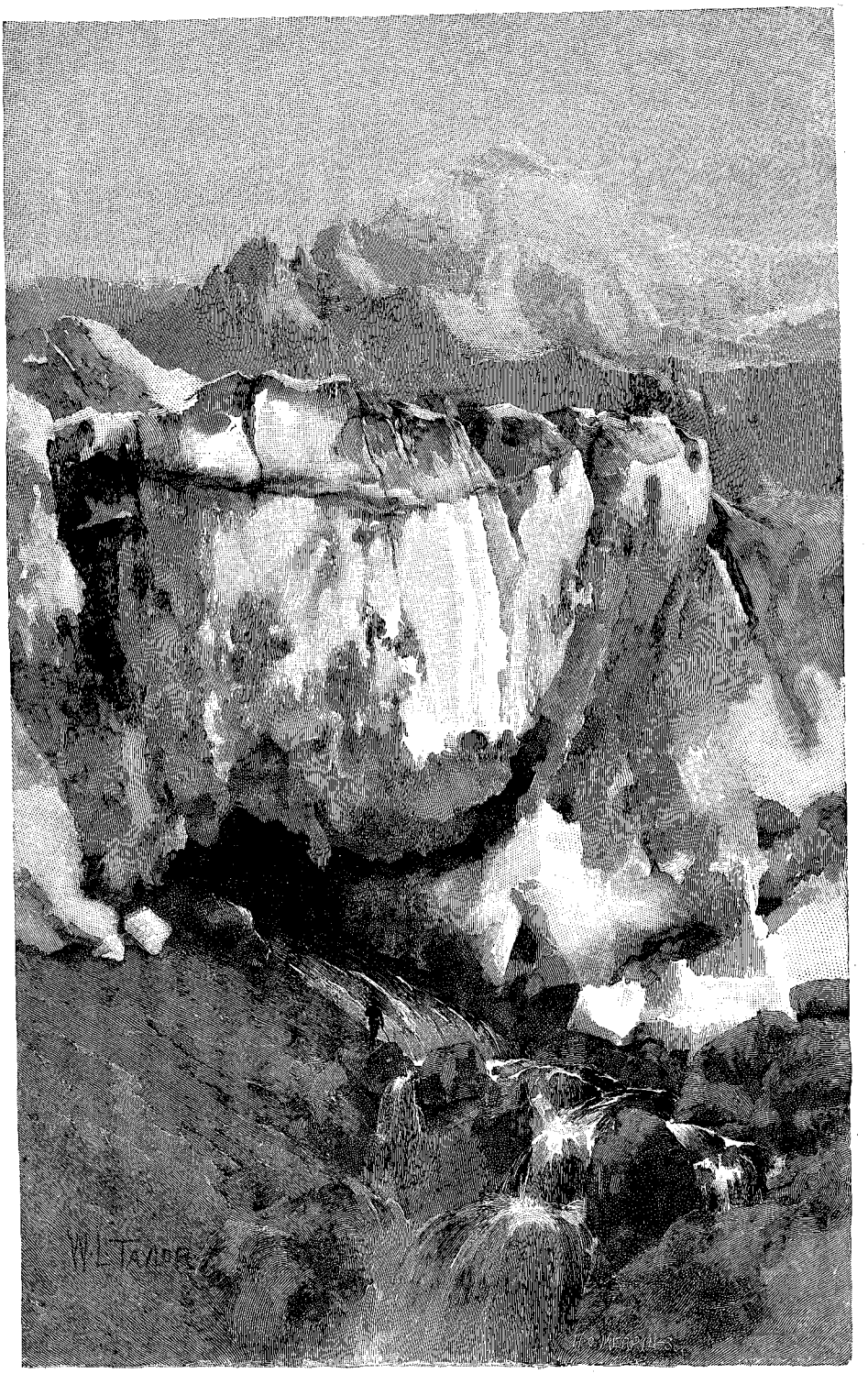

DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR. ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

View of the Extremity of a Greenland Glacier.

Showing the ice cave from which emerges a sub-glacial river. The peaks in the background are composed of ice much fissured by the irregularities of the surface over which it is moving.

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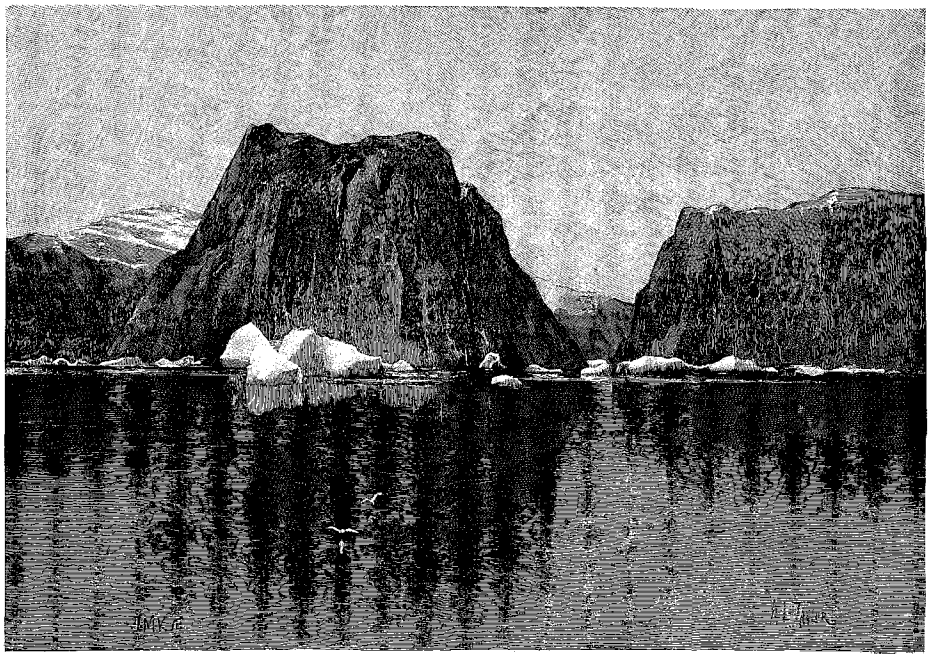
aspects of this world afford. The biography of an iceberg brings us in contact with the frozen regions about the poles, and with the marvellous ocean currents which transport the tropical waters to those regions, and with those other streams which send, in return, waters of nearly freezing temperature down toward the equator. The simpler phenomena of freezing and frozen water, which we shall incidentally have to consider, are attractive parts of the science of physics, for the reason that they are easily comprehended and are well illustrated by familiar and personal experiences.



View at the Mouth of a Greenland Fiord.

Showing the steep precipitous character of the coast, with a number of small bergs floating from the inlet.

The ice which travels from the Arctic regions toward the equator consists of two very different kinds of masses ; the difference being so plain that they are invariably recognized by all observers ; in part they are made up of flat or tabular masses, which seldom if ever have a thickness of more than one hundred feet even before they have begun their journey to lower latitudes. Though limited in depth these fields of floe-ice, as they are commonly termed, often have a great horizontal extension. Near the southern extremity of Greenland they often have an area which is to be measured by square miles. Though interesting, these floes have less economic or geographic importance than the group of true icebergs, for the reason that they do not journey so far from their point of origin, and rarely come into the ordinary paths of commerce. The true icebergs differ from the ice-floes in that they are vastly thicker and do not have the same table-like tops, but are serrate at their summits. It is impossible to determine by actual measurement the depth of the ice in the true berg, but we know from the specific gravity of frozen water that only about one-seventh to one-ninth of their mass rises above the level of the sea, and we can safely infer from the extent of the emerged portion that their bases are often two or three thousand feet below the surface of the ocean. This estimate, though it does not need confirmation, is fairly proved by the fact that many bergs have been observed to run aground in water of this depth.

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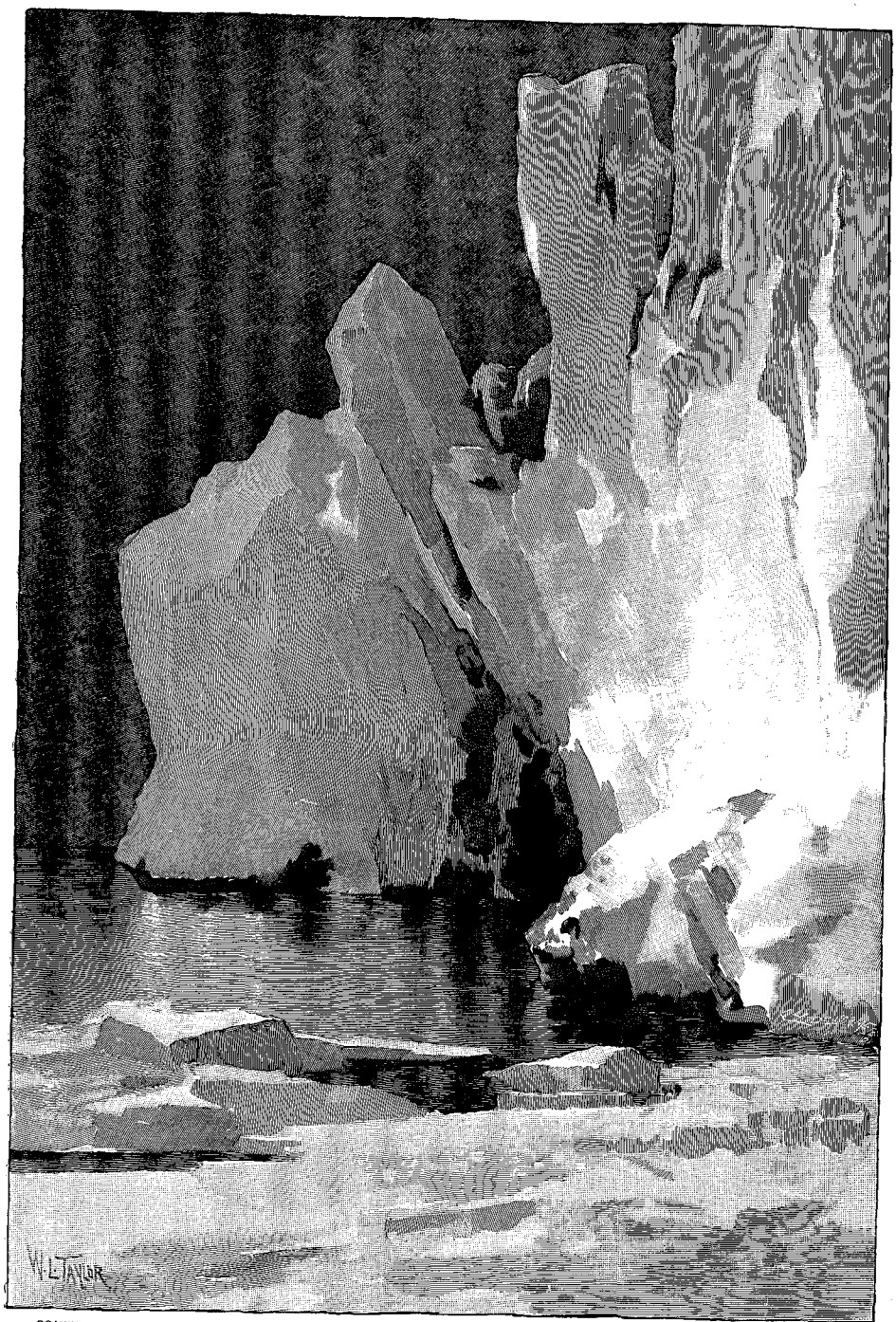

DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

View at the End of a Glacier, showing an Iceberg just ready to Separate.

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These great variations in the proportions of bergs and floes afford a fair presumption that there is some essential difference in the origin of these two classes of ice-islands. A glance at the processes by which ice is made in high latitudes will show us that this hypothesis is amply justified.

View on the Coast of Greenland.
Showing small bergs intermingled with floe-ice, with polar bears in foreground.

When the Arctic explorers or the whalers make their way to the fringe of small settlements which lie upon the western margin of Greenland—the only part of that vast area which is ever indeed green—they usually begin to encounter the floe-ice, and as they go northward it increases in thickness and in the extent to which it obstructs the surface of the sea, so that the ships are compelled to creep through the rifts between the ice-fields, the narrow lanes of water which, now opening, now closing, afford most perilous and difficult ways to the higher north. Finally, where the western shoulder of Greenland and Grinnell Island narrow the passage which leads into the Arctic Sea, the ice is so firmly held together that it has never been found sufficiently fissured to afford room for the passage of the smallest boats. Thence on to the long-sought, but apparently inaccessible Pole, the sea is covered with a connected sheet of ice, the upper surface of which is exceedingly rough and hummocky, so that it is impassable for sledges. The vast region covered by this sheet of floe-ice, which probably has a depth of one hundred feet or more, has been termed the Palæocrystic Sea, or the Sea of Ancient Ice. It is clear that its envelope of frozen water is but a more consolidated area of sheet or floe accumulations—in other regards exactly like the fields which float out of Davis Strait and move down the coast of Labrador until they invade the Straits of Belle Isle, and through this channel penetrate into the Gulf of St. Lawrence or crowd into the inlets of northern Newfoundland.

It is evident that the origin of this floe-ice is as follows, viz.: In the long winter of high latitudes the surface of the sea, wherever it is not affected by

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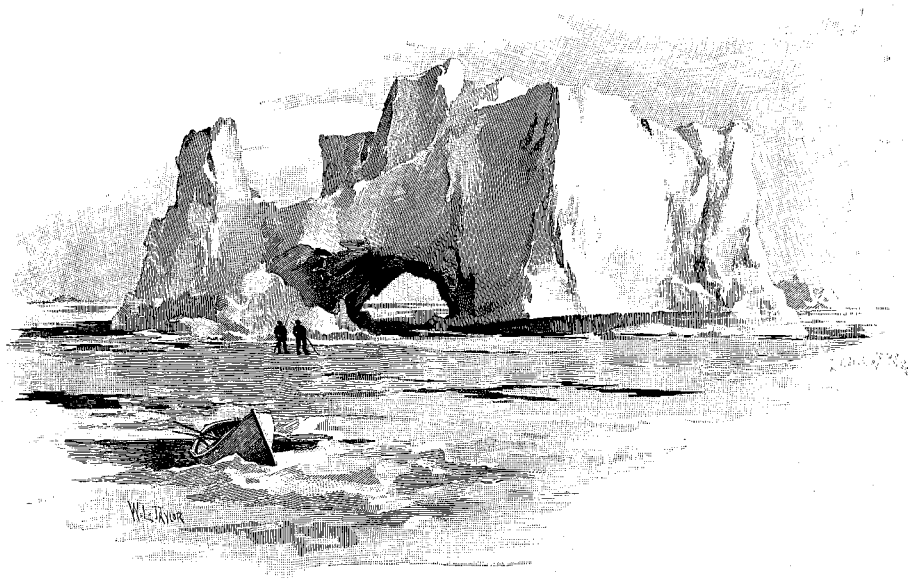
the warm waters of the south, freezes so that a considerable depth of ice is made. A single winter will often accumulate it to a thickness of ten feet or more. In the short summer this ice only in part melts away and the next season adds still more to it. When the sheet breaks up into separate fields, these masses, often square miles in area, are set in motion by the tidal currents or the strong winds; they collide with each other and with the shore, and by these accidents the cakes of ice are shoved over and under each other, thus thickening the floes in a very rapid manner, for as soon as these cakes of ice come to rest in their new position they are soldered together so that the floe is a solid mass which may drift away for great distances in the control of the winds or the shallow currents of the sea. So massive are they, indeed, and so vast in number and area, that but for the nature of the current systems of the North Atlantic, they might greatly embarrass the main line of ship travel between the northern parts of Europe and those of the northern United States and Canada; but the direction of their southward migration is, as we shall now note, greatly affected by the ocean currents.

All the superficial parts of the western Atlantic, except the portion of its area next the coast of America, are pervaded by a slow movement which sets the water toward the Poles. This current is due to the Gulf Stream, which, emerging from the tropics as a deep, narrow, swift-moving tide skirts the southern coast of the United States, gradually widens like an opened fan, diminishing in depth and losing its velocity as it comes toward the Arctic Circle. Although the speed of its northward going is here slight, it has sufficient energy to push back the floe-ice which may be driven southwardly by the winds, and thus limit its excursions to the American shore. Setting out into the Atlantic from Davis Strait, there is, however, a strong stream of Arctic water, which in part slips under the Gulf Stream tide, and in part flows on the surface of the sea next the Labrador coast. In this southward-setting current the floe-ice drifts with a speed of about a mile an hour down the American shore until it attains the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The Lab-



View showing Large Berg with Ice Arch.

The overhanging ledge to the right of the arch shows a former sea-level on the face of the berg, and indicates that the mass has recently slightly changed its position in the water.

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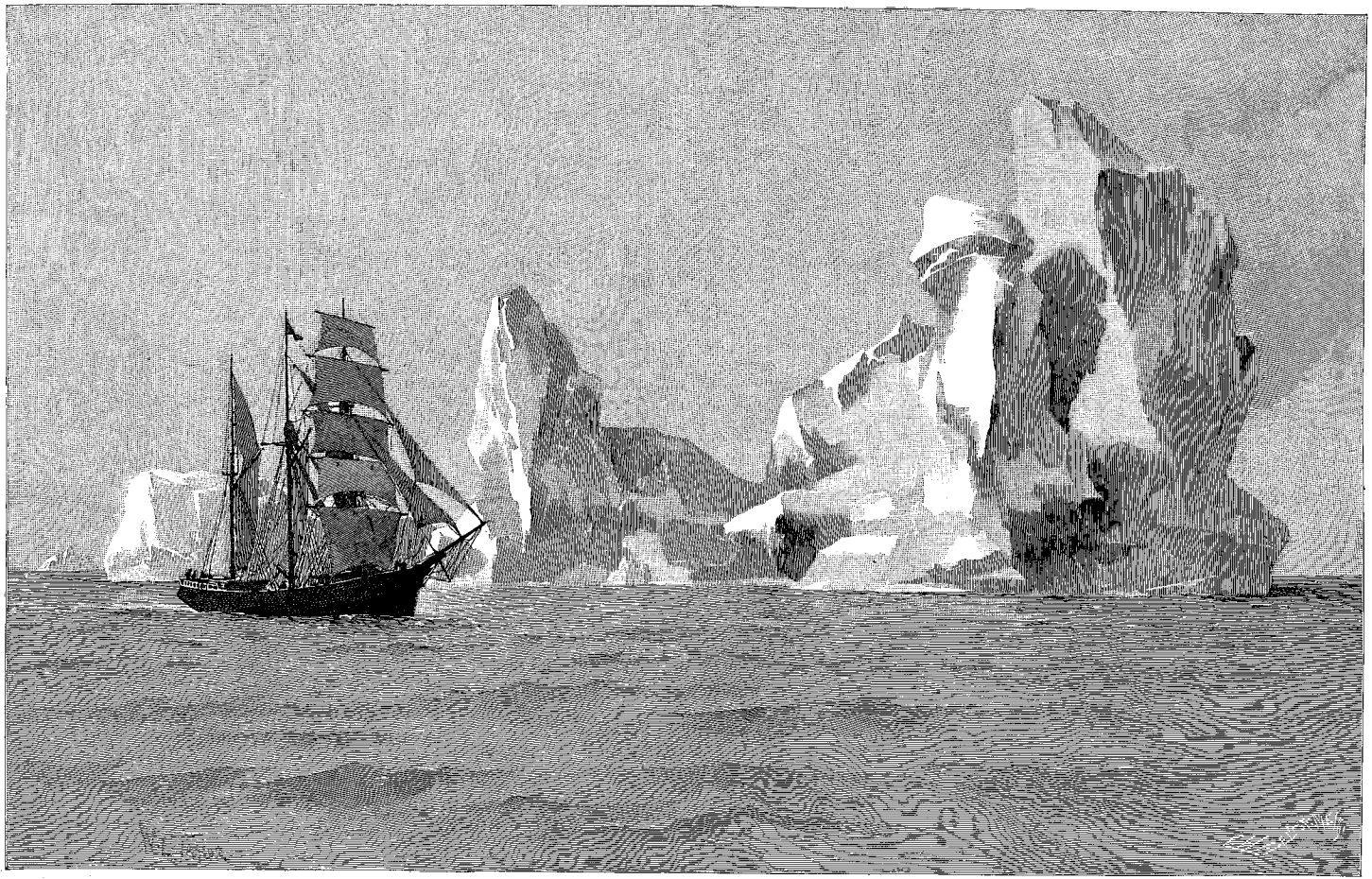

DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR.

View of a Large Berg.

Showing the effect of melting in developing the columnar structure of the ice.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

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rador current, as this southward-moving water is called, would, but for certain accidents of geography, send this floe-ice much farther to the southward than it now does. If Newfoundland and Nova Scotia should disappear, so that there could be a nearly straight shore from Greenland to Massachusetts Bay, it is likely that these floes would in large quantities attain to the coast of New England, and give to the shore lands of that part of the continent the sub-Arctic and inhospitable climate of the islands of the eastern St. Lawrence. This shore-current bears few true icebergs with the floe-ice, for the reason, as we shall see more clearly hereafter, that these greater ice-islands are formed altogether on the Greenland shores, and, pressed to the eastward by the prevailing winds, do not come into that superficial, shore-skirting, Labrador current. Moreover, any stray bergs that may find their way against this margin of the mainland are almost certain to take the ground in the shallows over which the current passes and so be arrested in their journey.

The character of the ice-floes, as well as the steadfastness of their southward journeys, are well shown by the singular experiences of a part of the crew of the exploring ship Polaris, who, in 1872, were forced to abide for several months on these ice-rafts. The ship was in close quarters in the ice-pack of Baffin's Bay, and was pinched between the floes with every prospect of being crushed like an egg-shell between the moving masses; the crew, with supplies of provisions and boats, were encamped, in two separate parties, on the ice near the distressed vessel. A sudden change in the movements of the ice caused the floes to separate, and one of the parties was swiftly borne away from the ship, which, indeed, they thought had sunk from the strains she had received in the squeezing between the packs of ice. The forlorn party, consisting of a score of sailors, several Esquimaux men, two women, and several children of that people, drifted away to the southward, and for the time between October 15th and April 29th found refuge in the floe-ice, and were carried onward toward the open Atlantic. As they came into the wider waters the waves swept over the flat surface of the ice and broke the original wide field into small patches, each a few acres in extent, so that they had from time to time to select a new refuge. Their sufferings were considerable, but with the courage and hopefulness characteristic of our sailors, they undauntedly met their difficulties, each dutifully caring for the other, so that when rescued by a passing ship every member of the party was alive. The chronicle of this wonderful adventure is one of the most picturesque stories of bitter experience and fortitude which the literature of Arctic adventure affords.

In the regions about the Southern Pole, because of the vast area of ice which is gathered there, the climate in summer is much less calculated to melt ice than in the region about Greenland. The extension of this ice-cap is caused by the failure of the warm currents from the tropics to attain the Antarctic Circle; this is brought about by the absence of any distinct land-bounded pathway of the waters, as exists in the North Atlantic lands, which, in a way, serves to confine the Gulf Stream and lead it to the Arctic regions. Moreover, the southern currents, which are diverted toward the Antarctic Sea, are less strong than those which flow northwardly from the equatorial parts of the oceans. Owing to the frigid condition of the summer climate of the southern ice-district, and the absence of warm water to melt the ice, the floes of that region are thicker and form more extended fields than those with which explorations of the Greenland district have made us acquainted. Fortunately there are in the Antarctic district no such strong currents as those which sweep down the shores of Labrador to convey these packs of ice to the parts of the sea which are most traversed by shipping; they are only encountered by the whalers or the rare explorers who have attained to these lonely waters of the far southern seas. We have now completed our general account of the simpler and least important of the groups of floating ice-fields. We have next to examine into the processes which lead to the formation of the far grander masses, the true icebergs.

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We have already noted the fact that icebergs differ from floes in that they are far greater in depth; it is also characteristic of them that they are composed of a dark blue variety of ice, which is generally much more solid than that of the floes. The berg-ice has also the peculiar feature that it tends to rift in a vertical direction, which gives their crests the striking and beautiful outlines so characteristic of them where they have been much decayed by long exposure to the warm air of the region of the sea to which they attain near the end of their journeys. To understand these peculiar features it is again necessary for us to consider the regions where these ice-masses are formed. It is now well known that all true bergs — and in this class are included all the floating masses which find their way down to the line now followed by the transatlantic steamers— have their origin in the glaciers of high latitudes. Those which beset the pathway of ships moving from Europe to America are all cradled in Greenland. All the lands north and west of Spitzbergen are more or less occupied by fields of perpetual snow, which, slowly descending the valleys, is by pressure and by its forward movement crowded into pure translucent ice; all the little cavities containing vesicles of air, which gives to snow or powdered ice its white color, become closed as the air escapes in the onward journey of the stream. In more southern climes, as in Norway and Switzerland, these glaciers in their descent meet a climate sufficiently warm to melt them away before they attain the level of the sea; but in the greater part of the lands within the Arctic Circle there is an annual average temperature below the freezing-point, so that any glacier which is formed moves on until it thrusts its extremity into the sea.

For a time after the slow-moving stream of ice enters the ocean waters, its height causes it to continue to rest on the bottom; but when it penetrates to a certain depth of the sea, a depth depending on the thickness of the ice-sheet, the buoying action brought about by the relative lightness of the ice tends to lift it from the bed over which it has ploughed. As ice, though easily mobile under pressure, as the movements of the glaciers themselves clearly show, is very brittle to any cross strain, such as this tendency to float imposes, the extremity of the ice-stream is continually broken away, forming detachable masses. The resistance of the ice to fracture causes the projecting extremity of the glacier to hold together for a little distance beyond the point where the weight of the mass alone would hold it upon the bottom. When the berg separates from the parent mass the rupture is attended by a violent movement, often causing a loud thundering noise which may be heard for many miles. The rebound of the newly freed mass from the bottom and the firm-set glacier whence it came, causes it to swing violently, so that it sends great waves sweeping from its base out into the sea, which, though on a larger scale, are like those produced when a ship is launched. The Esquimaux are so familiar with this process of separating bergs from the land-ice that when they hear the roar which it causes they say the glacier is "calving," or giving birth to its young. By this savage description they seem to indicate, in the manner common to primitive peoples, their sense of the activity which exists in the glacial streams as well as that perception of life in nature which, though a common feature with uncivilized people, disappears with the advance in culture.

Greenland is the great source whence the icebergs of the North Atlantic are "calved," and the physical conditions of the country make it admirably fitted to be the breeding-place for those monsters of the deep. Until very recently our knowledge of this country was limited to the southern extremity of the island and the narrow strip along the western shore, where there are a few villages which are visible from a ship's deck. The eastern shore is so blocked by floe-ice that few mariners have seen the mainland for more than a hundred miles beyond its southernmost part. It has long been known, however, that along the whole coast-line the glaciers descend to the heads of the inlets or fiords which plen-

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tifully intersect the shore. Both on the east and the west the ice-streams are so deep and massive that they override the whole marginal portion of the country, hiding its irregularities in the vast sheet of the glacier, which sweeps into the sea until it attains a depth where the ice breaks off and floats away in the form of icebergs. The greatest of these ice-fronts, that of the Humboldt Glacier, faces the water in the upper part of Baffin's Bay with a continuous precipice of ice, having a length of about fifty miles. So far as is yet known, this is the greatest of the Greenland berg factories, but it is possible that even greater protrusions of the central glacial field may occur on the eastern coast.

There has long been much natural curiosity concerning the aspect of the interior district of Greenland, for naturalists have felt that we should there secure much valuable information concerning the conditions which existed during the glacial period over a larger part of northern Europe and North America. Many travellers have ascended the ice-streams for a little distance, and have looked inland apparently upon fields of snow. Recently some bold travellers, properly equipped for travelling over the ice, made their way to the eastern shore of Greenland, and started on a hazardous journey with the western shore for their destination. After passing for some miles over a portion of the glacier, which was much broken by crevasses—due probably to the existence of irregularities in the floor of rock over which it was moving—they gradually ascended until they came upon a vast, unbroken surface of ice, which was apparently as level as a frozen sea, and which stretched away beyond the field of vision. This portion of the continental glacier, the first ever seen by civilized man, rose gently until, by the barometers, it apparently attained a height of about a mile above the sea. Thence it declined with a grade so slight as to be invisible to the eye until near the western shore, when it descended more steeply, and was broken by rifts, as the travellers found it at the outset of their journey.

This vast arch of ice doubtless occupies all the surface of Greenland except the narrow belt next the shore, mainly on the southern and western coasts, where the higher land is now left bare. It would be most interesting to consider the general conditions of this wonderful glacier, with reference to the state of affairs during the last frozen period, for there can be little doubt that we have in the region beheld by these hardy explorers a very true picture of a continental ice-sheet; but for our immediate purpose we need only to note the immense extent of this ice-field, its great depth, and the speed with which it moves from the interior toward the sea. So far we have but imperfect data concerning the rate at which the high northern glacier passes from the land into the sea; but it is clear that the movement is much more rapid than in the case of the relatively small ice-streams of the Alps. In the valley glaciers of Switzerland, Norway, or the Himalayas, the speed of the flow does not exceed on the average more than three feet per diem. At the berg-making fronts of Switzerland it probably amounts on the average to more than thirty feet per day; that is a strip about half a mile wide would be fed into the sea in the short summer season, and if the flow was maintained during the whole year, there would be a field nearly two miles wide discharged as floating ice along the whole front of the streams which attain the sea. There is no satisfactory basis on which to estimate the linear extent of the glacial front on the Greenland shore, but it is probably not less than two hundred and fifty miles. If this be the size, we may reckon that somewhere near five hundred square miles of icebergs is each year set afloat along the shores of the island. Supposing that the original area of these masses was one-fourth of a square mile, this supply would provide for a yearly fleet of two thousand bergs, from which throng the ice which our Atlantic ships encounter is derived.

The history of these bergs, after they have become separated from their parent glaciers, has not yet been carefully traced. It is evident that a large part of them never attain to any considerable distance from the shores from which

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they were discharged. Those which are launched in the inlets are apt to be retained by the shores and melt before they escape to the sea; of those which start on their journey many become stranded on the shallows, and break into small pieces, so that they are rapidly melted; yet others, including probably nearly all which are formed on the eastern shore of Greenland, are retained near their place of origin by the action of the wind and the marine currents. It does not seem likely that more than one or two hundred large icebergs make their way each year in the only practicable path that can take them beyond the Arctic Circle—that which is afforded by the current which sets out of Davis Strait, and down the Labrador shore, and then eastward into the Atlantic. Although we have as yet but little decided information concerning this ocean-stream, save that afforded by the movements of the berg and floe, we can readily see how it affects the journey of these wandering fragments from the vast Greenland glaciers. Though somewhat inconstant, this current is a tolerably steady stream, setting south through the wide channel which separates the shores of Greenland from those of the many islands which beset the northeast coast of the American continent. By this southward-moving water the ice is propelled out into the open sea. The stream continues to the south, but widens and diminishes in the energy of its flow. It shortly comes in contact with the Gulf Stream, which it somewhat affects, and by which it is much affected. As we have already noticed, a part of the southward-setting current passes down along the shore of Labrador as a superficial stream of no great width or speed. Another, and perhaps the larger part, flows beneath the Gulf Stream, and in time joins the great, slow-moving procession of Arctic waters which, following the bottom of the deeper sea, in the end attain the equatorial district. For a considerable distance southeast of Greenland there are thus two distinct currents in the ocean waters—a lower, moving southwardly, and an upper, or superficial stratum, creeping toward the north. The thin floe-ice, floating altogether within a hundred feet of the surface, is beaten back against the Labrador shore by the surface stream; but the icebergs, because of their greater depth, are driven forward by the under-current in a southwardly direction. Owing to this peculiarity we sometimes may observe the bergs ploughing their way through vast fields of floe-ice as steadfastly as a steamship when it breaks its way in the new-formed ice of a harbor. This southward journey of the bergs is facilitated by the action of the prevailing winds, which, in this region, in the spring and summer, often blow with great energy from the northwest. A berg one hundred feet high and a mile long spreads a vast surface to these winds, and is slowly but effectually impelled by them in the manner of a sailing ship.

From the time the berg is launched into the sea it is constantly wasting; unlike the floe-ice, which receives important accessions in freezing weather, the berg, on account of its depth, which brings the greater part of the mass into water above the freezing-point, steadfastly diminishes in volume; the little ice-sheet which may form around the water-line does not affect the size of the mass, yet this process of melting goes on but slowly. In the first part of its journey it is always in water which is at about the freezing-point. Most persons are familiar with the fact that cakes of ice will float for a long time in very cold water, and can thus imagine that icebergs may journey a long way in the Arctic seas with but little loss in bulk. It is when they come in contact with the waters of the Gulf Stream that the dissolving process begins to go on in a rapid manner. The under-running cold current, which moves southward toward the central parts of the Atlantic, seizing on the great surface of the bergs which extends downward — it may be to one or two thousand feet below the surface of the sea—urges these masses of ice against the relatively shallow and slow-running warmer tide. As they go to the south the energy of the impelling stream constantly diminishes, for the reason that the flow from the Arctic, no longer confined within the channel between Greenland and the

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mainland of North America, slackens, while with each stage of the movement of the bergs toward the equator the strength of the Gulf Stream flow becomes augmented. In this way it comes about that, in the latitude of the Newfoundland banks, or shoals, the floating masses attain a position where there is a balance between the effects of the diverse currents, and, as a result of this, the icebergs lie idly in the sea or drift about in the varying winds until they melt away.

The bergs from the North Atlantic nursery of ice, from the glaciers of southern and western Greenland, have their limit of migration set by this curious equation of the currents which prevail in these waters. If the southward-setting current were as strong in that region as it is on the west coast of North America, there is no reason why these vast and slow-moving ice-islands should not attain too near the tropics; as it is, they are rarely if ever found much south of the Newfoundland banks or much east of the meridian. There are reports that in certain rare instances considerable bergs have been seen nearly as far west as the mouth of the Bay of Fundy and as far south and east as the Azores, but these stories lack verification and may be only sailors' yarns; if true, it is probably to be explained by the fact that in a period of long-continued and strong northwesterly winds any deep bergs, which on account of their depth projected high above the water, were urged far to the southward and eastward of their normal course. Allowing for such rare accidents, the fact remains that the icebergs of the North Atlantic have their southward and eastward extension determined with admirable accuracy, and in a way to show the observer how beautifully the physical conditions are adjusted in the waters of that tumultuous sea.

The fact that icebergs can maintain themselves so long when they are floating with their upper parts bathed in the warm water of the superficial portions of the sea, and the deeper portions of their masses in a fluid which is a little above the point where ice melts, is due to certain circumstances which we shall now have to note with some care. The icebergs, as they slowly melt, chill the water about them to very near the freezing-point. This very cold state extends, in the case of large masses, to the distance of some miles from the face of the ice-cliffs. Next the berg the temperature is always but a shade above that of a vessel in which there is just enough water to float fragments of ice. Only a very small part of this cooled portion of the sea is derived from the melting berg; in the main it consists of that portion of the ocean which has been deprived of its heat by the contact with the glacial mass. Here we must consider the fact that the process of melting ice calls for a great deal of heat. If we take a cubic foot of the frozen water and put it over a regulated fire, as, for instance, that of a gas-flame, we observe that it requires a much longer time to melt the mass than it would to bring an equal amount of ice-cold water to near the boiling-point. If we conduct the experiment in a more careful way, we may easily determine that, starting with a block of ice at a temperature just a fraction of a degree below the freezing-point, it takes more units of heat to bring it to a point where it becomes molten than is necessary to raise its temperature after it is molten to 74° F. This heat, which the water hides away in the process of melting, is so great that it much affects not only the history of icebergs, but all the phenomena of the seasons in countries where a thick envelope of snow gathers during the winter season. It is this peculiar absorption of heat which makes it so difficult for the warm sun of spring to clear away the frostwork of winter and to fit the earth for the uses of vegetation. In the case of the icebergs the process of their melting requires that some cubic miles of the relatively warm ocean waters, having a temperature of, say 50° F., shall come in contact with the ice before an ordinary berg will be dissolved.

As long as the icebergs are rapidly pushed forward by the action of the undercurrent which urges them through the superficial layer of warm water, the portions of their masses which are exposed to the northward-setting stream

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rapidly melt, because they are by their motion ever brought into contact with fresh fields of warm water, the cold portion of the ocean which they have chilled being left behind. But, as we have already noticed, the rate of this motion steadfastly decreases until they finally cease to travel over the surface, and meet only such water as the winds or the gentle northward-setting current sends against them. In a certain measure they provide by their own action for a slight current movement which promotes their melting. The water next their sides, being chilled by contact with the ice, becomes a little heavier than that of the surrounding sea, and so tends to sink into the depths, its place being taken by the warmer fluid which flows in over the surface. If water became continuously heavier as it cooled, all the way down to the freezing-point, this action would be much more effective than it is; but among the many extraordinary features of this substance we have to note that it is the densest at about 39° F., expanding a little if the heat is decreased below that temperature. Consequently this circulatory movement just described is not strong.

The protection of the bergs from melting is also promoted by the fleet-like manner in which they occupy large areas of the sea. They are generally found in troops, which may number scores, or even hundreds, of separate masses; the result is that vast areas of the ocean have their superficial waters so cooled down by the southernmost individual bergs that the greater part of the group have little chance to come in contact with warm water; it is only slowly, as the advanced bergs are melted, that the more northern masses are exposed to a temperature high enough to affect them in any considerable measure. In much the same way the aggregation of the icebergs hinders the air from affecting them by its warmth; the atmosphere is chilled by the cold sea and the ice with which it comes in contact, and the result is that thick fogs are formed, which send off the rays of the sun and convert the regions about the bergs into a natural ice-house well fitted to preserve them from the effects of the more southern realm into which they have journeyed. In fact, a fleet of icebergs takes its native climate with it as it goes; it is enveloped by conditions of its own making as perfectly as if they were designed for the end which they attain.

The effect of the close order, which is such a common feature of the berg fleet, is so important in their history that we must consider the way in which it is brought about. As is easily seen, the cause is found in the landlocked nature of the waters whence they are derived. In the winter the region about the West Greenland glaciers is occupied by a sheet of floe-ice strong enough to retain the icebergs against their native shores. Only for a brief period in summer, in all perhaps, on the average, less than four months, is the water open enough to prevent their escape into the wide part of the Atlantic Ocean. When the summer unlocks these Arctic gates the vast assemblage of ice-floes and the imprisoned squadrons of bergs from the several glaciers which have accumulated in the sea during the enduring frost, pour forth into the more southern part of the ocean. Then they become separated—the bergs impelled by the deeper current set forth upon their long cruise toward the mid-Atlantic, while the floes follow the surface stream adown the coast of Labrador; the former to wander, it may be, for years; the latter to vanish in the heat of a single summer.

In the process of destruction which a berg goes through, its decay is aided by the frequent overturns to which it is subjected. All the ice of the glacial streams, unlike that made in the ordinary way, is moulded into shape under the great strains to which it is subjected in its journey over the surface of the earth. These strains are not all productive of movement, but remain as tensions, much like those which we find in unannealed glass, giving the mass a tendency to fly into pieces. Moreover, glacial ice is peculiar in that it is always penetrated by numerous rifts or imperfectly closed fissures, which accelerate its breaking whenever it is violently disturbed. Owing to the more or less irregular melting

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which goes on upon the outside of a berg, its centre of gravity gradually changes, so that from time to time it rolls over in the sea. Such accidents are not infrequently observed by Arctic explorers and whalers who haunt the waters where these ice-fields most abound. As may be imagined, when one of these vast masses somersaults, every part of it is subjected to violent stresses which would rack much more solid structures, and also that, when they strand in some shallower part of the sea a like trial of their strength occurs. In fact, when either of these accidents happen, the berg often flies into pieces almost as does a Prince Rupert drop of quickly cooled glass when it is treated with any violence. Even when sailing in a quiet sea the innate tensions of the ice, increased it may be by the changes of temperature to which it has been subjected since it parted from the parent glacier, now and then cause large fragments to fly from the steep cliffs, to float as satellites of the mass until they melt away.

The processes of decay acting on the summit of the icebergs reveal in the melting forms the existence of incipient rifts in their masses. Unlike the surface of ordinary ice-sheets, which commonly melt down evenly, the berg top is made up of irregular pinnacles and chasms, which in the later stage of its existence may take on forms of the utmost variety. The picturesqueness of these floating islands of the north is in large measure due to the exceedingly varied forms of their sky lines. The architects of our day, who recognize the striking effects which may be produced in edifices by means of pediments and pinnacles, might win suggestions from a study of these fantastic structures. These indentations of the iceberg top are produced by the same abundant planes of weakness which cause the mass so readily to rend asunder whenever subjected to strains such as may arise from the causes we have considered. The warmth and rain penetrating into these crevices eat the ice away while the less weakened parts remain intact. In the case of many bergs, even when they have been long afloat, the top is not much indented, for the reason that the frequent changes of position have not given the ice time to be affected by exposure to the air.

In the southern hemisphere icebergs are limited to the western Atlantic and eastern Pacific, and to the waters of very high latitudes within the Arctic Circle. They are practically unknown in the North Pacific, for the reason that the only glaciers which attain the sea in that region, those of the Alaskan shore, are of relatively small size and only send afloat small masses of ice, and these being imprisoned in deep bays do not attain the open sea. In the Antarctic region the little known islands about the South Pole are the nursery of more numerous bergs than are formed within the Arctic Circle. The currents setting from these southern circumpolar lands toward the equator are much less energetic than those which bear the Greenland floods to the open sea, consequently the parts of these waters frequented by ships are not so affected by the ice invasions as are the invasions lying between North America and Europe. The only point where the south polar bergs come upon a travelled ship-route is on the western side of Cape Horn. In this field these wanderers infest a portion of the way of vessels which have rounded the South American cape, but they are on the whole much less numerous and less dangerous to navigation than those of the North Atlantic. It is a peculiarity of these southern ice-masses that they are much larger than those observed in the North Atlantic field. This is probably due to the greater extent of the glaciers in the region about the South Pole, and to the correlative fact that the process of melting goes on more slowly in that region than in the Arctic district.

We turn now to consider those parts of the general effects of floating ice which may be supposed to have an interest for the reader. First among these we must reckon the influence they exercise on the climatal conditions of the countries bordering on their paths. In the case of the floes and icebergs which are borne southward by the Labrador currents the effect

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must be considerable; they perceptibly cool the sea over a large area, depriving a considerable part of its waters of the warmth which their current would otherwise carry to northern Europe. If we could confine these wanderers from the icy realm within the regions where they are formed, the effect on the temperature of northern Europe would be noteworthy and even of economic importance. Their general influence is to disseminate Arctic conditions over a wide area of the more southern regions, where the climate tends through the action of the ocean movements to partake of the tropical warmth. The climate of the northeastern part of North America would probably be distinctly warmer but for the chilling of the neighboring sea which the abundant ice induces. So, too, with the southern part of South America; the climate which now renders the country in good part unfit for agriculture would be much more tolerable but for the influence of the vast amount of ice from the Antarctic Sea which floats near to its shores. Though not of great importance in terrestrial conditions, icebergs must be reckoned as a factor with which the meteorologists of the future will have to deal. In forecasting of the weather conditions not only of the seas where they occur, but also of the neighboring lands, it will be necessary to take account of the migrations of these wanderers from the polar region, and to estimate their effects upon the heat and moisture of those districts.

To the student of the geological processes which are now going on upon the earth, icebergs, and ice-floes as well, will afford most interesting subjects of inquiry. Not only do they affect the temperatures of the sea and land, and thus indirectly influence the conditions of the life they bear, but they exert certain curious direct effects upon the distribution of organic species and in the carriage of sediments. We will first note the action of these floating ice-fields in carrying animals from one region to another. It is the habit of the animals of high latitudes, particularly the polar bears, to seek the margin of the sea for the food they may obtain from its waters. The bears indeed win in winter their entire subsistence from this source of supply; even in summer they obtain little else than what the ocean affords them. Prowling along the shore and swimming far in its waters, with occasional rests on the floating ice-islands, it frequently happens that they are borne away to sea on these rafts. In most cases these creatures starve to death or are drowned when their supports melt away; but it sometimes happens that the wandering ice conveys them to some other land. Grounding in the shallow water next the shore, the animals, if not too much exhausted, may win the shore and proceed to multiply in their new-found home. From time to time the polar bear is thus conveyed from Greenland to Iceland, on which island it is not indigenous. The people of this Arctic realm are compelled to exterminate the invaders lest they should destroy their cattle and ravage their fields.

As the icebergs are derived from glaciers they commonly carry a great deal of rocky matter torn from the surface over which they have found their way. The bottom portion of any thick glacier is commonly filled, sometimes to the depth of a hundred feet or more, with this fractured stone, varying in size from grains of mud or sand to blocks the size of a small house. When the icebergs float away from the land they bear the mass of *débris* with them on their journey, it may be for a great distance from their birthplace. If the berg remains for a long time in the position in which it entered the sea a relatively slight amount of melting will release the stones and earthy waste, which will then fall, bit by bit, into the sea-floors in the paths of the wandering ice; but as it often happens that the berg is turned upside down before it has attained any great distance from its point of origin, in this position the waste from the land will remain afloat until the ice again capsizes or melts away, when it will be tumbled into a heap on the ocean bottom. In this way a very large amount of the land waste torn from the bed rocks by the action of the glaciers is distributed far and wide over the surface, where new

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strata are constantly accumulating. The number of icebergs delivered to the open sea in the summer season, of either pole, must amount to many thousands. It will be probably safe to estimate the aggregate area of this floating glacial material as not less than five hundred square miles in surface. It will also be reasonable to reckon that the *débris* from the circumpolar lands contained in these bergs is sufficient to form a layer not less than one foot in thickness over all this field of ice. On this basis we find that in one thousand years the sea-floor, over an area of one million square miles, might receive a contribution of *débris* having a mean depth of six inches. Although these reckonings are to be taken only as probable, or perhaps possible, estimates, it is evident from them that the land areas about the poles are rapidly wearing away, and that their waste is being deposited with extreme rapidity upon the floors of the oceans in high latitudes.

While the massive icebergs are carrying on this singular work of depositing the waste of the circumpolar regions on the wide fields of the oceans, the ice-floes are doing a similar, and perhaps equally important, work in conveying the detritus from the shallow waters next the shore out to sea and along the coast lines in considerable though less extended journeys. In the winter season, when the floe-ice forms or thickens in the shore-packs which beset the lands in high latitudes, the stones and other movable detritus of the coast-line becomes frozen into the sheets, and when they float off in the spring season are rafted for some distance, and finally, but more speedily than in the case of the materials conveyed by bergs, are dropped upon the bottom. The carriage is for a less distance, because the floe-ice, being thin, survives for a less time in the sea-water. The immediate effect of this action is to rob the shore-line of the *débris* which the waves have plucked from the cliffs, and thus to hasten the wasting of the shores; it also contributes a large amount of detritus to the ocean depths. Although this action is of most importance within the Arctic Circle, its effects are felt all along the shores where ice forms to the thickness of a foot or more, and after severe frosts floats away seaward. Its influence has long been remarked in the waters of the Baltic Sea. One of the English men-of-war which was sunk during the attack on the Danish fleet in 1807, was visited by divers seven years after that battle; its deck was found covered with blocks of stone which had drifted there in ice-floes. It is said that all sunken ships in that part of the sea quickly become overladen by thick *débris*.

In the occasional severe winters which occur along the New England coast as far south as Rhode Island this floe-ice makes to a thickness of three feet. Under the influence of the strong tides and winds these ice-fields are often urged against the shore, upon which they break into fragments, which are crowded by the great pressure from above and below until they form extensive ramparts which are frozen solidly together. When these masses float away they often carry with them bowlders weighing one to two tons, and drop them at a distance from the land. In their collision with the shore these fields of rock-covered ice exercise a very great disruptive force. At many points, even in southern New England, it is difficult to build piers, even of firm masonry, strong enough to withstand their assaults. The fact that these artificial constructions fail to withstand the action of this floating ice, shows how vigorous is the attack which it makes on the shore. All persons who are familiar with the coast of New England, especially those who have an intimate acquaintance with the districts of any particular portion of it, must have remarked the often conspicuous changes which a very frigid winter brings about in the appearance of the bowldery shores. We have then only to conceive that in the geologic ages these actions are to be multiplied by the million-fold in order to make it clear that this agent is capable of accomplishing a great deal of geologic work. In general this work is most effectively done in the embayments of the shore, for on the headlands the waves prevent the ice from forming, or keep it broken into small blocks, so that it cannot seize upon the large stones; in this way the

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floe-ice serves to wear away the shores of re-entrants more than those of the headlands. Sand-beaches are but little affected by the ice which may form upon them, for the reason that the continual movement of water from the land side prevents their materials from freezing, so that they do not become entangled in the floe. As we have now considered the more important general features which floating ice presents to the geologist's eye; it will not be uninteresting to devote a part of this paper to the questions concerning those masses which have a more human interest, viz., their scenographic quality and the dangers which they bring to navigators.

In taking account of the place occupied by any natural phenomena, it is well to consider the effect which they produce on the æsthetic sensibilities of man. From this point of view we must give a high place to the greater ice-masses of the sea, the bergs which come down from the circumpolar glaciers. There is an architectural splendor in many of the aspects of frozen water which is found in no other natural forms. Majestic as is the tumult of Niagara, the scene inexpressibly gains in sublimity when winter has framed it in an encasement of ice. The Alps and the Himalayas have a dignity which is in but small part due to the hardy forms of their rocky slopes, but is lent them by the snows of their uplands and the glaciers of the valleys. Even the snow-sheets of an ordinary house-roof, and the fringe of icicles pendant from its eaves, may make the most commonplace building a curiously impressive and pleasing object.

There is, perhaps, no condition of frozen water in which this element of the picturesque is more pronounced than where it is exhibited in a fleet of icebergs within the regions where they have not yet been worn out by long journeys. Those who see them only in the usually traversed route between the American ports and Europe behold only the scanty relics of the vast structures which started from the Arctic Ocean months before. The charm of these floating islands consists, in part, in singularity and variety of forms, and in the beauty of coloration; but in larger part the effect is due to the weird loneliness and lifelessness of their crags and steeps. Save for the splashing of the sea against their steep sides, or the hoarser crash of the masses which now and then tumble from the heights to the lower levels of the floating islands or into the sea, we may journey for hours through the berg fleet in perfect stillness. When the floating masses are near together, as they often are in the high north, where sometimes hundreds may be seen in a day, they break the waves and make an almost cavernous stillness in the space of water between them. The impression made on the mind by a strong sea breaking against a rock-bound shore, and that of a volcano in energetic eruption, are more startling; but it is doubtful if any of the aspects of nature, save the ever-familiar depths of the heavens, is so awe-inspiring as that exhibited by a great fleet of bergs as they come forth from the icy mountains of Greenland in their long southern voyage.

One of the most notable of the manifold modern developments of interest in the external world is that which leads people to make long journeys to behold the more inspiring scenes of nature. It seems likely that in a few decades this relish for the flavor of scenery will, among cultivated people, become as well developed as that of the Romans of the second century for the luxuries of the table. When this stage of our social development is attained we may expect that the fields of the icebergs will be as much visited by the seekers after the nobler aspects of nature as are the ice-streams of the Alps; certainly this world has no more impressive spectacles than those afforded by the high northern seas when their vast annual fleet of bergs set forth on their journey into the broad Atlantic.

Against the good which is given us in the grandeur and beauty of the icebergs we must set the grave and inevitable danger which they bring to the seafarer who has to traverse the waters where they abound. These dangers have always been great, but are more serious in this age of swift steamships than of old. Against the common perils of the sea the skill of shipmaker and

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shipmaster, when at their best, can effectively guard. The ocean is so well charted that there is no island in the usual paths of commerce, hardly indeed a rock which need be approached, the position of which is not well known. The art and science of navigation is so well explored and taught, that with the aid of his chronometers and sextants the navigator can often without risk almost graze these obstructions with his keel. There is no longer much to be apprehended from storms; our abler commercial ships at least can make light of the winds which might have overwhelmed an ancient armada. Among the first class ocean-going vessels of this day only the armor-laden men-of-war, which are indeed rather floating fortresses than ships, have any serious reason to apprehend the results of a tropical hurricane in the open sea. But all these conquests of the modern sailor depend upon the application of skill to well-ascertained facts, and the difficulty with icebergs is that their position in the sea, where they lie until they melt, is essentially anomalous.

The only information which the navigator can have as to the existence of these obstacles in his path is derived in part from the reports of the shipmasters who have recently traversed the path which he is following, and in part from the conditions of the air and water about his vessel. The reports of his predecessors may lead him to believe that in about a certain field of the sea ice abounds. If he be a wary person—and fortunately for the ocean travellers these men are caretaking beyond the understanding of most landsmen—he will watch the temperature of the water and attend to the conditions of the air when he comes into the suspected district. When his ship enters into a chill, foggy atmosphere he will suspect the neighborhood of ice; if the thermometer shows that the water has suddenly lowered to near the freezing-point, he will know that he is very near icebergs. But good as these indications are, they are not unerring. Small bergs, though trifling remnants of greater masses, though they may be less in bulk than the vessel itself, are sufficient to bring about the destruction of the strongest ship that floats, if the vessel encounters them when going at a speed of fifteen knots an hour. These berglets often float to a great distance from the main fields of ice, and being small, do not affect the temperature of the water or the conditions of the air. Again, it sometimes happens that a strong wind will drive the air and water before it, so that there is no fog about the bergs and no very cold water on the side from which the bergs are approached. These exceptional conditions make the path of a ship, which in the night-time traverses an iceberg-laden portion of the sea, the seat of grave perils.

A collision with an iceberg has certain elements of hopelessness which belong to no other calamities of the deep. Colliding with another vessel, the blow is not likely to be so severe as to damage more than one of the compartments of a ship, the others may keep her afloat. An iceberg, owing to its unyielding and massive nature, gives a much harder blow. Moreover, as the experience of the steamer Arizona showed, the fall of masses of ice from the cliffs of the berg upon the bow of the ship, is likely to add to the damage done to her forward parts. When running against another ship, or against the land, there is always some hope of rescue or of refuge for the shipwrecked people, either on the shore or the deck of the other vessel; but no more hopeless condition can be imagined than that of people who might seek a foothold on the inhospitable islands. The steep, generally overhanging, cliffs, usually deny access to their masses, and even if by chance the shipwrecked people attain the summit of the ice, they would have little chance of rescue, for no craft willingly comes near to those dangerous objects.

It has been suggested that the men-of-war of the great navies should be employed in the destruction of the icebergs of the North Atlantic. According to this plan the bergs are to be bombarded with great shells, which, penetrating deep into the ice and exploding there, will shatter them to pieces. There is no doubt that this would be a far more profitable expenditure of ammunition than the uses for

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which it is designed; for any target is better than the dear-bought frame of man or the products of his skill of hand and mind; but it is more than doubtful if the end could be attained in this way. In the first place, to accomplish the desired result, it would be necessary for the men-of-war to watch the exit of Baffin's Bay in the spring-time, and break up the bergs into relatively small bits, so that they would no longer float with their bases in the deep southward-setting current, but would drift with the floe-ice. To do this, with several hundred great masses, averaging probably at least a thousand feet in cube, would require an enormous expenditure of money. Including the wear and tear of guns, the shells from the great modern ordnance cannot be fired at a less cost than five hundred dollars for each shell, and it would probably require many hundred rounds of ammunition to break up a single berg. It would not at all serve the purpose to rend the ice to pieces in the mid-Atlantic district, for there the fragments would float about and multiply the dangers of navigation; such work, if done, would make that region nearly impassable for a portion of the year, though from the readier melting of the ice the trouble would not endure so long. On the whole, this interesting project does not seem practicable.

The only way to avoid the perils due to this berg field of the Atlantic is for ships to take a course which will lead them to the south of the tolerably well-marked field into which the icebergs journey. The detour which it is necessary to make, even in the years when the ice-fleets are most numerous and journey the farthest south, would be but slight; it would not add more than a day to the duration of the voyage. The fleeter scouting ships of the war marine might well be employed in reconnoitring the position of these enemies, so that their place would be well known to the merchantman. With these relatively slight precautions there is no reason why, in the century to come, when the Atlantic shipping is tenfolded in amount, this sea should not be traversed without any danger from this source. There is, perhaps, no other of the more majestic phenomena of nature which has so little in the way of veritable evils as those noble remains of the circumpolar glaciers; they have, moreover, a peculiar charm in that they are so far from the erring touch of man.

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"AS ONE HAVING AUTHORITY."

By H. C. Bunner.

THE ramshackle little train of three cars was joggling slowly on as only a Southern railroad train can joggle, its whole frame shaking and jarring and rattling in an agony of exertion, utterly out of proportion to the progress it was making. It put me in mind, somehow, of the way a very aged negro saws wood when he sees charitable gentlefolk coming along the road.

In the seat beside me Mr. John McMarsters fidgeted—fidgeted for New York, for the New York papers, for news of the races, for somebody to talk horse with, for a game of cards, or pool, or billiards, or anything that could be called a game. These were the things that made life sweet to Handsome Jack, and these things being denied him for the time being, he fidgeted. He tugged at his great fair mustaches, shifted about his seat, twisted and untwisted his long legs; his face twitched and grimaced, and from time to time he swore under his breath in a futile and scattering way.

Then his light-blue boyish eyes began to wander over the car in a blank, searching stare, and I knew he was looking for "a real live sport." Yes, I knew he would gladly have exchanged my society for that of the humblest jockey from a Kentucky stable, and that our twenty years of friendship would count as naught in the balance. Yet I did not repine. It is the way of the world. I turned to my book and took a walk with Mr. John Evelyn to see King Charles go by.

Suddenly I felt Jack grasp my arm.

"Say!" he said, "look there! What kind of a boss parson do you call that?"

He pointed to a magnificent old man in the dress of the church, who sat facing us at the other end of the car.

"How's that?" said Jack, who had been graduated of the Bowery and dropped by Columbia College. "Get on to the physique! Why, that man has no business to be a dominie. He was built to fight. Say! he must have been right in his good time when Heenan and Morrissey were on deck. He must have been a beautiful man. How do you suppose they ever got him to take a religious job?"

"John," said I, laying down my book, "I know that your life is practically circumscribed by the race-track, and that you are a bigoted and intolerant sport. But *will* you tell me how an old New Yorker like you, and an old Ninth-Warder, can get to your age without knowing Bishop Waldegrave, by sight at least."

"Well," said Jack, flushing a little, "I suppose he keeps off *my* beat; and I don't worry *his* very much. But I'll tell you one thing, my friend. I don't know much about bishops, but I do know something about men, and I pick this man out of this car—see? And I'm going to make his acquaintance."

"What do you mean?" I cried, aghast.

"Mean?" repeated Jack. "I mean I'm going to introduce myself to him. He looks as if he'd like to have a little talk with a white man. Who's that fellow with him—that sour little prune?

"That's his nephew, Frederick Dillington," said I.

"Is it?" said Jack. "Well, I bet he's just waiting for the old man's wealth. I'll bet it on his face. Say! what wages does a bishop get? He's got big money, hasn't he? Thought so. Look at that English valet in the seat behind him. That's the correctest thing I ever saw, and the correct thing comes high. Too correct for me. I'm glad *my* man isn't like that. I wouldn't come home to that man at three o'clock in the morning for five hundred dollars. Why, it would be just an act of holy charity to go over and brighten that bishop up a bit. Come along!"

I talked my best to Jack. I tried my best to make him understand who and what Bishop Waldegrave was, or rather had been. I told him that the Bishop had been in his time the greatest man in his Church, and that he was famous the world over for his scholarship, his

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philanthropy, his vast abilities, and his splendid oratory, and his power over the hearts and minds of men. I told him that he had long ago retired from active life, and that it was more than suspected that his great mind was failing with his advancing years. I tried to explain to the honest soul that our company might not be acceptable to such a man. Then I made a hopeless blunder.

"Why, Jack," I said, "think of his age! That man may have baptized your father, and perhaps mine, for all I know."

"That does it," said Jack, rising promptly. "It's a long shot, but I take the chances. I'm going to ask him." And he sped down the aisle.

Three minutes later, I looked over the top of my Evelyn, and saw the Bishop and Jack holding the friendliest of converse, while Mr. Dillington glared at them in an unpleasant way, and the English valet took the strange scene in without anything in his face that could remotely suggest an expression. It is one peculiar thing about human nature that there is always a great deal to learn about it.

But now I began to feel uneasy on my own account. I felt sure that Jack, in the simple hospitality of his spirit, would take me into his new friendship; and I felt that much might be pardoned to Jack that might not be pardoned to me. I went back into the smoking-car, which was in the rear of the train—it was one of those trains that travel down the road with one end foremost, and up with the other end in front.

I had smoked two cigars, and was wondering how long I could hold out, when my astonished eyes saw Jack McMarsters appear in the doorway, with the Bishop leaning on his arm.

"All right, now, Bishop," I heard him say, as he and his tall charge got safely within the car, "free before the wind!"

With athletic skill, yet with a gentleness that was pretty to see, he guided the old man to the seat which I rose to give him. Then, as we settled ourselves opposite, he presented me to Bishop Waldegrave, in his own easy fashion.

"I knew you'd want to know the Bishop," he remarked to me, airily, after the brief ceremony was over. "He did baptize my father, and he thinks he baptized yours. Can you give him any pointers on your old man?"

I looked at the Bishop. He did not smile. He had accepted Jack just as all Jack's friends had accepted him. The old man's broad charity, and the profound knowledge of the world which he had possessed in his days of active service, had opened the way to his heart for all sorts and conditions of men, who bore the passport of genuineness. That passport being undoubtedly in Jack's possession, it made no difference to the Bishop that he spoke a peculiar dialect of the English language.

Moreover, we had not talked a quarter of an hour before I discovered that Jack's interpretation of the expression that the old man's face had worn was absolutely right. His kind and happy spirit *was* yearning for good fellowship. There was that in him which craved better companionship than his cold and soulless caretakers could give him. The dignified, thoughtful lines of his face softened as he talked to us in an eager, pleased way, rambling on of old times and old houses, and the good men and the dear women whom he had wed and buried. He seemed to grow younger as he talked.

But in a very short time he showed that he was tired, and, lying back in his seat, he fell into that curious light slumber of old age that is not all sleep, but is partly a dim revery.

Jack watched him carefully until he was "off"—as Jack expressed it—and then he whispered softly to me.

"Great, ain't he? Wish you could have seen the fun when I started to take him in here. Nephew tried to make him believe he didn't want to come. Old man wouldn't have it. Said he thought a cigar would do him good. Nephew tried it again—I couldn't hear what he said. Then the old man got right up on his choker. His voice was just as sweet and mild as a May morning, but when he put the emphatics on, it sounded like a chunk of ice falling off a five-story building. 'Fred-er-ick,' says he, 'I am GOING into the SMOKING-CAR to have a little CONVERSATION with the grandson of my old FRIEND, Judge McMarsters. I will see you, Frederick, on my RETURN.'

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Frederick turned pale green, and sat down. He just muttered something about sending the valet with him in case he wanted anything. I waited until the Bishop had a move on him, and then I slipped back and tapped Nephew Fred on the shoulder. 'Look here,' says I, 'your man stays just where he is. *You* may not have had a father yourself, but *I* have.' You don't think I said too much, do you?"

"Oh, no, not at all," said I, "not in the least. He would have been quite justified in throwing you out of the car, that's all."

"That fellow?" said Jack, disdainfully; "why, he couldn't lift one side of me." And I gave it up.

"Now, you said," continued Jack, nodding toward the dozing Bishop, "that his head was going. 'Tisn't, though. It's nothing but old age. When a man gets to be as old as that, he talks a while and then he kind of loses his grip, just for a minute—see? All he needs is a little help. My old father was like that for the last six years of his life, and I learned how to manage him. When I saw he was likely to go to pieces, I just put my hand on him—*so*—quiet, but firm; and I whispered to him very low: 'Steady down, Governor, steady down—don't break! Then he pulled himself right together; and if he thought nobody had noticed him he'd be just as straight as you or I. That's the way to handle them!"

I was wondering if this was the way he had "handled" Bishop Waldegrave, when the train began to slow down by a little variation on the series of jerks and bumps, and the negro brakeman put his head in the doorway and shouted:

"Ashe River Ferry!"

The Bishop still dozed—in fact, he was fast asleep now—too sound asleep to be awakened by the bump with which we finally stopped. Jack and I went to the door and looked out. We saw a forlorn place at the forlornest hour of a forlorn day. Even in full summer, Ashe River Ferry could not have been an attractive town. Seen in the dim light of a late spring evening, it was a singularly depressing specimen of the shiftless and poverty-stricken little settlements that dot the waste spaces of the South—towns, if towns they may be called, that come into existence solely to supply the special needs of some little group of railroad operatives. A dozen hideously ugly frame houses, forty or fifty negro shanties, a few acres of wretched farm-land, sparsely bristled with dead corn-stalks, one to a hill; blackened stumps spotting great stretches of half-cleared land; thin, sickly pine-woods hemming in the horizon on three sides; on the fourth a broad, muddy, dreary river, swollen and turbulent from the spring freshets, with the same poor pine-woods on the other side, scratches of black against the one pale-yellow line that cleft the dull gray sky to the eastward If one lived a hundred years at Ashe River Ferry, he could make no more of it than this.

Looking out on this unengaging prospect, I was surprised to see Jack's face suddenly light up with mirth, and to hear him break into a low, happy laugh. Then he touched my shoulder and pointed down the track.

"How's that for a joke on the nephew?" he said.

I looked down toward the river at the little ferry-slip, with its crazy piles and rusty chains. The ferry-boat, which was likewise crazy and rusty, could carry but one car at a time, and it had just started on its first trip with car No. 1 of our train. On the rear platform stood two figures—the impassive English valet and Mr. Frederick Dillington, who was anything but impassive. We were too far away to hear what he was saying to the stolid deckhands below him, but there was not the slightest need of words to explain the situation, or to make us understand that Mr. Dillington was executing every variation in his power on the simple theme of "stop the boat!"—and that his solo was receiving choral responses of "it can't be done."

And it was not done. The ferry-boat puffed and wheezed on her way as well as she was able—and, indeed, nothing but the strange stupidity of selfishness could have blinded Mr. Dillington to the fact that, in such wild and rough water, the clumsy craft could ill afford

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to go one foot further than was absolutely needful.

Jack leaned forward with his hands on his knees, his face fairly wrinkled with merriment, and he crowed and chuckled with glee.

"Oh, I'd have given a hundred dollars for this!" he said. "And if that boat gets stuck on the other side, I make it five hundred."

"John," I said, "is not this one of the occasions when you are an idiot? What should we do if we were left with that old gentleman on our hands?"

"Why," said Jack, heartily and simply, "bless your soul, *I'd* take care of him! I'd give him a better time than he's had in twenty years, too; and don't you make a mistake."

That day, for sure, the gods were with Mr. John McMarsters. The ferry-boat did not get stuck on the other side, to his deep disappointment, but she fulfilled his desire by a different method of procedure—she fixed things, as he remarked, in her own blooming, pig-headed way.

For, on her return trip, as she approached the shore, she ran well up the river to avoid being carried past her slip by the furious current, and, miscalculating her direction, came against the trembling old spiles with a force that wrecked nearly half one side of the slip, and smashed her own wheel-box into a tangle of kindling wood and twisted iron.

"Great Cæsar's Ghost!" shouted Jack, pounding his knees with delight, "she's done it, she's done it! Say! who do I pay that five hundred to? Do the niggers get it, or do I blow it in on the Bishop?"

I tried to point out some of the serious aspects of the case to Jack, but he would have none of my remonstrances.

"It's an elegant, gilt-edged lark," he said. "I'm game for it, and so are you, when you get through with your preaching. Eloping with a bishop! Holy *Moses!* Wait till I get back to New York and tell the boys!"

"But," said I, "it may be possible to get a boat across the river. I will go and inquire."

The veteran sport withered me with superior scorn.

"You may inquire, if you like," he said, "till your inquirer breaks, but *I* don't want any man to tell me he can get a boat across that river. Why, I wouldn't take a ship's yawl out there. Man, it's half a flood!"

I did inquire, however, and was scorned and despised by every native to whom I addressed my inquiry; so we went back to the car to break the news to the Bishop, who was awake by this time.

At first he took it quite hard. He seemed to be distressed and apprehensive, and said "Oh, dear, oh, dear!" over and over again, in a gentle, dismayed way.

Then Jack took it upon himself to address a brief philosophical discourse to the Bishop.

"Everything goes, Bishop," he said; "see? We've got to take things as they come, and if they come mixed, why we've got to take them that way. One day you play in luck; the next you ain't in it, but it all goes—see? If you're all right, that goes. If you get it in the neck, that goes too. That's the way I look at it. I don't know if I know, but that's the way I look at it. Everything goes. Is that right?"

"Unquestionably you are right, Mr. McMarsters," replied the Bishop, "and you do well to remind me of the transitoriness of the annoyances which humanity is too apt to exaggerate into afflictions. But you will pardon an old man's grumbling. Old men," he said, smiling, "are allowed to grumble a little. And I am sure I should be very thankful to have fallen into such good hands."

Then, as he rose from his seat and rested his hand on Jack's arm, he cast a wistful glance at one and the other of our faces, and said, with a gentle dignity that honored us both:

"I am afraid, gentlemen, I may have to ask your indulgence for the infirmities of a very old man—a *very* old man."

We made the Bishop fairly comfortable in the station, and I stayed with him while Jack went in search of a suitable lodging. It seemed a hopeless task, and I began to feel the weight of the responsibility that rested upon our shoulders. But within half an hour Jack was back, smiling cheerfully.

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DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

"'All right now, Bishop,' I heard him say."—Page 202.

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"Did you find a hotel?" I asked, eagerly.

"Hotel!" said Jack, contemptuously. "What place do you think this is, Paris or Saratoga? There ain't a hotel within ten miles. But there's a friend of mine keeps a little sporting place down by the river——"

"A friend of yours!" I exclaimed. "In this place?"

"Well, I just met him," Jack exclaimed, calmly, "about fifteen minutes ago. But he knows me—that is, he knew all about me. He lost two hundred once on a horse I owned. He's a first-rate fellow—see? and he'll take us all in and do for us in elegant shape."

"Heavens, Jack!" said I, "we can't take the Bishop to a place like that."

"Yes, we can," said Jack; "it's a first-rate place. Clean as a new pin. Regular old-fashioned sporting place. Nice old colored prints all round. Picture of Hiram Woodruff on one side of the door, and Budd Doble driving Flora Temple on the other. My friend and his wife will turn out and give the Bishop their room, and you and I sleep behind the bar. If any of the boys drop in, he'll see that they're quiet, and there won't be any game to-night—see? Oh, you needn't think I don't know the right thing for a religious swell."

I had my misgivings, but it turned out that Jack had really done very well for us. "Magonigle's" was an absurd little old two-story box on the very edge of the river, evidently a house-of-call for boating and driving men. The whole building was scarcely more than twenty feet square, but the interior was neat and cosey, and the little room up-stairs in which we installed the Bishop was simply a delightful little cabin, clean and sweet, and smelling of castile-soap and fresh linen. Magonigle himself was a hearty, kindly little Irishman, and Mrs. Magonigle a motherly, fresh-faced little body, as small for a woman as her husband was for a man. The supper she cooked was, as Jack said, a great deal too good for the Prince of Wales. It was certainly quite good enough for the Bishop. It was broiled spring chicken, fried potatoes, and hot bread, and I shall remember it while I have a palate. Nor shall I forget the India pale ale.

After supper Jack put his usual question to Magonigle:

"Say!" he demanded, "what is there to do in this town to-night? Now, don't give me any story about there being nothing. You know me. There's got to be something."

But Magonigle was firm in his assurances that there were absolutely no enjoyments to relieve the monotony of life in Ashe River Ferry.

"It's a dead place it is, sir. If we could get over the river I could show you, gentlemen, axing his riverence's pardon, maybe a bit of a cock-fight, but on this side of the water there's nothing to see at all, and every man in the place will be at work the night long, mending the ferry-boat. 'Tis different in the summer, sir; but in the winter time it's just dead this town is."

"Magonigle," said Jack, imperatively, "turn up *something!*"

Magonigle looked doubtfully at Jack, then at the Bishop, then at me; and it was to me that he addressed himself.

"Well, sir," he said, "there's something what they call a revival meeting going on out in the woods. There do be some people takes an interest in such things. They're too sickly like for me, sir, with the women screaming, and having fits, like it might be, on the ground; but if ye'd like to see it I'd be proud to hitch up the old mare, and it's an easy ride for this part of the country, where the roads is the devil, if I may speak without disrespect for his riverence."

"Niggers?" inquired Jack.

"No, sir," replied Magonigle. "White folks, such as they are. I don't rightly remember what religion they call themselves; for it's no church they have here, only meetings like this three or four times in the twelvemonth, maybe."

Jack and I looked at each other. There were limits to even Jack's audacity. We both started as the Bishop's full, deep voice joined in the conversation.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I do not in the least wish to obtrude my society upon you. I feel that I have already

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given you much trouble; but, if it does not conflict with your arrangements for this evening, I should very much like to be one of your party. It has never been my fortune to be present at one of these gatherings, and it would deeply interest me to look on as a spectator. I do not feel that there can be any impropriety—and it is a form of worship of which I have heard much, and which I should like to see with my own eyes. But, of course, if your plans——" And he stopped.

"Why, Bishop," said Jack, "we'd sooner stay here than leave you out. Magonigle, hitch up that mare!"

It was eight o'clock when we climbed into what Magonigle called the carriage—a vehicle that was neither an express wagon nor a rockaway, but partook of the nature of both. On a road so rough that to our Northern understanding it was no road at all, we plunged into the shadowy, dreary depths of the pine-wood. The night was clearing, and through the ragged evergreens we could catch glimpses of a pale, wind-swept sky. The hot, moist, sickly smell of the pines and firs half choked us, the rough bumping of the wagon tired us and set our nerves on edge, and even Jack McMarsters had no stomach for talk.

We were all but dazed with weariness of mind and body, and with the smell of the resin-laden air, when suddenly a weird flicker of flaring torches played before our eyes, dancing slashes of yellow-orange slitting the deep gloom ahead of us, and dazzling our sleepy eyes.

Faintly there came to us across the wind, that whistled and wailed through the trees, the long-drawn-out notes of a mournful, old-fashioned hymn, a dismal tune that I knew in my boyhood. It was one of those sad, stern, denunciatory old hymns that to my memory still hold the very spirit of the dead New England Sabbath in the cheerless, hopeless melody. The singing ceased for an instant only; then there uprose a far greater volume of voices, tumbling over each other in a mad, rattling, jingling strain, a popular dance-hall air, shamelessly and grotesquely twisted into the form of a hymn. It was a harmless jigging tune enough, but linked to the words which we could now hear in the lulls of the wind, it sounded like a profane travesty.

"*He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning star,*
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul."

The Bishop turned to me with a look of troubled surprise.

"Did I catch the meaning of those words?" he asked; "or did my ears deceive me? I certainly thought——"

I tried to explain to the Bishop that camp-meeting folk allowed themselves a certain freedom and familiarity in dealing with sacred subjects, which might be in bad taste, but certainly was not ill meant. But he checked me with a touch on my arm.

"Nay, nay," he said, in his old-fashioned manner, "do not misapprehend me. I had not meant to be uncharitable."

"Any tune goes with these people—see?" said Jack, "so long as it is snappy. That's 'The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane.'"

"Is it, indeed?" said the Bishop.

Magonigle led the way, and we followed him into the circle of wavering, smoking kerosene torches. At first the light dazzled our eyes, but after a few moments we could take note of the picture of gaunt, uncouth poverty around us.

We were in a little clearing of the woods where the stumps had been roughly levelled to serve as supports for heavy, rough-hewn planks, which were the seats. The straggly pines made a black belt around this rude amphitheatre. At the further end was a low platform of rough timber, where the leaders of the meeting sat. Here the smoky lamps were thickest, and they cast a yellow glare on a little patch of smooth ground that we could see had been trodden bare by many feet. Here stood one bench, separate from all the rest, which might have held a dozen people, but nobody sat there as we first saw it. Between two and three hundred people were scattered round among the other benches. They were all "poor whites," children of the wilderness, a class apart by themselves; and

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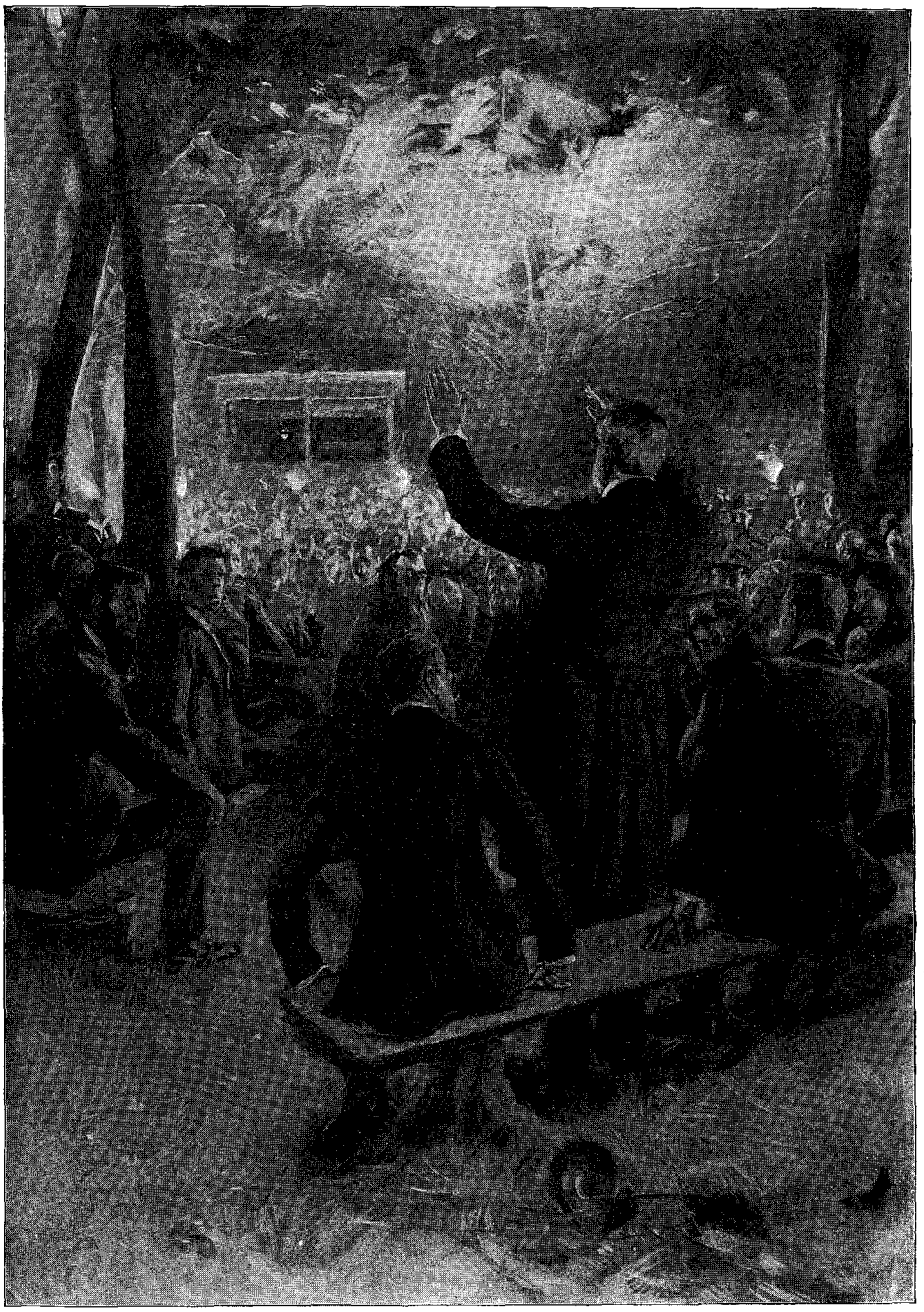

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

"The Bishop, his eyes still far away, his hands stretched out over the people, went on."—Page 210.

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poverty, ignorance, and loneliness stared out of every sallow face. They all turned to look at us as we entered, but it was with a vacant, self-absorbed look, and then their eyes went back to the platform and the man who stood on it, or rather walked and leaped and staggered on it.

He was a man between forty and fifty years of age, with a straggling beard and long hair; tall, haggard, and hungry-looking, like the rest; but with a light of intelligence in his face and a consciousness of power in his bearing that set him above his auditors. He was accustomed to public speaking; his voice was harsh and unpleasant, but strong and clear, and in spite of its disagreeable quality it had certain curiously caressing and persuasive tones in it. We did not need to study the dumb, brute-like interest of the faces of his hearers to know that this man had laid a spell upon their dull spirits, and that he spoke to each one as if they stood hand-in-hand.

"Oh, my brethren," he cried, raising his long arms high in air, and throwing his lank frame forward in convulsive excitement; "oh, my sisters, the hour is nigh at hand—the hour of grace—the hour of deliverance! For three days have we labored here, for three days have we sought and struggled and prayed for the blessing to come, and no answer has come. But now it's coming, it's coming, it's coming, sinners; I know it's coming! I feel it right here in my heart! Oh, glory, hallelujah! Call with me, all of you, for it's nigh at hand! Salvation's right over you, right by your side! It's touching you right now! Call with me! Oh, Glory! Glory! Glory!"

A few weak cries came up from the outer edges of the throng.

"That won't do," shouted the revivalist, waving his arms in the air and beating the platform with his feet, "that won't do! I want you all to shout with me! I want you to shout so that the Lord hears you! Now once more! Glory! Glory!"

"Glory!" thundered Jack McMarsters, next to me.

"Be quiet, you devil," I whispered, grasping him by the arm.

"Got to help them out," said Jack. "Glory! Glory!"

And as his big voice rang out upon the air the whole crowd followed him as if a sudden madness had seized them, and the torches flickered as one wild, deafening shout of "Glory! Glory! Glory!" rose up to the bleak sky.

The sweat poured down the preacher's face as he joined in the shout, quivering from head to foot.

"That's it!" he fairly yelled. "I knew it was coming! I knew it had to come! Now, who is the first to come forward? Who is the first to come to this bench? Who is the first to come to this throne of glory and be born again? Oh, don't wait, don't linger an instant, or the moment may be forever lost! Hell eternal or eternal life! Who is the first? Who is the first to save a soul from eternal hell?"

He stretched his arms out as if he were feeling for something in space. Suddenly the long fore-finger of his right hand pointed directly at a sickly looking woman on a near-by bench.

"Oh, my sister!" he cried out, "do you feel it? has it come to you? Are you the first on whom the Lord has descended? Come forward, come forward! Come to the seat of those who wait for the Lord—come!"

The woman arose, and slowly and feebly, her eyes fixed on the face of the preacher, she came forward as one who had no power to resist.

"I knew it, I knew it!" the revivalist shouted. "Come forward, my sister, and when you have touched that blessed bench grace will come to you as your soul wrestles in agony. I can see it working. I can see the hand of the Lord upon you!"

The woman reached the bench as he spoke, and touched it with her thin, quivering hand, and a hysterical shriek, horrible to hear, burst from her. Every figure in the crowd behind her bent forward, and cries of "Glory! Glory!" rent the air. But none came from Jack this time, for the woman was lying on her back across the bench, her poor, thin form writhing and twisting, clasping and unclasping her hands until her nails tore the worn flesh.

I looked on with a shuddering sick-

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ness. My brain whirled. I could not make myself believe that it was real, that it was true, that I saw this thing going on before my eyes. Then I became conscious of a sensation of acute physical pain, and, looking down, I saw that the Bishop had grasped my wrist, and that his strong fingers had closed on it in a grip that seemed to drive the flesh into the bone. I understood what that grasp meant when I looked at his face. He was pale as death, and the features were fixed in a sternness that struck cold to my heart.

And all this time the revivalist shouted to the sobbing, swaying crowd.

"Come," he cried, "come, all who would be saved from hell! Here is one who has the grace. Who will join her? Who will save his soul to-night? This is the only way, and this may be the only moment! Who comes forward for salvation?"

The Bishop was breathing heavily, with long, trembling breaths, but I noticed that his expression had changed. It was no longer stern. It was strange and sad, and his look was fixed on something far away—far beyond the blackness of the black woods behind the madman who shrieked upon the platform. I felt a sudden fear, and turned toward Jack.

He was not by my side. I looked round and saw him at the rail that enclosed the clearing. He was placing a white-faced child in a woman's arms, and I saw by his gestures that he was forcing her to leave that place of horror. In a moment he was back, and, with one glance at me, he sat down on the other side of the Bishop and laid his steady hand on the old man's arm.

"Come!" screamed the man on the platform. "Come and choose between the Lord and hell! Every soul here is hanging over the fires of hell eternal. Come and be saved!"

But already, on the bench, under it, and on all sides of it lay a score of struggling, agonized human beings, beating the ground, tearing their very flesh in the exaltation of fear and frenzy, choking, gasping; and through it all, shrieking mad and awful appeals to the Most High; while the crowd around them, all on their feet, shouted and yelled in incoherent delirium.

"Come! come!" the voice on the platform rose above the din. "Be saved while there is yet time."

"ALMIGHTY GOD——"

My heart stood still. The Bishop had risen to his feet, and his gigantic figure towered up as he spread out his hands above the crowd; and, as his deep tones rang out clear and dominant in that hideous Babel, a sudden silence fell upon them all.

"——THE FATHER OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, WHO DESIRETH NOT THE DEATH OF A SINNER, BUT RATHER THAT HE MAY TURN FROM HIS WICKEDNESS AND LIVE, HATH GIVEN POWER, AND COMMANDMENT, TO HIS MINISTERS, TO DECLARE AND PRONOUNCE TO HIS PEOPLE, BEING PENITENT, THE ABSOLUTION AND REMISSION OF THEIR SINS. HE PARDONETH AND ABSOLVETH ALL THOSE WHO TRULY REPENT, AND UNFEIGNEDLY BELIEVE HIS HOLY GOSPEL."

The madness had gone—utterly gone—out of that stricken throng. The struggling figures around the bench ceased to struggle. They raised their heads as they lay upon the ground, and every face in the clearing was turned toward the Bishop, wearing a look of eager wonderment which I shall never forget. The Bishop, his eyes still far away, his hands stretched out over the people, went on:

"——WHEREFORE LET US BESEECH HIM TO GRANT US TRUE REPENTANCE, AND HIS HOLY SPIRIT, THAT THOSE THINGS MAY PLEASE HIM WHICH WE DO AT THIS PRESENT; AND THAT THE REST OF OUR LIFE HEREAFTER MAY BE PURE AND HOLY; SO THAT AT THE LAST WE MAY COME TO HIS ETERNAL JOY; THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD."

And the people answered, "Amen."

When he had finished he steadied himself by my shoulder, at first with a nervous pressure; but in a moment I felt the tension of his muscles relax. Then, in a voice that was almost feeble, so tender had it grown, he turned toward the East, and, in that abiding silence, he pronounced the Benediction.

For a moment, until they began to disperse softly and silently, the Bishop stood erect, then he sank back into his seat, with one arm around my neck and one around Jack's.

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JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

By T. R. Sullivan.

I.

A SAVING CLAUSE.

RARELY, very rarely, it may safely be asserted, has your strong and hearty bachelor drawn abreast of the halfway post in life's tiresome uphill journey, without one excursion, at least, into the treacherous fields of romance that lie on either hand so near the dusty highway. To avoid a precipice is comparatively easy; while the road remains a road, a man has but to keep his eyes upon it and let the danger drop behind him. But where well-trimmed, level turf invites the feet, to try its quality with a step or two seems almost irresistible. And two steps are quite enough; for that smiling greensward is an enchanted carpet flung lightly over a quagmire, as the sages know. Any retreat is difficult. A retreat in good form without some loss of dignity is almost impossible. So one of the above-mentioned sages would have it, that to speak of falling in love is an obvious error, since Nature is always ready with her inclined plane, down which the blind follow the blind in perfect confidence, and reach their common ground of insecurity before knowing that it is there.

John Dalton woke one morning in Vienna to find himself, at twenty-five, a rich man, with no other aim in life than the gratification of his tastes, which were decidedly luxurious. He had no definite responsibilities, no family ties; for he was an only child, and had lost his mother in his boyhood. The sudden death of his father, a retired New York banker whom everybody respected, and of whom he was devotedly fond, left him now quite alone in the world. He hurried home to busy himself for a time with affairs of the estate, which the executors could have managed quite as well without him. Then he was free as an Arab. He had never known the want of money; now, his income had increased tenfold. He was in no undue haste to marry. There will be time enough for that, he thought, discovering no sign of baldness as he looked at himself in the glass, and deciding that his features, if not faultless, had a kind of distinction in them, and that his figure would probably hold its own a few years longer. He was somewhat inclined to try his hand at literature, somewhat more inclined to travel; and he finally determined to combine these two pursuits in travelling systematically and in recording his adventures. So he became a wanderer upon the face of the earth.

Two years had died a very easy death while the immortal work which should have risen from their ashes still remained to be written, when this light-hearted traveller suddenly took the fatal step aside, and found his purpose complicated by a third pursuit, more absorbing than either of the others. On a river steamer in Canada he chanced to make the valuable acquaintance of Major-General Sir Graham Leslie, then commanding the Canadian militia, a snowy-haired widower much younger than his years, the best of good company, and facetiously known as the

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Czar of all the Canadas. That merry potentate took a fancy for Dalton, and unsuspiciously introduced him to his family, which consisted of two lovely daughters. Miss Leslie would surely have been held the lovelier of the two in any sober comparison, but the peculiar piquancy of her younger sister, Amy, attracted Dalton at once, and in one long steamer-day he lost his heart to her. Following them to Ottawa, where they inhabited Leslie Hall, a fine old landmark just outside the town, he was entertained there, staying longer than he intended, until, in fact, he had offered himself and Miss Amy had accepted him. Then began their difficulties. When, figuratively speaking, they knelt before the Czar to make him their confession, he would not listen to it. He could not give his daughter to an American who hardly knew her—why, he did not know her himself, yet! There were other minor objections which a little persistence might have overcome, but the crowning one, which prevailed, was justly grounded, as even the fortunate suitor reluctantly admitted. Amy Leslie had looked upon the world but sixteen years in all; she had no knowledge of society, no experience of life: that she had learned to know her own mind was inconceivable. What right had Mr. Dalton to bind her by a contract the full force of which she could not possibly appreciate, which, when appreciated, might make her the most miserable of women? The monstrous imposition must be stopped then and there. Amy's marriage, at present, was utterly out of the question.

"At present!" Dalton caught eagerly at the saving clause, and when Sir Graham Leslie's first paroxysm of dismay had subsided, inquired at what epoch of his daughter's life the possibility of marriage, thus granted, might be contemplated without offence.

"Certainly not before she is eighteen," was the incautious answer.

"Ah, then we will wait," returned Dalton, in provoking calmness. "Amy knows her own mind now, and twenty years wouldn't alter it——"

"No, indeed, papa, fifty wouldn't!" interposed the cause of all the mischief, with flashing eyes.

"Two years, since you insist," Dalton continued. "It will be a long engagement. Still——"

But here, at the word "engagement," Sir Graham Leslie grew purple with rage. There was no engagement, there could be none; there was nothing at all but an outrageous piece of folly and of wilful misunderstanding. Surely, a father in such a case had some claim to consideration. Why did not Mr. Dalton carry his child away by force, and break his heart?

His child, at this, looked much inclined to burst into tears, and Mr. Dalton, with difficulty, suppressed a burst of laughter which would certainly have made the old soldier his life-long foe. Then, preternaturally grave, he withdrew the objectionable word, and declared that an unfair advantage was the last thing he wanted to take. He had been inconsiderate, perhaps, but he could not say that he regretted a step which had brought him so much happiness. He knew his own mind perfectly, and believed that Amy—Miss Amy—knew hers. She was young, of course; so was he, for that matter; so were they all, in fact. They could afford to wait, they would submit to any test in reason; they bowed before Sir Graham Leslie's superior judgment, and were prepared to yield him everything but their love for each other, which could not be controlled. What, under these circumstances, did he wish them to do?

At this conciliatory answer the hardened veteran was subdued almost to the melting mood. He begged time for reflection, twenty-four hours at most. And on the following day, accordingly, he communicated his plan of campaign. The lovers were to part at once, and to remain apart for two whole years, during which they must pledge themselves neither to meet nor to correspond in any way. Until the end of that time there should be no recognized engagement, no obligation on either side; that each, untrammelled, free as air, might cherish the illusion or outgrow it—to admit, in his own behalf, what appeared to them now impossible. Upon a renewal of their acquaintance (the dictator strongly emphasized this

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word), when the two years had elapsed, if they were still of the same mind, he pledged himself, for his part, to withdraw his opposition. He declared that in this he had no selfish desire to sacrifice his daughter's happiness to his own unreasoning affection. He must lose her some day, he knew; yet when that day came he must be sure of making her happy, not for a day, but for life. The conditions might seem hard, especially that interdicting correspondence; but upon that especially he insisted, as he felt to be wisest and best; in case of serious illness it might be modified, not otherwise. Was it not a poor kind of love that could not survive these, or indeed any, conditions for two short years? Upon his soul, he believed so. And, here, at the end of an unusually long speech, the Czar of all the Canadas stopped to take breath, and then inquired what Mr. Dalton had to say.

Mr. Dalton said many things, none of which shook Sir Graham Leslie's stern convictions in the least. The lovers, then, in their turn demanded time for consideration. After an agitated conference which, on the part of Miss Amy Leslie, was also a tearful one, Dalton reluctantly yielded everything, and agreed to enter upon his long term of voluntary exile the following day. The sooner it were begun, the sooner it would be ended; nothing should delay his return by a single instant when the end had come. At the announcement of this decision Sir Graham Leslie was almost beside himself with joy. Having won the day at the point of the sword, he laid down his arms to become a pattern of gentleness and amiability. He ransacked his cellar for the oldest port, and drank the health of his victims many times over. It was impossible to resist his flow of spirits. The dinner, that night, went almost merrily. Later, hand in hand, the lovers strolled up and down the garden-paths, and called the clear August stars to witness their abiding faith in each other. The borders of box filled the air with a delicate fragrance, destined to be associated ever after with that day and hour in Dalton's mind. But, quite unconscious of this, he ignored the minor sensation, and devoted all his thought to keeping back the tears from Amy's eyes. His plans, breathlessly unfolded, left no room for sadness. He should write his great book at last; she must think of him as absorbed in that when he was not thinking of her; on such a day he should be in Paris, on such another in London; one summer he should pass in the Tyrol, a part of the second in Switzerland. He made the dates exact, that step by step her thought might follow him. Would she promise to note these auspicious hours in her calendar? and, further, when they came, to look up at the north star, and repeat the striking passage about it in the third act of "Julius Cæsar," while he from his distant standpoint of the other hemisphere did the same? If the imperial hero in constancy was the star itself, he, John Dalton, was the needle pointing to it. No woman should come between them—no man either, he hoped. Yet soldiers were dangerous rivals, and the Dominion was one vast garrison. What if—? But here he broke off abruptly, for at the first suggestion of doubt Amy's tears welled over. He assured her that he had not really doubted, that he could never doubt. So they talked and planned, and plotted, while the lesser, nameless stars slowly moved in their course round the unswerving pole. And on the next morning they met again to part almost silently. She lingered in the porch for Dalton's last signal, as his carriage turned at the gate; then, not content with that, she rushed down the avenue in time to see it turn again toward town. But he was already looking forward, not behind.

II.

EASTWARD FROM THE POLE.

Though no two minds ever worked precisely alike, all alike are human, and their processes are much the same. Everyone of us, for instance, upon undertaking a long journey, is so apt to find its first days the longest, that "What! not a week gone!" has become a commonplace of travel. To

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Dalton, "roaming with a hungry heart," the first days were like months. Through them all he followed in rigid exactness the itinerary supplied to Miss Leslie; even declining the urgent invitation of an old Parisian friend (who wished him to prolong his stay for a few hours only), because the date had come when by agreement with Amy he should be in London. This continual reference to the starting-point, with no definite occupation to offset it, retarded the pace of lazy-footed Time, which thus lagged inordinately. He unpacked his note-books and began work upon the very day appointed; but his progress was slow and painful. Even at that dull season interruptions were constant. Then, too, the roar of London, the very consciousness of its surrounding vastness, unsettled him and made him long to know it better. Time and time again, obeying this impulse, he threw down his pen to wander out where the thronged streets were busiest; to turn from them for a while into the quiet Temple Garden or among the forgotten mural tablets of some City church, and then go back into the restless world again; until it became evident that his book would never be finished under these conditions, and he resolved to change them.

The change had no place in his prescribed plan, but his guiding star suffered no occultation by it. For Folkestone is very near London, after all; and it was there that he established himself, in a pleasant lodging on the Lees. From his window he could look up and down the shore to the pretty hamlet of Sandgate on one side, and the stern cliffs near Dover on the other. Along the low horizon lay the French coastline faintly discernible; he had white sails to watch, the flight of gulls, the trailing smoke of steamers; sea and sky and cloud were never twice the same; but the restlessness of nature is seldom a disturbing influence, and the interest of literary work is cumulative. Before long Dalton's task ceased to be perfunctory, and as the sheets of manuscript piled up before him he discovered that he really had a story to tell, not especially profound perhaps, but worth telling, unless his hope was more than commonly deceptive. From the moment of that discovery the task became no task at all. Having mastered his subject, he was now completely mastered by it. In vain he threw down his pen; the words that were to flow from its point, marshalling themselves into sentences, attended him everywhere in his walk when the day's work was done, over the breezy downs, along the "high and bending head" of Shakespeare Cliff, all the way to Dover and back again. Fresh ideas and chapters for the book came to him, he knew not how; until every breath of air seemed to blow that way. In the early days of his Folkestone life he had often drifted back to town for an idle afternoon and evening there; now, when he went up to London it was chiefly to supply missing links in his chain of recollection, or to consult authorities for fuller data that he felt were needed; returning by an afternoon train which was never crowded, in which he usually found an unoccupied compartment where he could stretch out at ease and examine his notes of the day without fear of disturbance.

One afternoon, lingering a little too long in the British Museum, Dalton arrived late at the station and jumped into the nearest first-class carriage just as the guard was closing its doors. There were already in possession two persons whose shade of annoyance indicated that they had desired and hoped to keep the compartment to themselves. One was a man of middle age, prematurely gray, with fine, regular features, sharpened by delicate health; the other, his wife, as Dalton at once saw she must be, looked younger by ten years at least. Her face was interesting rather than handsome, the nose being somewhat too long, the mouth too large; but it was a face of great intelligence, and even her careless glance at the intruder betrayed its rare mobility of expression; thin, worn, and almost colorless, it suggested in repose a tragic mask, and this suggestion led Dalton to wonder if the woman were not an actress. He took a seat at the farther end of the carriage, making himself as unobtrusive as possible to his fellow-passengers, who evidently were English.

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After the English manner, they soon began to discuss their own affairs, ignoring Dalton's presence; while from these confidences thrust upon him he learned that the man was an army officer, going south on leave of absence. In time their talk languished, then ceased altogether; the husband opened a book, the wife leaned back, looking out at the vanishing hedgerows and stretches of landscape more gray than green in the dull light of a rainy afternoon. Her grave, thoughtful face attracted Dalton, who could study it without appearing to do so from the corner opposite to hers. He wondered what she was thinking about—surely not these Kentish fields, which she must have seen many times before. A peculiar resonant quality in her voice had pleased him—metallic, an envious woman might have called it, he supposed; he wished he could hear it again and judge if musical were not the proper word. Over the leaves of a review, he eyed her with increasing interest, half tempted to speak for the sake of her reply, cold and formal as he felt that its tone would be. Then his eye caught something in the page before him, and for a while this was permitted to come between them.

The silence into which the little group of travellers thus settled down was suddenly broken by an exclamation from the woman's lips, followed by her husband's name spoken in alarm. "Gerald!" she cried, starting up just as the book slipped from his hand. He fell to one side along the cushions, and, but for her, would have dropped to the floor. Dalton was up, too, in an instant, springing to her assistance, and together they stretched him at full length upon the seats. "He has only fainted," she explained. Then, while Dalton lifted the invalid's feet to prop them with a roll of railway rugs, she found a brandy-flask, and, kneeling beside her husband, forced him to drink a little. This attitude revealed a beauty which had escaped Dalton's notice until now, but which now he noted in all the nervous hurry of the moment. Her brown hair was thick and soft and fine, growing about her neck in a cluster of small curls very neatly and becomingly arranged. "She has style!" he thought, as, turning toward him with a grateful look, she said, simply: "I am so much obliged to you. I ought to have kept the servants with me. But it is long since my husband had one of these attacks, and they are not dangerous. See! he is better." In fact, the sick man, reviving, called for more brandy; after a full glass of it he was able to sit up again, and in his turn to thank Dalton, who, protesting that he had done nothing, as was indeed the case, introduced himself. At the announcement of his nationality, Captain Gerald Ramsay's gratitude redoubled; he at once presented Dalton to his wife, and began to ask all manner of questions about "the States," displaying the usual eagerness for statistics with more than the usual ignorance of American boundary lines. Dalton answered as well as his knowledge permitted, inwardly deploring this turn of the conversation, in which Mrs. Ramsay took the merest monosyllabic part. Once or twice the captain addressed his wife by name, which Dalton thus discovered to be Mabel; and, repeating this to himself, he decided that the sound of it suited her admirably. In due course, the train drew up at his destination, Folkestone, where his new acquaintances also stopped to await the first fair day for crossing the Channel by the tidal service. When they had collected various encumbrances in the way of luggage, together with their valet and maid, who emerged from a second-class carriage, they whirled off to the hotel, after a friendly hope that Dalton would soon call upon them there. He did so that very evening, and was not sorry to find that the captain had taken to his bed, leaving Mrs. Ramsay to receive him alone. She would be down in a moment, the servant said; and when the moment came he felt sure that this early visit had been confidently expected.

The soft silk she wore fitted her to perfection. Its gray hues, slightly iridescent, suggested mother-of-pearl, and made the best of settings for her neck and arms; her only jewels being a thread of small pearls at the throat. If her face had its faults, her figure

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was remarkably fine; and she was a little too conscious of this, perhaps. For all her motions showed a kind of studied grace which reminded Dalton of his fancy that she must at some time have been an actress. She had welcomed him very cordially, but, as they talked, he began to fear that she was thinking more of herself than of him—not unnaturally, he admitted, since what was he to her? Then, for the satisfaction of his own thought, he proceeded to discuss the London theatres, and, finding that she knew them better than he did, expressed an exaggerated love of the stage and all connected therewith.

"You think it a career, then?" she said, smiling at his enthusiasm.

"Of course—a great one."

"And have you ever tried it?"

"No," said he; "have you?"

"One form of it, a little. I studied a while for the opera, in Milan."

"Ah! you sing!"

"I did once. They called me the prima donna of the future. But the future never came."

"Once—once? Not now?"

"Now, very rarely," she said, with a sigh. "My husband does not—is not musical."

"But I am very fond of music," said Dalton, sympathetically. "Won't you sing to me?"

"If there were a piano——"

"There is one in the next room," he urged, rising and leading the way, as he spoke. "We may have it all to ourselves. Come!"

She followed, and, sitting down before him, tried the keys, while he leaned over the case admiring the effect of a faint color that had stolen up into her pale cheeks. There was a new light, too, in her eyes. He had thought them gray before, but now they looked almost black.

"What shall I sing?" she asked.

"Whatever you like best. Something you sang in Milan."

She hesitated a moment; then began upon Zerlina's song—*Vedrai Carino*, from "Don Giovanni," giving it, after the first slight nervousness was conquered, with strong dramatic expression, as if she were in the theatre. The clear notes of her ringing soprano enraptured Dalton, and he begged her to go on. So she passed from one song to another, while one by one the hotel officials gathered at the doors to listen. Absorbed in the music, she did not observe this; until at the end of a plaintive ballad by Marzials, with sentimental words that set Dalton to thinking, the small audience indiscreetly applauded. The old air of indifference returned to her upon the instant. She left the piano and retreated to the inner room, accompanied by Dalton, who thanked her with effusion for the pleasure she had given him.

"You might have been the prima donna of the present, had you cared," he added.

"But I did not," was her careless answer; "nor do I; that was a dream, and it is past. Let us talk of something else—of yourself. Why are you quartered here, at Folkestone, of all places in the world?"

They sat down again, and Dalton explained his work in detail, with all his hopes and plans about it; speaking of himself freely enough, except for one important reservation. To his affair of the heart he alluded not at all.

"Well?" she said, dryly, when, after talking a long while without interruption, he paused for breath.

"Well?" he repeated, with a smile.

"I have been waiting for the romance; where does it come in?"

"Oh," said he, evasively, "there will be time enough for that."

"Very wise philosophy!" she returned. "I like to see a man who is sure of himself; and there is no romance without a beginning, a middle, and an end. Happy as we married ones are, marriage, at best, is not an unalloyed blessing. Take time—take time!"

"Thanks for your advice," he replied, rising to go, with a sense that the talk had suddenly grown uncomfortable. "I shall remember."

"Thank you for trusting me. Your book will have at least one constant reader."

"But I shall see you again—?"

"That is doubtful. If the day is fine, we go on to-morrow."

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"To-morrow!" he echoed, in a tone of disappointment that made her smile. "But where? You have not told me—and I desire to send you the book if it ever sees the light."

"To Alassio, on the Riviera, for a time. Exactly how long, I don't know. No matter; I shall not wait for the presentation copy. And Europe is such a little playground of a place that we are sure to meet again. So this is good-night, and not good-by."

They shook hands warmly and parted. As Dalton walked home along the windy Lees he looked up at the flying clouds, and feared that the storm was really over. He went to bed humming her last song, reviewing all her looks and words. "She must have made up well for the stage," he thought. "What could have induced her to leave it for that man? Money? Love? A little of both, perhaps. I'll swear she does not love him now. Yet she has herself well in hand."

"Well in hand!" The phrase seemed so happily descriptive that he repeated it the next morning as he strolled down toward the pier. The capricious Channel was in its gentlest mood, and there could be no better day for crossing; surely, the Ramsays would take advantage of it. They came late, when he had begun to hope they were not coming, when there was scarcely time to wish them well. But in that brief space he acquired a new impression of her, in a becoming dark-blue costume with silver chains and anchors and other accoutrements appropriate to the perilous voyage. "Her dress of the third act," he thought, as he took the final leave.

The crowd moved up the pier; but Dalton waited on alone to watch the steamer course along over the quiet sea, while he hummed once more the little song of Marzials:

> "'The long, long years are over;
> The great seas roll between;
> They have utterly past asunder,
> From all that might have been!'

Stupid words!" he muttered, breaking off impatiently. "I must get to work again."

But he did no work that day; instead, he went up to London, staying there over-night to see a play of which Mrs. Ramsay had spoken. It bored him, however, inexpressibly. And twenty-four hours later he was back at Folkestone, following the old chimera of his day-dreams.

III.

ROUND ROBIN HOOD'S BARN.

NIGHT on the Arno in the heart of Florence! Under the hotel window, midway between the Ponte Vecchio and the Santa Trinità, the dark-green water, swift and silent, reflects with wonderful distinctness all the architectural oddities of the Borgo San Jacopo; the little, melancholy church-apse built out over the river; the high, lemon-colored dwelling houses with their tiled roofs and lighted *loggie*, behind which a world is turning. In one of these a dinner has been in progress for an hour or more; there are flowers and Tuscan wine-flasks over which the guests gesticulate in merry pantomime, too far away for their laughter to be heard. The goldsmiths' shops along Gaddi's famous bridge are dark and still, but through the black arches underneath drifts down a boat with a flute, a guitar, and a voice in it. The music passes, grows faint, and fainter yet—is gone. And John Dalton, with a sigh, leans from the window to throw his cigar far out into the water. One clear, steady lamp shines down from the fortress of San Giorgio. Beyond it, toward San Miniato, many twinkling lights stretch up to meet the stars; but the window faces the south, and from this point the pole-star is invisible.

More than eighteen months have slipped away since Dalton's patient industry at Folkestone began to yield him signs of promise; and this is the first anniversary of his memorable date of publication. His book, having the good fortune to be accepted by one of the foremost English publishers, was favorably received, and soon made what is called a critical success. Avoiding the beaten path, it dealt with certain by-ways of the world after a manner that showed on the writer's part

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not only keen observation, but also a descriptive power which Dalton had never dreamed he possessed. Its treatment was peculiarly happy in combining lightness of touch with delicacy of expression; clever yet not flippant, the style suggested the after-dinner talk of a cultivated man of the world who has seen and studied much, but whose good taste restrains him from dwelling on his own exploits, and keeps his terms of pedantry in reserve. One or two chapters, where the author had ventured upon a digression to work up some traveller's tale, had imagination in them, as more than one friendly reviewer had declared. These good qualities, offsetting its obvious defects, had given the rambling little book—quaintly entitled "Round Robin Hood's Barn"—an hour of popularity during which Dalton's name had passed from mouth to mouth. He became a small lion of the London season; and flattered out of all proportion to his performance by fashionable women, who found the rich American of talent an important factor in their social schemes, he began to accept their valuation, and to take himself too seriously. Since the present yielded him so much, what triumphs a well-ordered future might afford! But to think of the future was to remember that it had already ceased to be all his own.

On the day that Dalton's book appeared, a copy of it, luxuriously bound, had been sent to Miss Amy Leslie. And the return mail brought him a letter of acknowledgment which her father had graciously permitted her to write. It was long, beginning with a childish expression of pleasure at the sight of her lover's name in print, and then, after a few words of praise, comically extravagant, devoting pages to the assurance of her boundless affection. Strange to say, the chief effect of this letter upon Dalton was one of disappointment. Still flushed with the after-glow of his first work, he demanded for it a kind of recognition that the writer seldom obtains; discernment of what he himself knew to be best, with a sense of the difficulties undergone, and of his skill in overcoming them. Certain passages of the book were there solely for Miss Leslie's sake—written at her, so to speak, as he hoped she would see. But instead of this nice discrimination, he found in her letter only conventionalities that irritated him; hasty, perfunctory phrases which the merest chance acquaintance might have chosen. He forgot that in her youth and inexperience, even supposing her to be gifted with divine perceptions, she would probably have lacked the power to record them; and he put away the letter, oddly indifferent to what should have stirred him most in it, thankful only that he had the best of excuses for not sending a reply. Day by day thereafter the simple, affectionate confidence she had manifested touched him less and less, until he could think of it only with a grave doubt upon which he did not care to dwell.

The other presentation copy so readily promised at Folkestone had been set aside and never delivered, for more reasons than one. At the moment of issue Dalton felt sure that the Ramsays must have left Alassio; and though their change of address might have been traced with a very slight effort, he took no pains about it. His authorship was already an old story, when, in one of the crowded London days, chance mention of the captain's name brought out the fact that the invalid had died suddenly on the journey northward. And his widow? She lingered for the present in Italy, it was believed. Exactly why and where no one seemed to know, and Dalton cared little. This was hardly the time to force his work upon her notice; if he communicated with her at all it should be by a sympathetic letter the thought of which was distasteful to him. He could not but surmise that her husband's death had proved a release rather than an affliction, and, if the contrary were true, their acquaintance, though of rapid growth, had been too brief to make the formality of condolence imperative. He let the whole matter go, and ended by forgetting it. Even her face grew dim and indistinct to him. One meets and admires so many new faces in the course of a year's existence! Hers had fixed his

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attention closely; but it had passed, in all probability never to be seen again.

Time wore on. The book lived its little life and was succeeded by others in the light hearts of those who had been most lavish of their praises. Upon the withdrawal of the advertisements it disappeared from the book-stalls; its sale was over. That autumn is still remembered throughout northern Europe as one of exceptional gloom, and in the shortening days of uninterrupted fog and rain Dalton grew restless. His friends were scattered he knew not where, his London lodgings were too dreary for endurance. What did his plans matter? He needed more change than a sentimental conformity with those long ago set down would give. So he fled into the sunshine and followed it across the sea to Egypt, through the flickering streets of many-colored Cairo, far up the Nile among the yellow sand-waves, where he led for weeks a life of barbaric simplicity. By day he explored strange temple courts in which the images of strange gods baffled him with their mysterious, expectant smile. Strange stars, each night, rose higher in the southern sky; but the familiar constellations low in the north shone with unwonted brilliancy, as if to remind Dalton that his responsibilities, though distanced, were not to be shaken off. A day came, in fact, all too soon, when the sunshine was no longer grateful. Driven north by the heat he travelled slowly seaward, embarked once more and disembarked again; lingered a while at Capri, then passed through Naples, Rome, and the hill towns to Florence, where he arrived in the best of all good months—the month of May. The leaves were fresh in the broad *viali*, and all the hedges were pink with roses. The blackbird and nightingale made their notes heard above the murmurs of the city, whose loudest noise has no disturbing harshness of commerce in it; whose domes and towers and battlements, mellowed by time, seem to have become a part of the landscape and to have stolen their tints and shadows from the glorious hills.

One shadow deepened heavily in Dalton's mind on this incomparable evening, as the voice went down the river. The two years of absence to which he had committed himself were drawing to a close with a swiftness that dismayed him. The doubt he would not dwell upon now dwelt with him persistently. In these two years he had changed much, had developed out of his small success a new ambition. Could Miss Amy Leslie understand and share it? He feared not; in which case he was just the man to make her miserable. To withdraw from his bargain would be unpleasant. Not that he had decided to withdraw from it; but the reckoning day was very near; he must return, and something must be decided then. The dire necessity haunted him like a ghostly visitant amid the sights and sounds of this Florentine night. Anything to forget it! He would go out into the streets, to the theatre, anywhere—if only there were light and a crowd.

So, descending, Dalton turned into the brilliant Via Tornabuoni and strolled along it aimlessly, with but half a look for the mosaics and miniature masterpieces of the shop windows, until a theatre placard on the blank wall in a side street caught his eye. He crossed to read it. "Carmen" at the Arena Nazionale! with a new singer, La Masary, in the title part! What could be better? The theatre was very near, this dim street would lead him almost to its doors. In another five minutes he had exchanged his two lire for one of the *posti distinti*, and found himself under a glare of light in the heart of a crowd noisy and distracting enough to meet even his demands.

The curtain had fallen upon the first act, and in the huge arena, which had no flooring and was half open to the night, the spectators partook freely of the cigars and beer urged upon them by the attendants with their shrill, hawk-like cries. Dalton made his way over the smooth gravel to his chair, and then scanned through clouds of smoke the groups in the boxes, neither there nor at his own level discovering a familiar face. All looked excited and interested, and it presently appeared that the new Carmen had made a success. Three men in front approved of

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her highly in the peculiar Tuscan vernacular garnished with aspirates, to which Dalton listened simply because he could not help it; until the curtain rose to the gay music of the second act, and he saw her perched upon the table, smoking, in the house of Lillas Pastià —saw and knew her instantly. For the Carmen of the night was his old acquaintance, Mrs. Ramsay, and looking down at his play-bill he perceived in another moment that the name by which the public knew her was but the anagram of her own.

Her song of the opening scene was thrice repeated; and in the scenes that followed she conquered all her difficulties superbly. She was thoroughly in the part, technically speaking, all resources of voice, looks, and insolent coquetry of action being employed with an artist's skill. As the José and Escamillo were both established favorites, the performance swept along with none of those harshly arrogant interruptions which are often so annoying in Italy. When the curtain fell again, the general applause was unmarred by a single dissenting note.

Dalton went out, found the stage-door and sent in his card, forgetting that she had a change of costume to make. In spite of that, he was admitted by her orders into the wings, where he awaited her coming impatiently; but instead came a maid, burdened with excuses. The curtain was going up; there was no time now to talk, yet she must see him. Would he not come to supper after the performance at the address here given? Dalton, feeling this to be a rebuff, accepted the folded paper stiffly with a word of thanks, but the determination to sup anywhere rather than with her. As he turned away, her voice recalled him, and she hurried out in her gypsy dress with a striped mantle jauntily tossed over one shoulder. The invitation was renewed and urged most cordially; he must not disappoint her; and Dalton once more accepted it, this time in good faith. Then she was called, and he went back to his place in the theatre and watched her success grow into a triumph, complete, unquestionable. At the final fall of the curtain the walls rang with shouts for her. "La Masary! La Masary!" And she came and went in answer, her hand upon her heart, her cheeks flushed with excitement underneath the rouge.

"The Villa Inglese, out of the Porta Romana!" That was a long way off, but there could be no hurry and Dalton preferred to walk. He turned toward the river and crossed it by the Carraja bridge, considering as he went the surprise of the evening, the performance and its chief performer. She had been really very fine in the last act. That was her vocation, and he wondered how long she had been at it, for the talk overheard in the theatre showed him that this was but a repetition of her success in other Italian cities. Long enough to lose something of her indescribable charm, he could see that. She had gained something else—she was clever, a great artist, perhaps; interesting very, but with the old fascination gone, so far as he was concerned. There was no danger now of losing his heart to her, as at one moment had seemed almost possible. His heart? Pshaw! That organ must be left out of the account, if he were ever to succeed in setting the world on fire. That was his vocation. And there was no romance without a beginning, a middle, and an end, as this interesting woman had once said. The end of his approached for better, for worse, with the prospect beyond it of a life free of all romance forever after.

The Villa Inglese stood at some distance from the gate, half-way up the hill and on the left of the *viale*, so that its garden overlooked the town. It was a small house, plainly furnished in a style that would have betrayed its owner's nationality, if Mrs. Ramsay had not spoken of him as a resident Englishman from whom she hired the place for the moment. She should never have a real home any more, she sighed. Dalton, though her chief guest, was not the only one, the others being Italians and of the troupe; her manager and his wife, her Escamillo and Michaela. Of their talk at table he could remember afterward very little, except that it was about themselves.

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He watched his hostess with secret amusement at her eagerness to share in it, to discuss recalls and receipts, her past and present triumphs, her own personality. Through it all he detected the thirst for achievement; what was gained meant nothing in comparison with what must come. Her whole attitude toward life seemed to be changed. The change in her looks, too, proved greater than the mere lapse of time would have led him to expect. She was very simply dressed, to begin with, in black, without ornaments. As for her face, that had faded and hardened, but was still a striking one; before the theatre-public there had been no age in it.

Dalton said less and less as the talk went on, and he carried through it all a train of his own reflections that became curiously diverted to a subject of which the present company knew nothing. The absent owner of the Villa Inglese, evidently a traveller, had covered his dining-room walls with photographs of many lands. And directly opposite Dalton's chair, between a Venetian canal and a cataract of the Nile, hung that remarkable view from the bluff behind the Parliament House at Ottawa. The broad, dark river filled all its foreground; beyond were the roofs of the lower town, the great lumber-yards, the suspension-bridge with the Chaudière fall foaming under it, and over all the long line of the Laurentian Mountains. John Dalton knew every inch of that prospect well. As he looked now, he seemed to hear the hum of the saw-mill always prevailing over other sounds in the Dominion capital; he could swear that the nearest pile of lumber was the same which Amy had once compared to a huge Jack-in-the-Box with the lid tilted, as if the Jack were pressing at it, ready for his spring; and there were all the other Jacks in all the other Boxes, row on row. Then the thought struck him that he, himself, was just such another —a Jack-in-the-Box with the lid still down! Someone appealed to him, and he responded intelligently enough. But his mind went wandering off again to the Government Grounds up there in the north. The thing worried him. It was like a bit of his own conscience made visible by some new, mysterious process, and framed and glazed for his discomfiture.

"Come!" said his hostess, in English, as the smoke grew thicker and the statements more emphatic. "They will never miss us." She led the way to a glass door opening toward the garden; just outside, in the lighted loggia, was a bench where they sat down. "It is a pleasure to see you once more," she continued; "you were so good to Gerald that day."

"I heard of his death," stammered Dalton, taken aback by this allusion; "but—" he stopped, for her eyes were full of tears.

She brushed them away, but others came. "I beg your pardon," she said; "I cannot help it; it is a remorse with me. I treated him so unkindly."

"That is impossible," Dalton protested. "You do yourself injustice, as we all do in thinking of the dead. I saw you together. I am sure——"

"No—no! I was brutal, and all the remorse in the world will not undo it. Let us change the subject," she added, with a strong effort to control herself; "there are things I want to say to you. In the first place, your book!"

"You have seen it?"

"Of course. I said I should not wait for the presentation copy. I have read it more than once, and liked it."

"*Tante grazie, gentilissima signora!*" said Dalton, smiling.

"And the other? How does it get on?"

"The other?"

"Yes; the one you are doing now."

Dalton changed his position uneasily. "I am doing nothing," said he.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Dilettante! *You*, at least, are not bitten by the tarantula! I envy you."

"You, on the crest of the wave!" said Dalton, with a scornful little laugh. "You envy me? In heaven's name, for what?"

"For the power to think of others a little and to make them happy. I have lost it. I am all for self. I live on the public's favor, and should die of its neglect. The thing was not worth the

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price I paid for it. I found that out—too late. I cannot help it now; I have the poison in me, the madness is incurable. And as I saw you just now at table, I thought, 'He is mad, too; with him the poet's line has been reversed. He has missed the man's joy, gained the artist's sorrow!'"

"The artist's sorrow!" repeated Dalton, gravely. "The artist is one who has attained. Not the dilettante—the manikin, the Jack-in-the-Box that I am."

"In what a tone you say that! Something is the matter with you—I knew it; at supper, you were a thousand miles away."

"Three thousand, to be a little more exact," he returned; then, having stumbled into this admission, the time, place and mood all being favorable to a confidence, he suddenly resolved to make it. "I may as well confess," he continued; "the fact is——"

Thereupon he told her in detail the story of his love-affair and his two years' probation; he explained the growth of his doubt, his subsequent perplexity; the box, so to speak, in which he found himself, which had suddenly fastened over him anew at her own table. "The problem has been difficult," he concluded; "but I have solved it at last, and the way out is as simple as Alexander's. I shall break the hasp—meaning my appointment—when the time comes, send a letter of regret, and never go back any more."

She had listened to his tale with the deepest attention, but after a moment's thought she only said:

"You have decided to do that?"

"Yes; why not? It is the simplest way, the best way."

"The easiest, too," she said, significantly. There came an outbreak of laughter and light music in the room behind them, at which she rose with an impatient gesture. "Let us walk in the garden and talk quietly," she suggested.

So they went together down a dim garden-path into starlight and fragrant stillness, both to Dalton most disquieting. For the path was bordered with box, and he recognized its fragrance; he looked up, and saw the north star like a sharp eye fixed upon him. It might have been that other garden at Leslie Hall, in Ottawa. But there he had compared his own "true-fix'd and resting quality" to the needle of a compass. The needle, now, had suffered deviation.

As they walked on, he left the first word to his companion, and presently she spoke it.

"You loved her, really loved her—then, I mean?"

"Yes," he sighed. "At least, I thought so."

"And she still loves you?"

"Yes; if her letter can be trusted."

"If you really loved her, you were happy, more than happy, then."

"I was supremely happy."

"I am amazed that you can grant so much."

"Amazed, why?"

"Because, remembering that, you are content to let this supreme happiness, this pearl of great price, slip from your hand without one effort to recover it."

They had followed the path to a narrow terrace in which the garden ended. The dark roofs of Florence lay below them; and across the nearer ones they saw the quivering shafts of light from the bridges, the great dome and tower rising, beyond the river, over all.

"But if," began Dalton; then, shifting his ground a little, "we all make our mistakes," said he.

"Sometimes, when we least suspect it," she agreed; "as you did here just now. For the artist never attains. He strives fiercely and more fiercely, centred all in his poor passion; and what is the end of it? Look! Giotto's tower is unfinished; so is Brunelleschi's dome."

"But the joy of the conflict—the name he leaves behind him!"

"The name! Who built the Pyramids? Who made our Venus there in the Uffizi? The joy of the conflict is a fine thing. But how much finer it might be if the conflict were not wholly for self-interest—if its intoxicating triumphs were reflected, not in the faces of the vulgar herd, but in the eyes of one! It is this that you are so

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ready to give up. A woman believes in you and loves you, and it counts with you for nothing."

"But if I do not love her?"

"Go to her, then, and say so frankly. It is only fair. You owe her that, at least."

"But——"

"I see. You are afraid of your own weakness—afraid to yield and to miss for her sake some high ideal, some divinity of art. Well, I urge you to go all the same—or, rather, all the more. You can never reach your perfection by climbing for it. The longest way round is the shortest way home, Signor Ambizioso. You will be all the better artist, being human. Hark! That fellow down below us is all for love, not for ambition; and we cannot approach him with our art. Don't laugh—listen!"

It was only a nightingale hidden in the thicket under the wall on which they leaned. They waited until his song was finished, and then turned up the path to the house again.

"It is only fair, as you say," said Dalton. "I will go back, and break the news myself. It will be a disagreeable duty, but——"

"Ah, we all make our little sacrifices to duty," she retorted, lightly. "And there is no joy like sacrifice, don't forget that; the joy of the conflict is nothing to it. Who knows? You may, at this moment, be making the mistake of your life. You may live to thank me, three years hence, for asking you to do a disagreeable thing."

"Oh, if you expect that, let me thank you now. It is safer."

"You will really go, then? You promise?"

"Really. I have said so."

"Then I thank you, brother artist, for your tribute to my powers of persuasion."

So laughing and talking, half in jest, half in earnest, they came into the loggia, to be met there by a burst of song.

"Toreador,
T'aspett' aspett' amor!"

roared Escamillo; then the hostess looked back at Dalton and laughed once more.

"An omen, *fratello d' armi!*"

But he shook his head, and whispered as they crossed the threshold:

"Omens are like dreams, they go by contraries."

IV.

THE POSTSCRIPT OF A LETTER.

"My wife adds her congratulations to mine for your conquest of the British Lion. What will become of you when no worlds are left to conquer? Meanwhile, in this one, we hope to see and hear you before the season is over. By the way, I have ventured to tell her what a word of yours did for us both that night, three years ago, in Florence—and I wish you could have heard us laugh together after this revelation of my absurd misgiving. It wasn't absurd, then, though; and we owe it to you, dear prima donna of the present, that the romance of our married life, now nearly three years old, is but just beginning.

"J. D."

"Alla Signora Masary,
Royal Italian Opera,
Covent Garden."

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GUÉRIN'S CENTAUR.

By Mrs. Fields.

A BROWN bird sitting under the shadow of a leaf proves to be the singer that enchants us; therefore, when George Sand (in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 15, 1840) called attention to a new poem in prose, entitled "Le Centaure," the world turned its gaze upon a retired and decaying château at Le Cayla, in Languedoc, from which, indeed, the singer had already vanished, but whence a strain of music came which will not die.

Two children of kindred genius were nourished in that ancient house. Five years before the volume containing the journal, letters, and poems of Maurice de Guérin was published, the public had learned to know his sister Eugénie and delight in her wonderful letters. Indeed, Sainte-Beuve thought her genius equal, if not superior, to her brother's; but Matthew Arnold, to whom the English-speaking world is indebted for a first introduction to the brother, says: "No one has a more profound respect for M. Sainte-Beuve's critical judgments than I have; but it seems to me that this particular judgment needs to be a little explained and guarded. In Maurice's special talent, which was a talent for interpreting nature, for finding words which incomparably render the subtilest impression which nature makes upon us, which bring the intimate life of nature wonderfully near to us, it seems to me that his sister was by no means his equal. She never, indeed, expresses herself without grace and intelligence; but her words, when she speaks of the life and appearances of nature, are in general but intellectual signs—they are not, like her brother's, symbols equivalent with the thing symbolized."

It is from Eugénie, however, that we get most of the charming detail of their simple country life in the old château—the close acquaintance with the peasants who came to M. de Guérin (père) for sympathy and assistance of every sort. Madame Sand does not make us see her own humble friends more clearly than we see these sometimes in Eugénie's journals and letters. But all the Cayla landscape, the pure thought, the knowledge of humanity, and the delights of rural life are crystallized in Maurice's exquisite sentences.

Maurice de Guérin died in 1839, when he was only twenty-nine years old. Suddenly, in the following year, when George Sand introduced his work to the French reading world, it was discovered that a new star had indeed risen above the horizon. Twenty-five years, however, elapsed before two English essays by Matthew Arnold upon the brother and sister were published in book-form in America; and even in these only passages from "The Centaur" were translated into English.

There were four children left in the solitary château of Le Cayla, when their mother died. Eugénie was thirteen years old, and Maurice seven. The little boy was confided to the care of his eldest sister by their mother on her deathbed, and he became the object of the tenderest, and what might almost be called a maternal, solicitude. He was sent away very early to school, and from that time they began a series of letters and journals which have made both their names sacred to lovers of nature and religion. To neither of them does it seem to have occurred that these intimate communications might one day be published. The brother was especially unconscious and "careless of fame." His sister says that he "let what he did be lost with a carelessness unjust to himself;" and when we remember the quality of what he gave, "how he furnished others much of what we all live by," how his presence and his memory were full of charm, it was natural that after his death his sister should devote the few years which remained to her in endeavoring to make his name permanent. She died without

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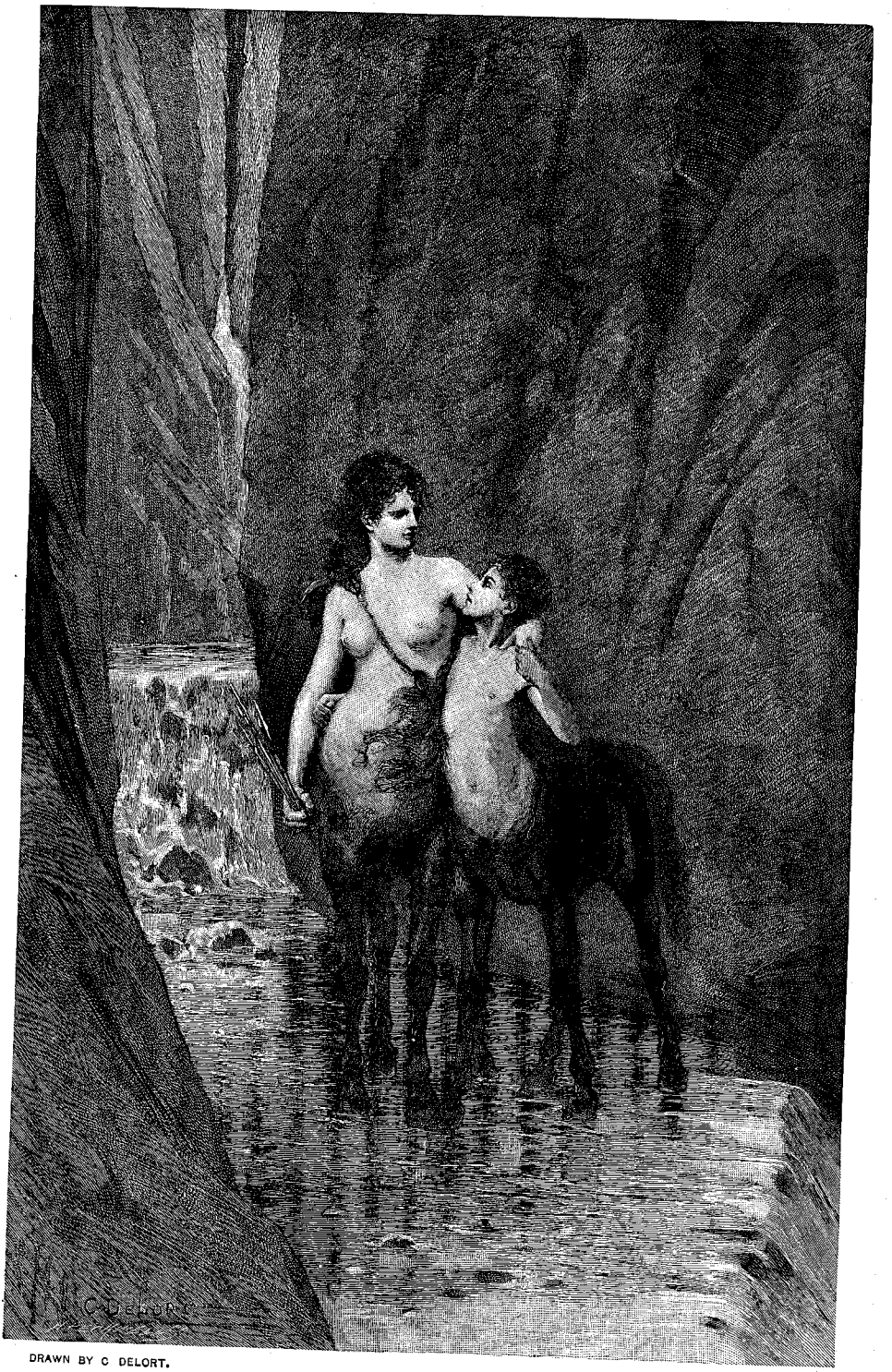

DRAWN BY C DELORT. ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

"Sometimes, also, my mother would return to me fragrant with the perfume of the valleys."—Page 227.

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being able to publish his works, which was the chief desire of her heart, and it was not until twelve years after her death that the volume collected by his friend, M. Trebutien, was brought out. "Meanwhile," says Sainte-Beuve, "there had been time for Guérin to be imitated by other poets, who seemed altogether original by this imitation, while his own work was unpublished and left in the dark."

How hollow the trumpets of every-day fame sound when we read these words; when we think of this young poet, dead so long ago, crowned by the hands of the immortals! And yet how few of us are familiar with his work!

The development of his nature went on almost in despite of school and college. He was sent first to Toulouse, afterward to the College Stanislas in Paris, and finally, after a visit to his beloved home in the South, we find him in Brittany, where he passed what may be called distinctly one of the ripening years of his brief life, and which Sainte-Beuve calls "cette époque *nourricière* de son talent."

The picture of this wild solitude of Brittany, La Chênaie, where M. de La Mennais had established himself, always surrounded by a group of young and zealous followers and students, is not only picturesque, it is moving and inspiring. It is rendered with the fine power of an artist in the essay prefixed to the volume of M. Trebutien, of which I have already spoken. During the long winter in Brittany Maurice read widely; not alone French literature, but we find traces of Greek, Latin, and English favorites. He writes to Eugénie: "I want you to reform your system of composition; it is too loose, too vague, too Lamartinian. Your verse is too sing-song—it does not *talk* enough. Form for yourself a style of your own, which shall be your real expression. Study the French language by attentive reading, making it your care to remark constructions, turns of expression, delicacies of style, but without ever adopting the manner of any master. In the works of these masters we must learn our language, but we must use it each in his own fashion."

But his life at La Chênaie was devoted to other things than literature. "The religious feeling, which was as much a part of his essence as the passion for nature and the literary instinct, shows itself at moments jealous of these its rivals, and alarmed at their predominance."

The descriptions of nature during the winter and spring, which are scattered through his journals and letters, it would be impossible to resist quoting if these few words were anything more than an introduction to his poem. "Finally, I have seen the ocean," he writes, and the pen longs to transcribe what the mind cannot forget after once reading his description of the talk and walk toward the sea; and finally the first view of "les eaux resplendissantes."

"The last days which Guérin passed at La Chênaie were full of sweetness, but a sweetness frequently disturbed. He felt that this retired life must soon end, and the vacation-days would bring the necessity of making some choice of a vocation." And so the end came, and the separation from friends and scenes which were dear to him; but the final choice was still deferred. The sadness of the change was softened by his being admitted into the household of his friend, Hippolyte de La Morvonnais. He writes: "See how full of goodness Providence is to me! Fearing that the sudden passing from the sweet, subdued air of a solitary and religious life into the torrid zone of the world might prove too much for me, I have been led from my holy retreat into a house erected on the confines of these two regions, where neither are we in solitude nor do we belong to the world; a house with windows opening on one side toward the country, where men are stirring, and on the other upon a desert, where the servants of God sing; on one side upon the ocean, on the other upon the forest—and this is no figure of speech. The house is built upon the very verge of the sea. I wish to set down here some history of my sojourn, for the days are full of happiness, and I know that in the future I shall often turn back to read of my past joy. A religious and poetic man, and a woman whose soul is so perfectly suited to his own that it is like one doubled; a child who is called Marie after her mother, whose first

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gleams of love and intelligence pierce like a star through the white cloud of infancy; a simple life in an antique home; by night and day the harmonies of ocean; finally, a traveller, descending from Carmel on his way to Babylon, has left at the door his sandals and his staff, and seated himself by the hospitable porch. Here is something for a biblical poem, if I knew how to write about things as well as to feel them."

This life affected him too deeply. With his extreme sensitiveness the calm and solitude were enervating—"he wept without definite cause." The time came when he was obliged to seek another atmosphere.

No other course was left open to him save the road to "Babylon." We next find him in Paris, "poor, fastidious, and with health which already, no doubt, felt the obscure presence of the malady of which he died—consumption. One of his Brittany acquaintances introduced him to editors, and tried to engage him in the periodical literature of Paris. Guérin's talent was so unmistakable that even his first essays were immediately accepted. He made many acquaintances, was brilliant in conversation, careful in his dress, and a favorite in society; but the extreme delicacy of his nature made the life of the world impossible to him. For continuous literary labor, also, he was entirely unfitted. Happily, he soon married a young Creole lady of some fortune, whom, to use his own words, "Destiny, who loves these surprises, has wafted from the farthest Indies into my arms." But he rapidly became more ill, and, dreaming of the South, he was carried to Le Cayla, where he died in July, 1839.

The idea of "The Centaur," says Sainte-Beuve, came to him after a series of visits which he made to the Museum of Antiquities in the Louvre with his friend, M. Trebutien. He was reading Pausanias at that time, and was filled with wonder at the multitude of objects described by the Greek antiquary.

"So he lived like a man possessed; with his eye not on his own career, not on the public, not on fame, but on the Isis whose veil he had uplifted. He published nothing."

"The Centaur," like every other true poem, is really untranslatable; yet there is a stable value in the far-reaching thought; in its wide horizon, in the food it contains for poetic minds, which have made it seem worth while to attempt to give a full rendering of it into English. The subtle values of a poem written in rhythmic prose are, of course, difficult to discern through the veil of another language; but the very seed-grain of poetry is in this work which we now reproduce in behalf of all lovers of ideal things.

The Centaur.

I was born in the caves of these mountains. Like the river of this valley, whose primitive drops flow from a hidden rock in some dark grotto, the first moments of my life fell among the shadows of a remote abode, and without troubling its silence. When our mothers draw near the time of their delivery they retire into the loneliest depths of the caves, where, covered by the deepest shade, they bring forth, without a murmur, children speechless as themselves. Their puissant milk makes us surmount, without weakness or doubtful contest, the early hardships of life; nevertheless, we issue from our caverns later than you from your cradles. It is believed among us that this early period of existence must be sheltered and concealed, as if these days were occupied by the gods. Nearly all my youth was passed among the shades where I was born. The recesses of my dwelling were so far within the mountain-side that I should have been ignorant of the way out, had not the fresh winds sometimes entered, with sudden troubling of the inner air. Sometimes, also, my mother would return to me fragrant with the perfume of the valleys, or streaming with the waters which she haunted. When she came she never spoke of the valleys or of the rivers, but she was followed by their emanations, and these disturbed my spirit until I grew restless in my shadowy retreat.

"What is it?" I asked myself—"this outer world whither my mother goes, and what powers reign there and call her so often to themselves? Are these

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DRAWN BY C. DELORT.

"For myself, O Melampus! I sink into old age, calm as the setting constellations."—Page 232.

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spirits opposed to each other, that she returns daily in such different moods?" Sometimes she would come animated by the deepest happiness, and sometimes sad and weary, as if wounded. The joy that she brought with her might be discerned from afar, influencing her step and overspreading her countenance. I felt it flash from her through my whole being; but her discouragement held me still more strongly, and drew me yet deeper into those conjectures to which my mind was already inclined.

In these moments my own strength made me uneasy. I recognized a power which could not remain idle, and now by tossing my arms, now by galloping swiftly through the wide darkness of the cavern, I forced myself to discover, by blows which I struck out into the void, and by the passionate strength of my feet, whither my arms might reach and my feet might carry me.

Since then I have wound my arms about the breasts of Centaurs, the bodies of horses, and the trunks of oaks; my hands have assayed the rocks, the waters, innumerable plants, and the subtlest impressions of the air—for I lift them when the nights are dark and still, to catch the breezes, and draw signs from them of the way I should go. My feet—look, O Melampus!—how worn they are! Yet, benumbed as I am in this extremity of age, there are days when, in the full sunshine upon the mountain-heights, I renew those youthful gallopings in the cavern, and, unsatisfied still, I brandish my arms, and employ all the fleetness that is left to me.

These periods of unrest were alternated with long seasons of repose. At such times, through my whole being I possessed no other feeling than that of growth, and of the gradations of life which were rising within me. Having lost the love of passionate action and withdrawn into absolute quietude, I tasted without fatigue the gifts of the gods thus poured upon me. Calm and shadow nourish the mystical unfolding of the inner life. Shades who inhabit the caverns of these mountains, I owe to your silent fostering the development in retirement which has so powerfully strengthened me; under your guardianship I have tasted pure life as it came from the bosom of the gods! When I descended from your retreat into the light of day, I staggered and could not salute it, for it snatched me from myself, intoxicating me as some fatal draught might have done. I understood that my life, until then so balanced and simple, was shaken, and had lost something of itself; as if it had been dispersed to the winds.

O Melampus! you who would understand the life of Centaurs, by what will of the gods have you been sent to me, the oldest and the saddest of them all? It is long since I practised anything of their life. I no longer quit this mountain-top where age confines me. The point of my arrows now serves me only for uprooting tenacious plants; the tranquil lakes still know me, but the rivers have forgotten me. I will tell you some things about my youth; but these recollections, born of a tired memory, come like some mean libation from a ruined urn. It was easy to tell of the first years, because they were calm and perfect; simple existence satisfied me, and that we can recall and relate without pain. A god besought to tell the story of his life would do it in a word, O Melampus!

The course of my youth was swift and full of restlessness. Movement was my life, and I knew no limit to my steps. In the pride of my freedom and strength I wandered through all this wilderness. One day, as I threaded a valley seldom entered by the Centaurs, I discovered a man following the river on the opposite shore. He was the first I had ever seen. I despised him. "See!" I said to myself; "at best he is but half what I am. How short his steps are, and how difficult his progress! His eyes seem to measure the distance with sadness. Doubtless he is a Centaur unseated by the gods, and condemned by them to drag himself along in this way."

Often I found refreshment in the bed of rivers. Half of me struggled with the waters, while the other half bore itself tranquilly, and I folded my idle arms high above the flood. I forgot myself, thus in the midst of the waves, yielding to the attraction of their course which led me afar and conducted me, their savage guest, toward the varied

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delights of their banks. How many times, surprised by the night, I have followed the currents under the branches which overshadowed them, as they brought down to the very depths of the valleys the nocturnal influence of the gods. My impetuous nature was thus tempered until only a faint consciousness of life spread through my whole being, as on the waters where I floated shone the glory of that goddess who pervades the night. Melampus! my old age regrets the rivers; peaceful for the most part and monotonous, they follow their destiny with greater calm than the Centaurs, and with a more beneficent wisdom than the wisdom of men. When I came out of their deeps I was followed by their gifts, which accompanied me for days together, and lingering, passed away as perfumes do.

A wild and blind inconstancy prompted my steps. In the midst of the most violent race I would stop suddenly, as if I found myself on the verge of an abyss, or as if a god stood before me. These sudden halts shook my very life with excitement. Sometimes I would cut branches in the forest, and raise them above my head as I raced; the swiftness of my course stilled the rustling of the leaves, but with the least repose the wind again set them murmuring. So my life, at the sudden interruption of these impetuous flights through the valleys, was set shuddering through all my being. I knew that the heat was rising and the fire growing that I had caught from the spaces I had passed through with such intense speed. I fought against the flood which surged within my beating flanks, and tasted in these tempests the pleasures which the banks of rivers know in setting safe bounds to an irritated life risen to its full height. At the same time, bowing my head to the wind which brought coolness to me, I looked up to the mountain-tops which had so soon become distant; I observed the trees on the shores and the waters of the rivers. The latter were swept on by a constraining current; the trees were fastened to the bosom of the earth, and could only move as the breath of the wind murmured in their branches. "I alone," I said, "have free action; I bear this life of mine from one end of these valleys to another. I am happier than the torrents which fall from the mountains and cannot climb them again. The echo of my feet is more beautiful than the plaints of the woodland and the noise of the waves; it is the sound of the wandering Centaur who guides himself." Thus, while my panting body was still intoxicated by the race, I felt a glowing pride and turned my head, when I stopped, to behold my smoking croup.

Youth is like verdant forests tormented by the wind; it displays everywhere the rich gifts of life, and a deep murmur is forever heard in its green branches. Wandering at my own will with the freedom of the rivers, feeling the presence of Cybele everywhere in the shelter of valleys or on lofty mountain-summits, I bounded whither I would, like a blind and chainless life. But when Night, filled with godlike calm, found me on the mountain-slopes, she led me to the entrance of the caves and soothed me there, as she soothes the waves of the sea, letting those delicate undulations linger which kept sleep away without hindering my repose. Couched upon the threshold of my retreat, my flanks hidden in the cave, and my head under the open sky, I watched the pageant of the dark. Then the strange life which had filled me during the day detached itself, drop by drop, and returned to the bosom of Cybele, as the remnants of rain caught among the leaves fall and rejoin the waters after a tempest. It is said that the sea-gods quit their sunken palaces by night and seat themselves on promontories, to gaze out over the waves. I watched thus with an expanse of life before me like the sleeping sea. Coming back to my distinct and full existence, it seemed to me that I was newly born, and that the deep waters which had conceived me in their bosom had left me on the mountain-top, as the waves of Amphitrite leave a forgotten dolphin on the sands.

My gaze swept over the far distance. As upon wet shores, so the sinking sun left a light on the mountains which the shadows had not altogether covered. There the pure and naked summits still rose in their pallid clearness. Sometimes I saw the god Pan descend, always

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solitary; sometimes the choir of mystic divinities or a nymph of the mountains passed, enchanted by the night. Sometimes the eagles from Mount Olympus traversed the height of heaven, and vanished among distant constellations or into the haunted wood. The spirit of the gods began to move, and troubled the ancient oaks.

You follow wisdom, O Melampus! which is the knowledge of the will of the gods, and you wander among the people like a mortal driven by the fates. There is a stone in this region which gives forth a sound like the breaking cords of an instrument when it is touched, and men say that Apollo, who tended his flock in the wilderness, laid his lyre upon the stone and left its melody there. O Melampus! many a wandering god has placed his lyre upon these stones, but no one—no one has forgotten it. When I used to watch in the caves I believed that I might surprise the dreams of sleeping Cybele, and that the mother of the gods, betrayed by dreaming, would sometime let her secrets fall. I have never yet recognized any sounds save those that were dissolved by the breath of night, or an inarticulate speech like the bubbling flow of rivers.

"O Macareus!" the great Chiron said to me one day, as I tended his old age, "we are both Centaurs of the mountains, but how different our habits are! All the labor of my days is spent in the search for plants, and you, you are like those mortals who have gathered and held to their lips some fragments of that pipe broken by the god Pan. Having breathed in an untamed spirit from these relics of the god, perhaps being smitten with a mystic madness, such mortals henceforth seek the wilderness, plunge into forests, skirt the waters, or lose themselves upon the mountains, borne onward unresting by their unknown destiny. The mares beloved by the winds in distant Scythia are not more untamed than you, nor sadder when the evening comes and the north wind is withdrawn. Do you seek to know the gods, O Macareus! and from what source men and animals and the elements of the universal fire have issued? The aged Ocean, father of all things, keeps these secrets in his heart, and the singing nymphs surround him, with their circling dances, to cover what may escape in sleep from his half-opened lips. Mortals who draw near to the gods by virtue have received lyres from their hands to delight the people, or new seeds to enrich them, but from their inexorable lips, nothing.

"In my youth Apollo inclined me toward growing things, and taught me to draw beneficent sweetness from their veins. Since then I have faithfully kept to my great dwelling-place in these mountains, restless, but always in search of simples, and ever communicating the virtues I discover. Do you see yonder the bald peak of Mount Œta? Alcides stripped it to build his funeral pyre. O Macareus! the demigods, children of the gods, stretch the skins of lions over their funeral pyres and consume themselves on mountain-tops. The poison of Earth infects the blood of immortal inheritance, and we Centaurs, engendered by an audacious mortal in the bosom of a cloud made in the shape of a goddess, what succor could we expect from Jupiter, who has struck the father of our race with his thunder-bolt? The vulture of the gods tears eternally the entrails of that workman who formed the first man. O Macareus! men and Centaurs recognize these thieves of the rights of the gods as the authors of their race; perhaps everything that lives outside the gods is only a stolen fragment of their nature, borne afar as the seed flies, carried by the omnipotent breath of fate.

"We are told that Ægeus, father of Theseus, hid signs and tokens under a rock by the sea, so that his son might one day recognize his birth. The jealous gods have hidden the proofs of the descent of things; but on the shore of what sea, O Macareus! have they rolled the stone that covers them?"

Such was the wisdom which the great Chiron gave to me. Weakened by extreme age, this Centaur nourished in his spirit the loftiest discourse. His breast, still strong, hardly seemed to burden his flanks, which he surmounted leaning but slightly, like an oak-tree saddened by the winds; nor had the strength of his steps seemed to lose anything of their force with the flight of

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years. We might have said that he still kept the fragments of immortality, once received from Apollo, but given again to this god.

For myself, O Melampus! I sink into old age, calm as the setting constellations. I am still strong enough to gain the rocky heights, where I linger late, gazing after the wild and restless clouds, or watching the rainy Hyades, the Pleiades, or great Orion climb above the horizon; but I feel myself perishing, passing away like a snow-flake that floats on the waves. Soon I shall mingle with the rivers that flow down to the vast bosom of the Earth.

THE TRIUMPH OF MARIE LAVIOLETTE.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

IT was a still night. Long clouds, pervaded with a peculiar moony lustre, lay above the horizon; higher in the sky hung patches of diaphanous vapor, with a vast and steady outline, pierced here and there with stars. The very air had the seeming consciousness that awaits some event expected since the framing of the world. Even the black hill shrouded with pines, at whose base the river swept, seemed to wait. Over its crest, at first twinkling in the pines and then swinging clear above, the stars rose. Even the rapids seemed controlled, and their contemplative murmur was withdrawn and sounded afar off. Through the dense shadows of the forest, climbing a steep road cut into the bank high above the river, two figures were toiling. The man, with a canoe on his shoulders, was of gigantic stature, and carried this burden as lightly as a feather. Behind him walked a young girl, who paused now and then in the ascent to gaze through the gaps in the trees, over the river to the hill, which covered the horizon with its shadow. After the steep there was a level piece of road, and then a descent, almost to the river. As they reached the foot of this hill, the man under the canoe gave a long whoop, and a few moments after a turn in the road brought them in view of a log-house, set back from the road. The door was open, and there was a light within.

"Is that you, Donald?" asked a voice.

"It is," shouted the man under the canoe, "and Maggie."

"Why Maggie; what did she come for?"

"Came to see her father, I guess; besides, she may be of some use."

"She wasn't asked, and besides she may be in the way."

This last remark was almost whispered to the giant, as he swung the canoe off his shoulder. Maggie, without speaking, went into the house; the man followed.

There was only one room in this house; in the middle of the floor stood a stove, on a raised square of hard clay; around three sides ran two rows of bunks, one above the other; on the fourth side was built a sort of loft, reached by a small ladder; there was one window; the walls were discolored with smoke, and a smoky odor pervaded the place.

Before Maggie O'Mara fell asleep that night, she heard her father and Black Donald talk over their plans.

"Is it the phosphates?" said Donald.

"It is, you're right, Donald, it's the phosphates."

"Is it a good show now?"

"It is, you're right, it's a fine show. You know, knowing the phosphates as I do, I would call it a damn fine show, and there's no use talking but it is."

"If it turns out well now, how would it show up?"

"That's rather hard to tell, Donald; you know enough about the phosphates to know that; it's as hard to tell as how a woman is going to behave after she's married; but if a capitalist was to plank

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down ten thousand dollars on this here stove for that there show, I'd tell him to shove it in the fire."

Donald whistled softly to himself.

"But there's somebody on it?"

"There is; that is, there's a Frenchman."

"Well, what's the good of our bothering over it; I guess he'll hang on, won't he?"

"Perhaps he will, and perhaps he won't; perhaps he could be coaxed off, and perhaps he could be scared off. You see, he don't know anything more about them phosphates being there than that girl Mag does; and he's only a Frenchman. He's got a young thing for a wife there, and a little kid; and that's all there is to it."

"Well, and what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to coax him, and you're going to scare him, but Frenchy's got to go. We'll go over to the 'show' in the morning and put in a shot, if you like."

"Is it far?"

"No, it's back of the lake, under a little hill like."

The next morning a dense mist had shrouded the world; it filled in the gaps in the trees and hung close to the river; everything was dripping with moisture. It was so dark that Marie Laviolette had to light a candle to get the breakfast. Going about her work, singing softly to herself, she heard a sound a little heavier than the discharge of a gun. She listened, but it did not come again; and when her husband came in from his morning work she said, "Gabriel, what was that firing back in the woods?"

"Some prospectors letting off a blast, I suppose. I saw the little man they call The Tim O'Mara around here last week."

"Perhaps they're finding phosphates on our land."

"Never a bit; no such good luck; I've been over the whole place, and there isn't a dollar's worth on it."

But whether this was so or not, there was not a happier home on the Lievres than Gabriel Laviolette's. He had built his log-house about a stone's throw from the river; it was as white without and within as whitewash could make it. A group of sunflowers blazed against the shining wall, and scarlet runners covered the windows. The floor was as clean as the walls; just under the ceiling there was a row of saints' pictures; there was the good St. Anne, and St. Nicholas with the children in the tub, and one of the Christ, with His wounded heart upon His breast. On a very high chest of drawers, that Marie had brought from her own home when she was married, was a clock, and when it struck a rooster came out and crowed. Her little baby boy, Desirè, watched every hour for this rooster to crow. Gabriel had the whole of fifty acres of land of his own, but most of it was covered with timber. He had cleared some new land, and had a fine crop of oats, which he was going to sell to the lumbermen for their horses.

A few days after Marie had heard the shot in the woods, she took Desirè in her arms and went back to where Gabriel was working. He was where she had expected to find him, but as two men were talking to him, she put Desirè down and let him play about in the long grass. By and by the men went away.

"Who were they?" asked Marie.

"The little man was The Tim O'Mara; the great big man was Black Donald McDonald."

"I don't like them; they look very bad."

"And they're just as bad as they look; that Black Donald is the worst man on the river. I have heard tell how he has smashed a man's jaw with one blow."

"Oh, Gabriel, I hope he'll never be angry with you."

"I'm not afraid of him. They're over at the old shanty."

"And what did they want?"

"They want us to sell the place; they say they will give us a thousand dollars for it."

"And what do they want it for?"

"I don't know; I didn't ask them, and they didn't tell me."

"Gabriel, they've found something on our land."

"Never, there's nothing on it; but —" he hesitated.

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"But we won't give it up, will we?" said Marie.

Gabriel shook his head.

Day after day Tim O'Mara came to talk it over with him. Gabriel asked him what he wanted the land for. "I don't mind telling you," said Tim; "I have found the phosphates back here about two miles, not anywhere near your land, but I want to get a clear road to the river, and your place is on the line. We're going to work that mine, and we want all this land for a farm, and for horses and such."

Gabriel told Marie this. "And where will we go if we leave here?" she asked.

"Well, there are plenty of places."

"But this is our home, and besides, if they want our land for all that, it is worth more."

Gabriel was wavering. The next time he saw Tim that speculator offered him twice as much. He had hard work to keep from saying yes, but he said "Well, I'll see." "He's just about done," said Tim to Black Donald, "if that little wife of his doesn't talk him over."

When Gabriel told Marie of this last

"He had a pink blossom of hollyhock and a wooden horse, which divided his attention."

offer she said, "Gabriel, don't give in; I'm sure they don't want it for that; they could get out to the river in other places; say No, and we'll wait and see what comes of it."

"It's always the way with you women," said Gabriel. "You're afraid to make a move."

He was angry and went out on the river in his canoe; but Marie had won her point.

"It's no use," said Tim, "the Frenchman won't budge."

"He will," said Black Donald, with an oath.

"I don't see why you can't leave him alone, there's plenty of phosphates lying around," said Maggie, who was leaning against the door looking across the river.

"What do you know about phosphates?"

"I was back and looked at the show."

Her father jumped up and came over to her. "Will you give the thing away?" he said.

"Let go of me, I'll do as I please," she said, sullenly, shaking him off.

"That girl's taken a shine to Frenchy," he said.

"Can't you leave her alone," said Black Donald, with a scowl. So they all fought and did not speak for three days.

One day when Marie was working outside, she took Desirè and put him on the grass to play. He had a pink blossom of hollyhock and a wooden horse, which divided his attention. He would throw the flower as far as he could, and then crawl after it and come back and present it to the horse, which stood stolidly observing the proceedings. Marie kept her eye on him, and called to him not to get too near the edge of the bank, and once she had to go and lift him back to safety. Then she left him and went into the house. When she came back, after a moment, he was nowhere to be seen. There stood the wooden horse headed to the river; but Desirè was not by. She ran to the edge of the bank and looked over; he was not there; he could not have crept as far as the bushes, she had only been away a moment. She rushed into the house and gave one hurried glance at the cradle. She felt faint; "Desirè," she cried, "Desirè!" and listened. There was no cry in answer; she ran into the bushes and then back, crying out all the time "De-

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"Then he paddled about the shores until almost dark, Marie watching him in a sort of dream."

sirè, Desirè!" Then she rushed down to the landing and looked along the shore. There was nothing; he was not there. But something caught her eye in the water; her heart stopped; slowly in the turn of an eddy rose the pink hollyhock blossom. She darted into the water with a scream, and holding on by a bush waded in up to her waist, and leaned far enough out to catch it as it rounded with the swirl. Then her one thought was for Gabriel; he could swim and dive, and she could do nothing. So she ran back through the garden and into the clearance, shouting — "Gabriel, Gabriel!" She knew he was back at the lake nearly a mile away. On she went, struggling over the uneven ground, calling out as she caught her breath, and almost falling with terror and fatigue, until at last her voice reached him where he was working.

Before Marie had returned to the river, Gabriel had dived time and again, and was standing up in his canoe paddling slowly with the current. Down he went; and Marie climbed the point and sank there to watch him. He went right into the head of the rapid, until she thought he would go over; but he turned and came back. Then he paddled about the shores until almost dark, Marie watching him in a sort of dream. Suddenly he called out "Desirè," with a loud, choking cry. Marie answered him from the bank, and crying "Desirè, Gabriel!" ran along the shore to the landing.

The summer days passed; but how heavily without Desirè. Marie could not bear to look at the river; she tried not to think of it, and would shut her eyes when she went out, and not open them until she had turned away. She had pressed the hollyhock in her prayer-book; the wooden horse and the cradle she kept by themselves, until Gabriel would not let her have them, she cried so much, and hid them away and would not tell her where.

Black Donald and Tim were seldom seen; they made no overtures for the place, and seemed to have forgotten they had a desire for it. Maggie was the only one who seemed to pay any attention to her neighbors. Twice, when Gabriel was mowing, she rose almost from under his eyes, as he paused to whet his scythe, and went trailing

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through the grass, giving him a look over her shoulder. Then she would sit watching coolly from the bush as Marie and he turned the hay. This enraged Black Donald. "The girl's daft on the Frenchman," he said one night to Tim. That gentleman was mending a pair of shoe-packs beside a smoky coal-oil lamp. "Maggie's a fine girl," said he.

"And what for do you say that?"

"Because you are too coarse, Donald; if you were educated, now, you might carry on the negotiations in French with Frenchy; and there's no telling what would come of it."

"Come of it—I'll French him. I'll talk to him in a language he can understand. I'll fire his hay for him, and see how he likes that."

There was a silence, broken only by the pulling of Tim's threads, and Donald's hard breathing. "That mightn't be a bad idea," said the former, quietly; "to warm him up a bit." But no more was said about it, and Black Donald went off to Paltimore in a rage with Maggie.

Gabriel had built his stack in the field and was cutting his last hay; when he had circled round a charred stump and had cut the hay clean away from it, he noticed a piece of paper pinned there. He pulled it off; there was writing on it; English writing. Gabriel put it in his hat and showed it to Marie. She read it to him. "Look out, Mr. Lavolet, watch that hay, that's wat's the mater, it may get skorchd."

"It means that they'll burn the stack, Oh, Gabriel!"

"They'll burn the stack, will they; well, let them try, that's all. I can't sit out there and watch it all night, but if they burn my hay—" and here he brought his fist down on the table, thinking of all the work he had had with it; but he did not finish his threat. Every morning at gray daylight he walked out to his field; but two weeks passed and no sign of fire was on the stack.

Marie used to go out and help Gabriel with his work; she was so lonely.

"I wish you'd sing a bit," he said.

"Gabriel, I couldn't sing."

"Sing now 'Sur le pont d'Avignon.'" He tried to start it himself; she joined in and he let her finish it alone. "That's good," he smiled; but Marie commenced to cry. Gabriel went on with his work bitterly.

When Marie went home to get supper, she found a scrap of paper pinned to the door. She read it with her hand on the latch. "Missus, your little kid ant drown, that's all; if you go of that land that's all right, but if you don't go he's safe enuf, but you won't hav him."

Marie hung to the door for support; then she went in and had to sit down, trembling all over. She went about her work wildly. Now she was all for giving up the land. "I'll have him back," her heart cried, "my little boy; I'll have him back again." She let Gabriel sit at his supper for a minute as if nothing had happened, then she cried out—"He's alive, Desirè isn't drowned!" He thought she had gone crazy. She went on, leaving her place and going over to him. "There, this paper says so; I can have him back if we only leave the land and let them have it."

"The land?" cried Gabriel, with an angry accent.

"Oh, Gabriel, what's the good of the land to us without Desirè! Let them have it."

"The land? Let who have it?"

"The Black Donald and the little man."

"Never, I'll never let them have it."

Marie tried to coax him, but he would not hear. He was angry, and struck the table, and broke his dish. "You women are always talking," he said; and then he was silent.

He did not eat a thing, but Marie sat and watched him thinking. He walked up and down for a while, and then went out. As it was getting quite dark, Marie lit a candle. It threw a light on Gabriel, who came in carrying Desirè's cradle and the wooden horse. Marie flung her arms around his neck and commenced to cry softly; she thought "He has made up his mind to sell the land." When she asked him that, he said, "No, I am going to have Desirè, and I am not going to sell the land." Then a terrible look came into his eyes, and he walked to and fro and then

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stood and glared at the floor, with his hands in his pockets. Marie was frightened when she saw him take up his hat; she put herself against the door.

"She read it with her hand on the latch."

"I am going to get Desirè," he said. She could not keep him, but she snatched her shawl, threw it over her head, and followed. It was bright starlight; a whippoorwill in the dark woods gave his notes boldly; his call was answered from the black hill, rebounding across the rapids. Marie kept close to Gabriel, who walked fast; she wanted to say something to him about being careful, but she wanted to get Desirè and she did not know what to say. Just as they got to the door she touched him on the shoulder. He did not feel her; he struck the door with his fist and shoved it open.

The room was dimly lighted; by the

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stove, in which a little fire was burning, Tim sat hunched together smoking; Black Donald was smoothing a whip-handle; Maggie was hidden in the shadow.

"I want my boy," said Gabriel.

No one spoke for a moment; then Tim glanced up at Black Donald. "He wants his boy, you know!"

"What have I got to do with his boy?"

"One of you devils has got my little boy, Desirè, and I have come to have him or I want to know the reason."

"Your little boy ain't here, mister."

"He is, or you've got him somewhere, and I'm going to have him, or else I'll kill somebody before I move out of here."

"I guess," said Black Donald, putting down the stick and rising slowly to his full height, "you'd better kill me."

Marie, standing by the door, gave a little moan, and hid her face in her shawl. Gabriel stood with his hands by his side as Black Donald came on.

"You'd better go away, Mr. Lavilet," he said, reaching out one big hand for his shoulder. Gabriel tossed it aside and stepped back. Black Donald hit down on him and broke through his guard. Gabriel staggered, but recovered himself, and gathering all his force, sprang and struck at the same time. Black Donald flew off his feet and fell crashing into the stove, knocking it off its legs; the pipes came down with a clatter. He did not move. Maggie was down over him, holding up his head; her hand showed some blood.

"You'd better get away before you kill me," said Tim, who was bringing some water in a dish.

Gabriel strode out past Marie; she followed him, but just on the threshold she turned about and called, "Desirè! Desirè!" very clearly; but there was no answer. She cast a glance at the group by the dismantled stove; a thin smoke from the fire was ascending into the room and travelling along the rafters; the wounded man lay immovable.

The night was as clear as before, only the whippoorwill had come over the river and was in the woods, and the two birds moved about, singing monotonously. The rapids roared below the black hill, with no sound beyond.

Gabriel owned he had spoiled everything by fighting. "Now we'll never get him back," he said, moodily. Marie turned white; she could not blame him, because she had let him go without trying to hold him.

One night, just a week after his fight with Black Donald, Gabriel woke up to see a glow on the wall. He sprang out of bed and looked from the window; there was a glare in the sky. Marie sprang up and lit a candle.

"That's the hay, sure," said Gabriel, as he struggled into his clothes. He snatched his gun and ran out. Marie bolted the door and put out the candle; then she sat and cried; and the fire on the wall swelled and wavered through her tears. When Gabriel got to the stack it was burning up straight into the air. He could do nothing; he stood and watched it blaze. Gradually it smouldered down, and in a transport of rage, he fired his gun into the woods. An owl commenced to hoot, and he went home, half blinded, through the dark.

Black Donald had set fire to the hay; Tim did not try to prevent him, and Maggie could not. He went about with his head tied up in a red handkerchief, and he swore, as deep as he knew, not to take it off until he had his revenge. But the burning of the stack did not satisfy him.

"I must have a shot at him," he growled to himself. He was still angry at Maggie. One night she went out and did not come back until late; this time he was furious and commenced to break things like a child. Tim got up on one of the highest bunks and kept perfectly still, while Donald raged underneath. When the girl came in, he sat down still for a while, then he said, quietly enough: "Where have you been?"

"That's none of your business," she said.

He leaped up and caught her around the neck. Tim raised a doleful howl from the bunk, and, as Donald was near enough, he threw a blanket over his head. He let Maggie go and threw off the blanket; then he pulled Tim down, threw him on the floor, and stood

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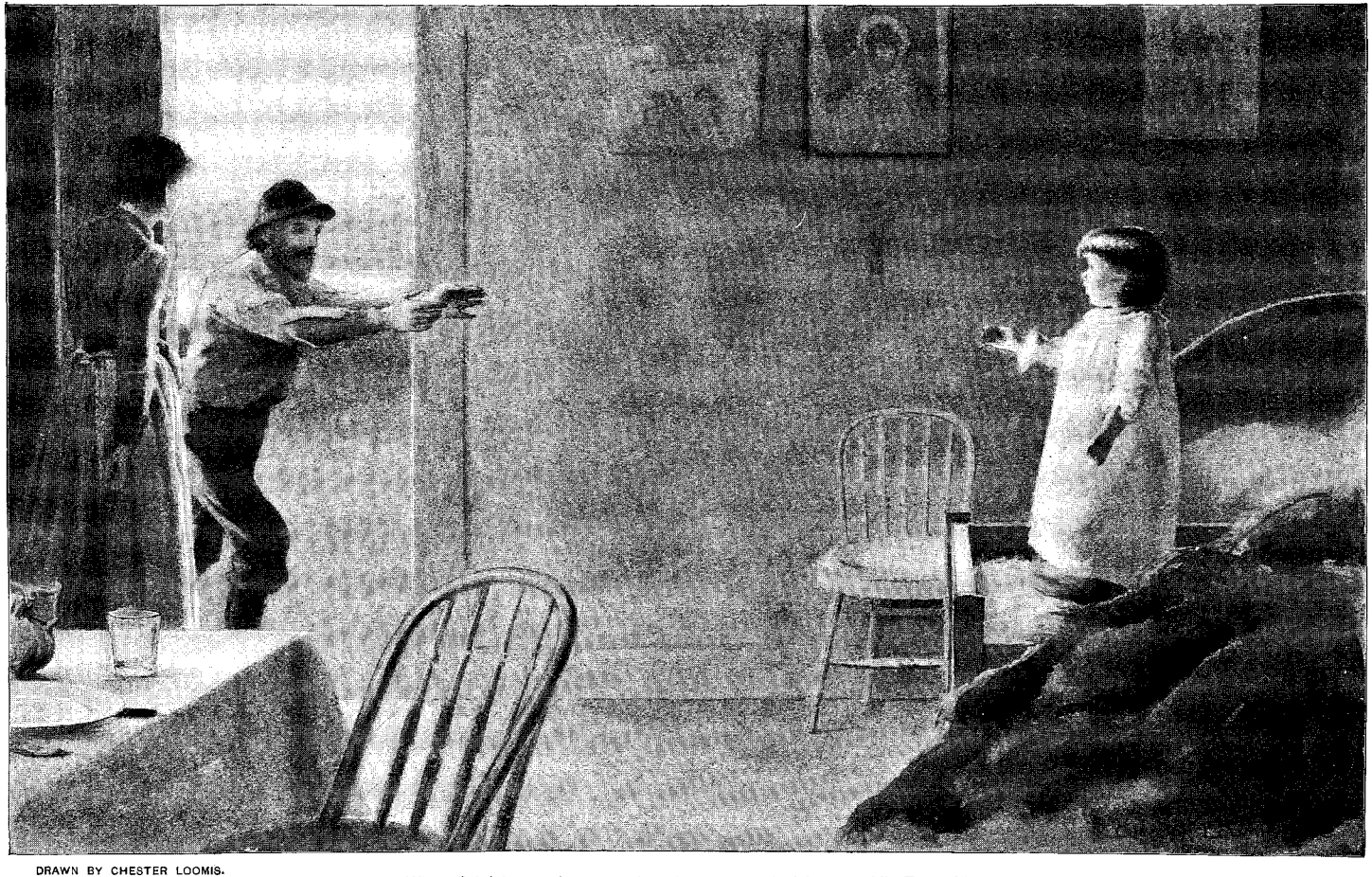

DRAWN BY CHESTER LOOMIS.

"When Gabriel came in he stood up just as if he had been told."—Page 241.

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over him for a minute. Then he went out and did not come back that night.

Marie could neither sleep nor eat; she thought of Desirè all the time. Gabriel, too, had become morose; he walked about with a frown, looking at the ground. He found that a bear had come into his oats one night, and he had built a little stand by a stump, and for two or three nights had sat there watching for him, and thinking all the time how he could get Desirè back. Black Donald knew he was watching for the bear. He said to Tim, when he thought that Maggie was nowhere about:

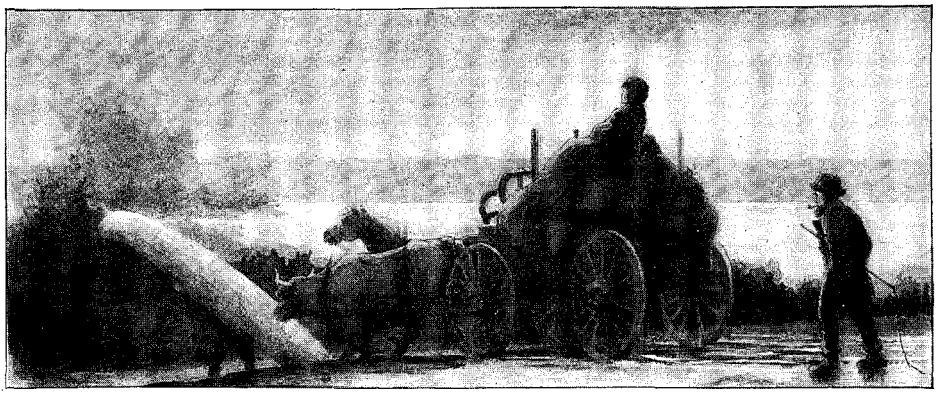
"I must have a shot at him; there's no use. He's down there every night watching his oats. I must have a shot at him, that's all there is to it." His eyes were bloodshot, and he broke his pipe-stem in his teeth.

Gabriel had been half wild all that day because Marie would do nothing but cry, and his fighting mood came over him again. "To-night," he said to himself, "I'll leave the bear alone, but I'll have Desirè back."

"I'm going out to watch the oats," he said to Marie, and when it was darker he slipped away. When he had been gone some time she noticed he had not taken his gun. She was frightened when she thought the bear might come in when Gabriel had no gun; so she took it up and went off to the oat-field.

So soon as it had got dark, Maggie had stolen away from the shanty, and had gone down to the place where Gabriel had waited for the bear. She laid down on the stand and waited, but Gabriel did not come. After an hour she heard things breaking in the woods.

"That's Donald," she thought. But he had been watching her for a long while. The moon was shining dimly behind a cloud. He leaned against a tree, and every little while he would raise his gun and take aim; but he did not shoot. "That thing's too white for the Frenchman," he thought. The crashing in the bush grew louder, and then ceased altogether. Suddenly a huge black bear came swinging down into the oats. He rolled about and pulled them down with his paws. Maggie watched him and drew a knife she had with her. Suddenly the bear rose up and came by just beside the stand. Maggie leaned over and struck down on him. The knife went in between his shoulder-blades, but her blow was not strong enough, and she had lost her balance, and fell almost over on the bear. He gave a growl, and as she tried to recover herself he rose and pulled her off the stand. She tried to cry out, and struggled with him. Just then Marie came up with the gun; she thought it was Gabriel struggling with the bear. "Gabriel!" she screamed; "Gabriel!" and she thought it was all over with him.



"A curious procession took its way down the steep road."

But she put the muzzle up to the bear and fired. He swayed for a moment, and then fell over, and commenced to struggle about in the oats.

Maggie was badly torn, but she tried

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to sit up. Marie shredded her apron into strips and bound up her arm. Then Black Donald appeared above them, looking like a demon in the half light. Maggie made him take the handkerchief off his head to bind her wrist; he looked about for Gabriel and then pulled it off.

"I won't forget you, missis," said Maggie, as she walked away holding to Black Donald.

Marie waited until they had gone a little way, then she left the gun and the bear and fled.

When Black Donald and Maggie got home they found Tim tied to his chair and the room in disorder. He was going to say: "Frenchy's been here, and he's gone crazy;" but he saw how pale Maggie was and the blood on her dress. Gabriel had tied him in his chair, and had ransacked the room; but he did not find Desirè.

Marie was sure now they would never get him back; but Gabriel was curing the bear's skin. "It will make a coat for Desirè," he said.

"I believe he's drowned all the time," moaned Marie, "and they just said he was alive to make us give up the land."

Gabriel commenced to take in the oats; it was a fine crop, close and strong, and stood above the lake on the clear land. From a distance it looked like a wedge of gold driven into the forest. Marie worked with him, binding it and loading it on the cart. She could not sing, although Gabriel wanted her to, and would say: "Come now, 'Sur le Pont d'Avignon.'" But when she would not, he would go on working as though he was never going to leave off, until the sweat ran into his eyes. Marie always went home early to get the meals. One evening she went back to get supper. It was raining across the river, and a great rainbow sprang up, hardly touching the plain with one of its delicate wavering feet, curving grandly with deepened and gorgeous colors against the black cloud, until the hill cut it off. Marie looked at it, with a hand on the latch, and then she pushed the door; but there was something against it. Desirè had taken to his feet, had pushed a chair all across the room, and was holding it against the door. When his mother overcame the soft resistance, he laughed up in her face. There he was in his little pink dress, the same as the day she lost him, only bigger and stronger. When Gabriel came home supper was not ready; but Marie, when she heard him coming, put Desirè in his cradle and threw the bear-skin over him, and when Gabriel came in he stood up just as if he had been told, and his father had to catch him to keep him from falling out of the cradle.

That night when Marie undressed Desirè she found a piece of paper pinned to his dress. She read there, printed with a pencil, these words:

"DEAR MISSIS: What did I tell you? You safed my lif'. I g'e's your lit'le kid is al' rite. There's fosfates on your place, that's the reason why. My dad ses it's worth a pot. Tel' your man to go back by the old road and by the end of the lak'. The show is there. That's all. We're going to get out.

"MAGGIE O'MARA."

The next day Gabriel went back to see the "show," and Marie went with him, and carried Desirè all the way; but his father had to bring him back, he had grown so heavy.

A week after this, a curious procession took its way down the steep road; first came Black Donald, carrying a canoe on his back; then came a wagon drawn by an ox and a horse; in the centre of the wagon a table was turned with its legs in the air; between these sat Maggie on a feather-bed and some brightly-colored quilts. She had her eyes half closed, her arm was bandaged, her face was rather pale and wore a contemptuous expression as she leaned back against one of the table-legs. Tim brought up the rear, with a pipe in his mouth, his hands in his pockets, and a whip under his arm, the lash of which trailed on the ground. It had been raining all day and the road was muddy; water lay in the ruts. Gradually the clouds rolled off, and the night came, still and very clear, with many stars over the black hill, and the rapids roaring loudly through the dark.

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CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

THE subject of children's rights does not provoke much sentimentalism in this country, at this time, where, as somebody says, the present problem of the children is the painless extinction of their elders.

I interviewed the man who washes my windows, the other morning, with the purpose of getting at the level of his mind in the matter. "Dennis," I said, as he was polishing the glass, "I am writing an article on the 'Rights of Children,' what do you think about it?" Dennis carried his forefinger to his head in search of an idea, for he is not accustomed to having his intelligence so violently assaulted, and after a moment's puzzled thought, he said, "What do I think about it, mum? Why I think we'd ought to give 'em to 'em. But Lor', mum, if we don't they take 'em, so what's the odds?" As he left the room I thought he looked pained that I should spin words and squander ink on such a topic.

The French dressmaker was my next victim. As she fitted the collar of an effete civilization on my nineteenth century neck, I put the same question given to Dennis.

"The rights of the child, Madame?" she asked, her scissors poised in air.

"Yes, the rights of the child."

"Is it of the American child, Madame?"

"Yes," said I, nervously, "of the American child."

"*Mon Dieu! he has them!*"—which leads us to take up the question of rights *vs.* privileges.

A multitude of privileges, or rather indulgences, can exist with a total disregard of the child's rights. You remember the man who said he could do without necessities if you would give him luxuries enough. The child might say, "I will forego all my privileges, if you will only give me my rights: a little less sentiment, please, more justice!" There are women who live in perfect puddles of maternal love, who yet seem incapable of justice; generous to a fault, perhaps, but seldom just.

Who owns the child? If the parent owns him—mind, body, and soul—we must adopt one line of argument; if, as a free-will human being, he owns himself, we must adopt another. In my thought the parent is simply a divinely appointed guardian who acts for his child until he attains what we call the age of discretion, that highly uncertain period which arrives very late in life with some persons and never arrives at all with others.

The rights of the parent being almost unlimited, it is a very delicate matter to decide just when and where they infringe upon the rights of the child. There is no standard; the child is the creature of circumstances.

The mother can clothe him in Jaeger wool from head to foot, or keep him in low neck, short sleeves, and low stock-

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ings because she thinks it pretty; she can feed him exclusively on raw beef, or on vegetables, or on cereals; she can give him milk to drink or let him sip his father's beer or wine; put him to bed at sundown or keep him up till midnight; teach him the Catechism and the Thirty-nine Articles, or tell him that there is no God; she can cram him with facts before he has any appetite or power of assimilation; or she can make a fool of him. She can dose him with old-school remedies, with new-school remedies, or she can let him die without remedies, because she doesn't believe in the reality of disease. She is quite willing to legislate for his stomach, his mind, his soul; her teachableness, it goes without saying, being generally in inverse proportion to her knowledge; for the arrogance of science is humility compared with the pride of ignorance.

In these matters the child has no rights. The only safeguard is the fact that if parents are absolutely brutal, society steps in, removes the untrustworthy guardian and appoints another. But society does nothing, can do nothing, with the parent who injures the child's soul, breaks his will, makes him grow up a liar or a coward, murders his faith!

And it is not so very long since we decided that when a parent did brutally abuse his child, it could be taken from him and made the ward of the state; the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is of later date than the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

At a distance of a century and a half we can hardly estimate how powerful a blow Rousseau struck for the rights of the child in his educational romance, "Emile." It was a sort of Gospel in its day; Rousseau, once arrested and exiled, and his book burned by the executioner (a few years before he would have been burned with it), his ideas naturally became a craze. Many of the reforms for which he so passionately pleaded are so much a part of our modern thought that we do not realize the fact that in that day of routine and pedantry and slavish worship of authority, they were the daring dreams of an enthusiast, the seeming impossible prophecy of a new era. Aristocratic mothers were converts to his theories, and began nursing their children as he commanded them. Great lords began to learn handicrafts; physical exercise came into vogue; everything that Emile did, other people longed to do.

With all Rousseau's vagaries, oddities, misconceptions, posings, he rescued the individuality of the child and made a tremendous plea for a more natural, a more human education. He succeeded in making people listen where Rabelais and Montaigne had failed, and he inspired other educators, notably Pestalozzi and Froebel, who knit up his ragged seams of theory, and translated his dreams into possibilities.

Rousseau vindicated to man the right of "being." Pestalozzi said "Grow!" Froebel, the greatest of the three, cried "Live! you give bread to men, but I give men to themselves."

The parent whose sole answer to criticism or remonstrance is, "I have a right to do what I like with my own child!" is the only impossible parent. His moral integument is too thick to be pierced with any shaft however keen. To him we can only say as Jacques did to Orlando, "God be with you; let's meet as little as we can."

But most of us dare not take this ground. We may not philosophize or formulate, we may not live up to our theories, but we feel in greater or less degree the responsibility of calling a human being hither, and the necessity of guarding and guiding, in one way or another, that which owes its being to us.

We should all agree if put to the vote that a child has a right to be well born. That was a trenchant speech of Henry Ward Beecher on the subject of being born again; that if he could be born right the first time he'd take his chances on the second. "Hereditary rank," says Washington Irving, "may be a snare and a delusion, but hereditary virtue is a patent of innate nobility which far outshines the blazonry of heraldry."

Over the unborn our power is almost that of God, and our responsibility, like His toward us; as we acquit ourselves toward them, so let Him deal with us.

Why should we be astonished at the

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warped, cold, unhappy, suspicious natures we see about us, when we reflect upon the number of unwished-for, unwelcomed children in the world; children who at best were never loved until they were seen and known, and often grudged their being from the moment they began to be. I wonder if sometimes a starved, crippled agonized human body and soul does not cry out: "Why, O man, O woman, why, being what I am, have you suffered me to be!"

Physiologists and psychologists agree that the influences affecting the child begin before birth. At what hour they begin, how far they can be controlled, and how far directed and modified, modern science is not assured; but I imagine those months of preparation were given for other reasons than that the cradle and the basket, and the wardrobe might be ready; those long months of supreme patience when a host of mysterious influences, messages and impulses are being carried silently, from mother to child. And if "beauty born of murmuring sound shall pass into" its face, how much more subtly shall the grave strength of peace, the sunshine of hope and sweet content, thrill the delicate chords of being and warm the tender seedling into richer life.

Mrs. Stoddard speaks of that sacred passion, maternal love, that "like an orange-tree buds and blossoms and bears at once." When a true woman puts her finger for the first time into the tiny hand of her baby, and feels that helpless clutch which tightens her very heart-strings, she is born again with the new-born child. A mother has a sacred claim on the world; even if that claim rest solely on the fact of her motherhood, and not on any other. Her life may be a cipher, but when the child comes God writes a figure before it, and gives it value.

When the child is born, one of his inalienable rights, which we too often deny him, is the right to his childhood.

If we could only keep from untwisting the morning-glory, only be willing to let the sunshine do it. Dickens said real children went out with powder and top-boots; and yet the children of Dickens's time were simple buds compared with the full-blown miracles of conventionality and erudition we raise nowadays.

There is no substitute for a genuine, free, serene, healthy, bread-and-butter childhood. A fine manhood or womanhood can be built on no other foundation; and yet our American homes are so often filled with hurry and worry, our manner of living is so keyed to concert pitch, our plan of existence so complicated, that we drag the babies along in our wake, and force them to our artificial standards, forgetting that "sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste." If we must, or fancy that we must, lead this false, too-feverish life, let us at least spare them! By keeping them forever on tiptoe we are in danger of producing an army of conventional little prigs, who know much more than they should know about matters which are profitless even to their elders.

In the matter of clothing we sacrifice children continually to the "Moloch of maternal vanity," as if the demon of dress did not demand our attention, sap our energy, and thwart our activities soon enough at best. And the right kind of children, before they are spoiled by fine feathers, do so detest being dressed beyond a certain point.

A tiny maid of my acquaintance has an elaborate Parisian gown, which is fastened on the side from top to bottom, in some mysterious fashion, by a multitude of tiny buttons and cords. It fits the dear little slab like a glove, and terminates in a collar which is an instrument of torture to a person whose patience has not been developed from year to year by similar trials. The getting of it on is anguish, and as to the getting of it off, I heard her moan to her nurse the other night, as she wriggled her curly head through the too-small exit —"Oh! only God knows how I hate gettin' peeled out o' this dress!"

The spectacle of a small boy whom one meets sometimes in the horse-cars, under the wing of his predestinate idiot of a mother, wrings one's very soul. Silk hat, ruffled shirt, silver-buckled shoes, kid-gloves, cane, velvet suit with one two-inch pocket which is an insult to his sex, how one pities the pathetic little caricature! Not a spot has he for a top, or a marble, or a nail, or

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a string, or a knife, or a cake, or a nut; but as a bloodless substitute for these necessities of existence, he has a toy watch (that will not go) and an embroided handkerchief with cologne on it.

As to keeping children too clean for any mortal use, I don't suppose anything is more disastrous. The divine right to be gloriously dirty a large portion of the time, when dirt is a necessary consequence of direct, useful, friendly contact with all sorts of interesting, helpful things, is too clear to be denied.

The children who have to think of their clothes before playing with the dogs, digging in the sand, helping the stableman, working in the shed, building a bridge, or weeding the garden, never get half their legitimate enjoyment out of life. And oh! unhappy fate, do not many of us have to bring up children without a vestige of a dog, or a sand heap, or a stable, or a shed, or a brook, or a garden! Conceive, if you can, a more difficult problem than giving a child his rights in a city flat. You may say that neither do we get ours; but bad as we are we are always good enough to wish for our children the joys we miss ourselves.

Thrice happy is the country child, or the one who can spend a part of his young life among living things, near to Nature's heart. How blessed is the little toddling thing, who can lie flat in the sunshine and drink in the beauty of the "green things growing;" who can live among the other little animals, his brothers and sisters in feathers and fur; who can put his hand in that of dear mother Nature and learn his first baby lessons without any meddlesome middleman; who is cradled in sweet sounds "from early morn to dewy eve;" lulled to his morning nap by hum of crickets and bees, and to his night's slumber by the sighing of the wind, the plash of waves, or the ripple of a river. He is a part of the "shining web of creation," learning to spell out the universe letter by letter, as he grows sweetly, serenely, into a knowledge of its laws.

It is easy to see that the hurlyburly of our city life is not wholly favorable to the simple creed of childhood "delight and liberty, when busy or at rest." But we might make it a little less artificial than we do, perhaps.

Take the question of toys for instance. Every thoughtful person knows that the simple, natural playthings of the old-fashioned child, or the country child, which are nothing more than pegs on which he hangs his glowing fancies, are healthier than our complicated modern mechanisms, in which the child has only to "press the button" and the toy "does the rest."

The electric talking doll, for example; imagine a generation of children brought up on that! And the toy makers are not even content with this grand personage, four feet high, who says, "Papa! Mamma!" She is *passée* already; they have begun to improve on her! An electrician described to me the other day a superb, new, altruistic doll fitted to the needs of the present decade. You are to press a judiciously-located button and ask her the test question, which is, if she will have some candy; whereupon, with an angelic detached-movement-smile (located in the left cheek), she is to answer, "Give brother *big* piece; give me little piece!" If the thing gets out of order (and I devoutly hope it will), it will doubtless return to a state of nature, and horrify the bystanders by remarking, "Give me *big* piece! Give brother little piece!"

Think of having a gilded dummy like that given you to amuse yourself with. Think of having to play, to play, forsooth, with a model of propriety, a high-minded monstrosity like that! Doesn't it make you long for your dear old darkey doll with the ravelled mouth, and the stuffing leaking out of her legs; or your beloved Arabella Clarinda with the broken nose, beautiful even in dissolution, creatures "not too bright and good for human nature's daily food?" Banged, battered, hairless, sharers of our mad joys and reckless sorrows, how we loved them in their simple ugliness! With what halos of romance we surrounded them! With what devotion we nursed the one with the broken head, in those early days when new heads were not to be bought at the nearest shop. And even if they could have been got for us, would we, the

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primitive children of those dear, dark ages, have ever thought of wrenching off the cracked blonde head of Ethelinda and buying a new, strange, nameless, brunette head, and gluing it calmly on to Ethelinda's body, as a small acquaintance of mine did last week, apparently without a single pang? Never! A doll had a personality in those times and has yet to a few simple backwoods souls even in this day and generation. Think of Charles Kingsley's song, "I once had a sweet little doll, dears." Can we imagine that as being written about one of these modern monstrosities with eyeglasses and corsets and vinaigrettes!

"I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her face was so pink and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my sweet little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day,
And I cried for her more than a week, dears;
But I never could find where she lay.
I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled:
Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world."

One has a good deal of sympathy for the little people during their first eight or ten years when they are just beginning to learn life-lessons, and when the laws which govern them must often seem so strange and unjust. It is not an occasion for a big burning sympathy, perhaps, but for a tender little one with a half smile in it, as we remember what we were, and "what in young clothes we hoped to be," and how many things have come across; for childhood is an eternal promise which no man ever keeps.

The child has a right to a place of his own, to things of his own, to surroundings which have some relation to his size, his desires, and his capabilities.

How should we like to live, half the time, in a place where the piano was twelve feet tall, the door knobs at an impossible height, and the mantel-shelf in the sky; where every mortal thing was out of reach except a lot of highly interesting objects on dressing-tables and bureaus, which, however, would be guarded by giants and giantesses, three times as large and powerful as ourselves, who would say, "mustn't touch;" and if we did touch we should be spanked and have no other method of revenge save to spank back symbolically on the inoffensive persons of our dolls?

My little nephew was prowling about my library during the absence of his nurse. I was busy writing, and when he took up a delicate pearl opera-glass, I stopped his investigations with the time-honored, "No, no, dear, that's for grown-up people."

"Hasn't it got any *little boy end?*" he asked, wistfully.

That "little-boy end" to things is sometimes just what we fail to give, even when we think we have been straining every nerve to surround the child with pleasures. For children really want to do the very same things that we want to do, and yet have constantly to be thwarted for their own good. They would really like to share all our pleasures; keep the same hours, eat the same food; but they are met on every side with the seemingly impertinent pieces of dogmatism, "It isn't good for little boys," or "It isn't nice for little girls."

Robert Louis Stevenson shows in his "Child's Garden of Verses," that he is one of the very few people who remember and appreciate this phase of childhood. Could anything be more deliciously real than these verses?

"In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle light;
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.
I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.
And does it not seem hard to you,
That when the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
I have to go to bed by day?"

Again, the child has a right to more justice in his discipline than we are generally wise and patient enough to give him. He is, by and by, to come in contact with a world where cause and effect follow each other inexorably. He has a right to be taught, and to be governed

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by the laws under which he afterward must live; but in too many cases parents interfere so mischievously and unnecessarily between causes and effects, that the child's mind does not, cannot, perceive the logic of things as it might. We might write a pathetic remonstrance against the Decline and Fall of Domestic Authority. There is food for thought, and perhaps for fear in the subject, but the facts are obvious, and their inevitableness must strike any thoughtful observer of the times. "The old educational régime was akin to the social systems with which it was contemporaneous; and, similarly, in the reverse of these characteristics our modern modes of culture correspond to our more liberal religious and political institutions."

It is the age of independent criticism. The child problem is merely one phase of the universal problem that confronts society. It seems likely that the rod of reason will have to replace the rod of birch. Parental authority never used to be called into question; but neither was the Catechism, nor the Bible, nor the minister. How should parents hope to escape the universal interrogation point which is levelled at every thing else? In these days of free speech it is hopeless to suppose that even infants can be muzzled. We revel in our republican virtues; let us accept the vices of those virtues as philosophically as possible.

A lady has been advertising in a certain weekly journal, for a German governess "to mind a little girl three years old." The lady's English is doubtless defective, but the fate of the governess is thereby indicated with much greater candor than is usual.

The mother who is most apt to infringe on the rights of her child (of course with the best intentions) is the firm person, afflicted with the "lust of dominion." There is no elasticity in her firmness to prevent it from degenerating into obstinacy. It is not the firmness of the tree, that bends without breaking, but the firmness of a certain long-eared animal whose force of character has impressed itself on the common mind and become proverbial.

Jean Paul says if "*pas trop gouverner*" is the best rule in politics, it is equally true of discipline.

But if the child is unhappy who has none of his rights respected, equally wretched is the little despot who has more than his own rights, who has never been taught to respect the rights of others, and whose only conception of the universe is that it is an absolute monarchy of which he is sole ruler.

"Children rarely love those who spoil them and never trust them. Their keen young sense detects the false note in the character and draws its own conclusions which are generally very just."

The very best theoretical statement of a wise disciplinary method that I know, is Herbert Spencer's: "Let the history of your domestic rule typify, in little, the history of our political rule; at the outset, autocratic control, where control is really needful; by and by an incipient constitutionalism, in which the liberty of the subject gains some express recognition; successive extensions of this liberty of the subject, gradually ending in parental abdication."

We must not expect children to be too good; not any better than we are ourselves, for example; no, nor even as good. Beware of hothouse virtue. "Already most people recognize the detrimental results of intellectual precocity; but there remains to be recognized the truth that there is a moral precocity which is also detrimental. Our higher moral faculties, like our higher intellectual ones, are comparatively complex. By consequence they are both comparatively late in their evolution. And with the one as with the other, a very early activity produced by stimulation will be at the expense of the future character."

In these matters the child has a right to expect examples. He lives in the senses; he can only learn through object lessons, can only pass from the concrete example of goodness to a vision of abstract perfection.

"O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold
firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope and Patience, these must be thy
graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep
school."

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Yes, "in thine own heart let them first keep school!" I cannot see why Max O'Rell should have exclaimed with such unction that if he were to be born over again he would choose to be an American woman. He never has tried being one. He doesn't realize that she not only has in hand (generally) the emancipation of the American woman, but the reformation of the American man and the education of the American child. If that triangular mission in life does not keep her out of mischief and make her the angel of the twentieth century, she is a hopeless case.

Spencer says, "It is a truth yet remaining to be recognized that the last stage in the mental development of each man and woman is to be reached only through the proper discharge of the parental duties. And when this truth is recognized it will be seen how admirable is the ordination in virtue of which human beings are led by their strongest affections to subject themselves to a discipline which they would else elude." Women have been fighting many battles for the "higher education" these last few years; and they have nearly gained the day. When at last complete victory shall perch upon their banners, let us hope they will make one more struggle, and that for the *highest* education, which includes a specific training for parenthood, a subject thus far quite omitted from the curriculum.

The mistaken idea that instinct is a sufficient guide in so delicate and sacred and vital a matter, the comfortable superstition that babies bring their own directions with them, are fictions that have existed long enough. If a girl asks me why, since the function of parenthood is so uncertain, should she make the sacrifices necessary to such training, sacrifices entailed by this highest education of body, mind, and spirit, I can only say that it is better to be ready, even if you are not called for, than to be called for and found wanting.

A LITTLE PARABLE.

By Anne Reeve Aldrich.

I MADE the cross myself, whose weight
  Was later laid on me.
This thought adds anguish as I toil
  Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
  I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
  To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed
  Its weight was meant for me,
I should have built a lighter cross
  To bear up Calvary!

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HOW I SENT MY AUNT TO BALTIMORE.

A TRUE STORY.

By Charles Stewart Davison.

VERY well-regulated New Englander is, or should be, possessed of at least three maiden aunts, whose ages, by the way, never by any possibility, aggregate less than one hundred and ninety-five to two hundred and forty years. While not desiring to arrogate to myself any superiority in this respect over the average descendant of the pilgrim fathers, I can, or rather could, at the time when the events hereinafter detailed occurred, have laid claim to this distinctive badge of Puritan descent. In the course of events, which may possibly be regarded as natural, the oldest of my three aunts, then a frail and delicate old lady of about seventy-four, became (some six years since) overwhelmed with a desire to travel. Her first pilgrimage extended as far from the "centre of the universe" as Staten Island. After a brief stay at our house she determined that the next step in her peregrinations should be to the house of a married sister residing in Baltimore. It being impossible, on account of other duties, that any member of the family should accompany her, I was delegated, as being the most experienced traveller and the possessor of the greatest executive ability in the family, to see her safely placed in some seat in some drawing-room car, which should deposit her, if not in the arms of her relatives in Maryland, at least in the Baltimore railroad depot.

The enterprising Canadian, who now rules the destinies of Staten Island, having at that time not yet burst upon an astounded community in the full and effulgent glory of Rapid Transit, islanders were accustomed to visit the city of New York at comparatively irregular, but officially stated, periods. On consideration, it seemed unnecessary to leave Staten Island by a boat which would afford opportunity for at the very least fifty-five minutes reflection in the railroad depot before train time, and an alluring time-table promised a much closer connection by the succeeding boat. We therefore determined to take it. It is needless to say that that boat was five minutes late in starting, unnecessary to add that at New York a passing canal-boat delayed for a few minutes our entrance into the ferry slip; and it surely was nothing more than might be expected, that an elevated train at South Ferry should leave one end of the platform as we reached the other. As a result, however, of these wholly natural forces, we entered the ferry-house on the New York side of the North River with three minutes to spare before the last boat which would catch a fast through train, whose intermediate stops were so few and brief as not to deserve mention, would leave. With the tendency which has been well called "the gorgeous orientalism of the Western mind," this train

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bore a special name which had become familiar as its designation to many ears, including my own. From this fact many troubles thereafter arose, as will be seen. Fortunately, one thing was in our favor, my aunt's trunk had preceded us, and, with a calm confidence in the baggage system in vogue in this country, it reposed on one end awaiting its inevitable tagging, in front of the baggage counter, as I had time to notice while dashing into the ferry-house. Cautioning my aunt under no circumstances to move until I returned, I rushed to the ticket-office, tossed the man a ten-dollar bill, and in my haste, with the train on my mind, mentioned mechanically the name by which it was known, and which included the name of an intermediate city. It will be readily seen how the name of the train she was to travel by momentarily obliterated all consciousness as to the objective point of the journey.

I had just time enough to wonder, in a semi-stupefied way, as to the amount of change that was returned out of the ten-dollar bill, while hurrying to the baggage-room. There I silently exhibited the ticket, was handed a check, and rushed back to my aunt. I hurried her through the gates, and we had a few moments breathing time crossing the river. Simultaneously, on our arrival at the New Jersey side of the North River, the gates leading to the train were opened, and the stentorian guardian of the portal recited, in unintelligible tones, the names of most of the railroad stations of the United States. I found time, however, to get a seat-ticket at the little window in the extreme right-hand corner of the waiting-room, where for the purpose of making matters as inconvenient as possible, as it momentarily seemed to me, those valuable pieces of pasteboard were dealt out. Fortunately, I noticed that the seat assigned on the little slip of card handed me, was No. 25, in car No. 1. But here, again, instead of asking for a seat to any particular place, I silently exhibited the railroad ticket which I had purchased on the other side of the river. We hurried through the gates, found car No. 1, and placing my aunt in the first vacant chair, I proceeded to look for seat No. 25. As I turned from her to do so, I noticed that the sides of the station were gently slipping past the car. Asking the nearest person if it was possible that the train had already started, I received so unqualified an affirmative response that no possible doubt could remain. As the train's first stop was a full hour away, and as I had several matters needing attention in New York, the conclusion was forced upon me that extreme promptness would alone procure their being duly attended to. Selecting the nearest traveller, I thrust into his hands my aunt's railroad tickets, her little wicker basket of lunch, and a novel purchased at the elevated station; asked him in one breathless phrase to find her seat for her, fled to the door, and jumped from the steps as the train cleared the end of the long station. After performing various agile contortions in the air, with a view to an ultimate recovery of equilibrium, I rested from my labors in this respect and walked slowly back along the platform, reflecting upon the very unsatisfactory way in which I had started her on her journey, and, naturally, as anyone in contemplative mood would, I thrust my hands into the pockets of my overcoat. With gloomy forebodings I extracted from one pocket a strange object. It was my aunt's purse, which I had taken from her that I might for greater security put her trunk-check in one of its compartments. This raised a new doubt, if not a new complication. It was clearly necessary to make certain beyond peradventure that she should be met on her arrival at her destination, since she had no money with her. With this object in view, I made my way to the telegraph window in the station, secured a blank, and wrote ——, Esq., No. — Lexington Street, *Baltimore?* The pen dropped from my hand. Photographed on the mental wall before my inward eye aroused by this first recognition of Baltimore as a distinct entity, appeared the designation of the train including the name of the intermediate city. In a flash the superabundance of change which I had received at the ticket office became understandable. There could be no doubt. I had started an elderly lady, totally inexperi-

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enced in the ways of the world at large, and of the travelling world in particular, without money and without power of reclaiming her trunk, with a ticket and a seat only, to a point a couple of hundred miles short of her destination.

Desperate cases need prompt action.

I had in mind but one idea, that if I could hire a special locomotive I might overtake the train at its first stopping place.

Looking firmly at the telegraph operator, I said, "Has this road got any superintendent?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"Outside, to the right, upstairs." And outside, to the right, upstairs, I proceeded.

Opening a door, I came on several clerks seated at desks, writing.

"Where is the superintendent?"

"Through there," said one, pointing. Through there I went.

I found a medium-sized room; a desk in the centre, a youngish man of dark complexion and smooth-shaven face; a man not over thirty-five, of pleasing impression and unruffled front, seated at it.

"Are you the superintendent?"

"Yes."

I sat down.

Looking at him with as much of earnest entreaty, desperate resolve, alarm, determination, and a few other qualities as I could summon to my instant aid, I said, without a breath or pause, "I have just started an old lady inexperienced in travelling who wants to go to Baltimore with tickets only half-way and without any money; she is in car No. 1, seat 25."

Never yet have I seen a man rise so instantly, so calmly, and so unconsciously to the exact level of an occasion. He smiled and touched a bell and said, "That is all right. As long as she does not get scared and get off the train, we've got her. I will have them flag the train, and tell the conductor to look out for her." While he talked he wrote. Almost instantly the door opened. A messenger appeared. The message was finished. It read, "Conductor, train 37. Elderly lady, car No. 1, seat 25. Is to go through to Baltimore whether she has tickets or not. Don't let her leave the train." Handing the slip to the messenger he turned to me and repeated, with a smile, "As long as we have got her on the train she is all right. Now," he said, continuing, "we will telegraph to the agent at the station at which her tickets expire, to buy her a ticket on to Baltimore, and to buy the same parlor-car seat she is now in, on to Baltimore, and to take the tickets to her on the train." In two minutes the telegram was sent. "Now," he said, "we will telegraph the conductor fully, at his first regular stop, what the circumstances are. And," said he, turning again to me, "you say she has no money." "I have her purse here," I replied. "Well," he said, "we will tell the conductor to hand her ten dollars in change." While talking his pen was busy. In a moment more he read me a concise statement of the facts of the case, addressed to the conductor at the first way-station. This despatched, he sat back in his chair and reflected for a moment. "Now," he said, pushing over to me a pad of paper and a pencil, "she won't know what all this means, and may get alarmed. Had you not better send her a long conversational telegram to be delivered on the train?"

I wrote some twenty lines explaining the situation, telling her that all she need do was to remain in her seat until the train reached Baltimore, that tickets and money would be supplied to her, that under no circumstances was she to leave the train, and that I was overwhelmed with sorrow at having so badly arranged her journey. While writing this telegram another door opened, and a head and hand appeared through it. The hand waved a little slip of yellow paper, and the head said, "Conductor, train 37, says, Elderly lady all right." An enormous weight rolled from my mind. The man who, so far as my purview extended, controlled the destinies of creation, then said, "Now, how are you going to get her purse and trunk check, which I see you have, to her?"

"I thought of sending them by mail."

"Well, suppose you write her a note and do it up with the purse in a package, and I will send it down the line so she can get it to-night. We have a wild-cat engine going over the line in about half

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an hour." The resources of the road seemed inexhaustible, and it is needless to say that to this further extent I availed myself of them. But before the package was sealed, another idea had occurred to the superintendent, who indeed, I think, rather made a point of showing me what the possibilities of their system of management were. "That trunk check," he said, "is only for the same point as her tickets. What is its number?" I told him. "Now," said he, "we will telegraph the baggage-master there, that that piece of luggage, though checked only to his point, is not to be put off, but is to go on to Baltimore, where it will be redeemed on the original check."

Again his pen sought the invaluable pad, and the final message was despatched.

With a general feeling that I had incurred anywhere from one to five thousand dollars of expense, I inquired in relation to this delicate question. "Well," said he, "now let me see. The difference in fares is (referring to a schedule) $3, the parlor-car seat is $1. We gave her $10 in the train (observe the unconscious certainty with which he spoke of that which he had by telegraph ordered done being already the fact) that makes in all $14." "But," I said, "is there no charge for all these telegrams and the trouble that the road has been put to in the matter?" "Oh, no," he said, "all these are matters of detail;" giving one the general impression that "the road" stood *in loco parentis* to those who travelled by it. With thanks which were sincere, if not effusive, I was about leaving, when again the head and yellow-slipped hand appeared through the door. "Ticket agent number nine-two-three says, All right. Baggage-master number four-four-five says, All right," and the head vanished. I came away with the general stunned feeling which we all experience when we run up against an approximately perfect system, working without hitch or delay. On the succeeding evening I learned by letter from my aunt that it had not been mere appearance of efficiency. As she expressed it, before she knew anything was wrong, people kept bringing her telegrams, and handing her money, and saying that everything was all right. The conductor came to her immediately after the train was flagged, explained to her that her tickets were accidentally for the wrong place (of which she had not become aware), but that she would be carried on to Baltimore, and that under no circumstances was she to leave the car or the train. Came to her again at the first stop and handed her ten dollars. A ticket agent came to her thereafter and handed her new tickets to take her to Baltimore. She was met at Baltimore in accordance with a telegram which I forgot to mention was also despatched by my friend, the superintendent, and later in the evening her purse and trunk check were delivered to her at her sister's house.

The above might well be thought to be an imaginary sketch of what might be done on and by a well-organized road. It is, however, something more than that, it is an exact statement of facts which actually occurred.

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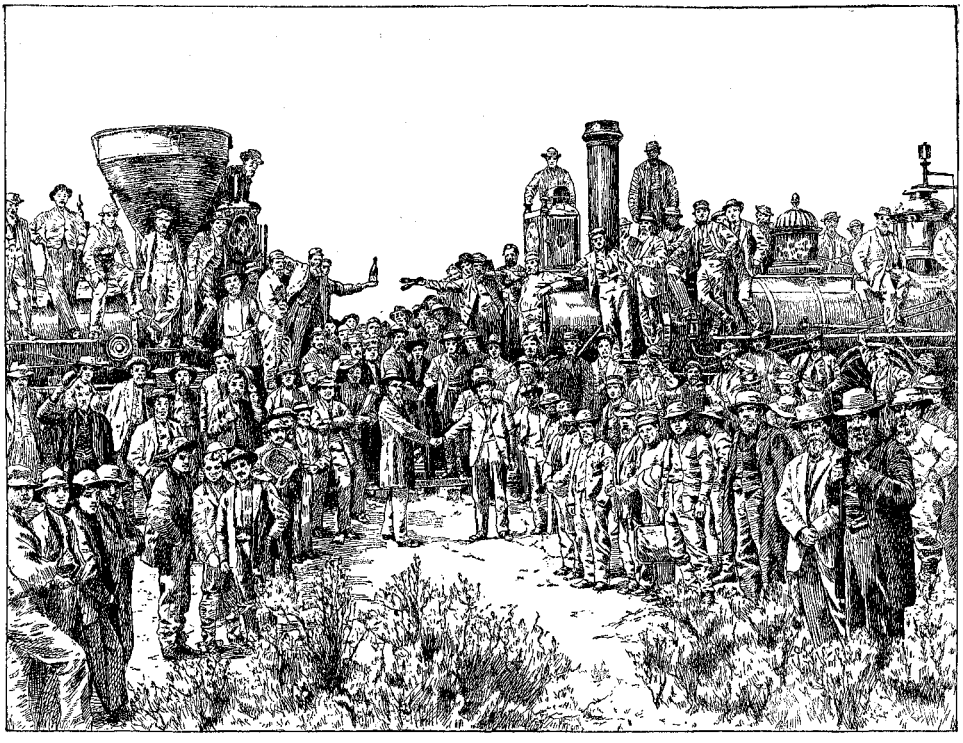

Joining of the Central and Union Pacific.
The continent spanned—scene at Promontory Point, Utah, May 10, 1869.
[From the only existing photograph.]

HISTORIC MOMENTS:
DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE OF THE UNION PACIFIC.

By Sidney Dillon.

THE traveller over the Union Pacific Railroad in 1892 sees very few things aside from the physical features and general topography of the country through which it passes to remind him of the scenes which presented themselves to the view of those who composed the first excursion party over the completed road, and who witnessed, on May 10, 1869, at Promontory Point, Utah, the formal ceremony of driving the last spike. Nothing now marks the spot where this ceremony took place, and even the small station known as Promontory, is at some distance from the point where the connection between the two transcontinental roads was originally made. The whole aspect of the country, from the Missouri River to Salt Lake, has marvellously changed. Where there were then only tents, there are now well-built, substantial, and prosperous towns, and instead of the great desert wastes, supposed to be beyond reach of cultivation, one may now see an almost unbroken stretch of corn-fields and cultivated lands.

It is not too much to say that the opening of the Pacific Road, viewed simply in its relation to the spread of population, development of resources, and actual advance of civilization, was an event to be ranked in far-reaching results with the landing of the Pilgrims, or perhaps the voyage of Colum-

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bus. In less than twenty-five years it has accomplished results which have influenced the whole world more than what happened in the century following the landing of the Pilgrims.

The five or six hundred men who saw the connection made at Promontory were strongly impressed with the conviction that the event was of historic importance; but, as I remember it now, we connected it rather with the notion of transcontinental communication and trade with China and Japan than with internal development, or what railroad men call local traffic. We were somewhat visionary, no doubt, but none of us dreamed that the future of the Pacific roads depended more on the business that would grow out of peopling the deserts it traversed, than on the through traffic. We have not been disappointed in the stupendous results attained, but they are different from those we looked for, and of vastly greater consequence to the country. Our expectations concerning Asiatic trade, it must be owned, have fallen short of fulfilment, but the enormous development of local business has surpassed anything we could have ever dreamed of. Instead of being incidental and subordinate it is the chief business, the main dependence of the road, the through business for 1891 being only about five per cent., and the local ninety-five of the whole volume of traffic.

Nearly forty years earlier Asa Whitney, reading in China the account of the first experiment in railroad building in England, began to reflect upon the enormous changes the new invention made possible in bringing together remote sections of the globe; and naturally enough, his thoughts turned upon the possibilities opened to Asiatic commerce. So impressed was he with the feasibility of a railroad across the American continent as a means of rapid communication between the Asiatic ports and European countries that he set to work at once compiling statistics concerning the trade of China, Japan, and India, with a view of directing public attention to the subject. He began his public work somewhere about 1841, and in 1845 secured a hearing before Congress. It was due almost entirely to his persistent efforts that the first appropriation for surveys was made in 1853. His proposition was to build a railroad from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, in consideration of a grant of land from the Government to a certain amount over the whole line. Experience has shown that his plan was far from feasible, but he clung to it with the faith of an enthusiast, keeping it before the people and before Congress until he had sacrificed his own private fortune and became discouraged. About the time the present charter was passed he disappeared from the scene.

But the idea that a transcontinental railroad must depend chiefly upon the commerce of China and Japan continued to possess the public mind. How little thought was given to the development of the vast territory between the Missouri River and the Pacific is indicated by the fact that the examinations and surveys made by order of Congress included the isthmus routes and the possibilities for railroads or canals on the whole stretch of country from Panama north to the Canada line. The main thing was not to develop the country and make it habitable, but to get across it as quickly as possible. The gold discoveries in 1849, the large emigration in consequence, and the admission of California as a State, added an important element to be considered, and contributed largely toward keeping the subject in the public mind. But the real objective point continued to be China and Japan and Asiatic trade.

Congress spent large sums of money between 1853 and 1860 in surveys of the country between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean, the results of which were printed in large volumes, profusely illustrated, and distributed to the people at Government expense. Beyond these tentative steps nothing could be effected. Political conditions prevented further progress. In the first place, the agitation of the slavery question occupied the attention of Congress to the exclusion of everything else; and out of the sectional jealousies engendered by that controversy had arisen differences as to the

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route to be adopted—whether a northern, southern, or middle—which were irreconcilable. Nothing could be done as long as those conditions continued. The South, which was then in the control of the Government, would never consent to any northern route, and not a dollar of capital could be enlisted for the southern route recommended by Secretary of War Jefferson Davis.

But politics, which had so much to do in preventing progress, took a turn in 1860, which resulted in the enterprise being put in practicable shape and hurried forward with unexampled speed to completion. The charter of 1862 was rushed through Congress because the war had disclosed the dangers of the existing situation. Our Pacific coast and the new States of California and Oregon were from twenty to twenty-four days out of reach, and only accessible then by transit through a foreign country. The coast was almost entirely undefended, and the Trent affair had awakened anxiety in the direction of a war with England, which the Confederate Admiral Semmes had intensified by the destruction of nearly a hundred whaling vessels in the Pacific Ocean. The citizens of the new States were urgent for some action by Congress, and President Lincoln publicly and privately pressed the importance of the subject upon members of Congress and upon capitalists.

China and Japan were for the moment lost sight of, and the ruling thought in the public mind was as to the necessity for strengthening the Union by bringing its remotest coasts in quick and easy communication, as soon as possible and at any cost. Even then the possibility of making the great intervening deserts habitable and populous and fruitful of profitable traffic, had not entered men's minds. Investigation showed that the transportation of mails, troops, munitions, and supplies between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean was costing the Government upward of seven million dollars annually. It was estimated that the road could be built for one hundred million dollars. So that simply to do its own work the Government, had there been no constitutional hindrance, could well afford to issue its six per cents. for the amount, build the road, and save a million dollars annually on its own transportation.

The charter of 1862 was believed by Congress to contain sufficient inducements in its land grant and subsidy loan to enlist the capital requisite to begin the enterprise. No one had any idea that the full capital would be subscribed or paid in. That was plainly impossible. There were not many who believed the scheme was practicable. Most people looked upon the whole thing as visionary. Under the charter of 1862 nothing was done beyond effecting an organization. Capital held aloof from so unpromising a venture.

In 1864 the charter was amended, the land grant was doubled, and other changes made enlarging the inducements to capitalists to put enough money into the enterprise to give it a start. Even then the practical railroad builders, who were extending to and beyond the Mississippi the lines of what are now the great systems of that section, after thorough examination of the subject shrank from the undertaking. The Rock Island and the Northwestern were half-way across Iowa, but still a long distance from their objective point, the Missouri River. To one or the other of these roads it would fall naturally to take hold of the Union Pacific charter, and under it extend its own line beyond the river. The franchise was more valuable to them than to any one else. Both looked the matter over, considered the whole subject, and shook their heads. They saw no money in it.

With experienced railroad builders so advantageously situated, taking this view of the enterprise, the difficulty of procuring subscriptions and raising money to start the work may be easily imagined. Enough subscriptions were made, however, to justify a beginning, though it was quite evident that very few of the subscribers had any expectation of a return on the investment either as interest or principal. The first instalments on these subscriptions furnished about money enough to pay the costs of a celebration on the occasion of breaking ground at Omaha in the

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autumn of 1864. This was quite an affair for Omaha and Council Bluffs, both of them at that time sprawling settlements chiefly made of canvass, with hardly a two-story house in the whole outfit; but it did not make much impression on the outside world. Ground having been broken with proper ceremony everything stopped. Durant and Bushnell, who were the leading spirits in obtaining the charter and effecting an organization, were hard at work raising money and vainly trying to get *bona-fide* subscriptions enough to warrant going ahead. The limitations of the charter were a fatal obstruction. It was only when these difficulties were surmounted by the device of a construction company that they began to see light.

This is not the place to treat of the operations of the Credit Mobilier. I have only to say, as its Executive Officer during the period of its activity, that in my judgment its methods were as legitimate and honorable as those of any corporation with which I have ever been connected; and without it the Pacific Railroad could not have been built. It was through this organization, having been in the business of a railroad contractor all my life, that I became interested in the Union Pacific; and I may say as evidence of my faith in the property that a large part of my original stock in the company is held by me to-day.

The advances made by the Credit Mobilier enabled the railroad company to go ahead, but on account of differences arising from a change in the original location of the line from Omaha west, work was delayed so that it was about the beginning of 1865 when construction may be said to have fairly begun. Some grading was done in the autumn of 1864, but the first rail was not laid till July, 1865. During 1865 we laid forty miles of track, on the acceptance of which by the Government we received $640,000, in Government bonds—being $16,000 a mile—as a subsidy loan. The land grant was in addition to this, but was not available to meet current expenses. Our land-grant bonds and first mortgages were practically unsalable, and could only be used as collateral for loans made through the means of the construction company.

This money was a great help to us, though it came far short of relieving the pecuniary embarrassments which constantly beset us. Everything was done at enormous cost. None of the Iowa roads had reached the river, consequently all our materials, machinery, fuel, provisions, men, everything in fact, had to go to St. Louis and be transferred thence by boat to Omaha. The treeless plains furnished no ties, and we were obliged to transport them from remote points at very great expense. Ties for a long distance cost us sometimes $2.50 a piece. The cost of labor and provisions was also greatly enhanced by the lack of direct communication with markets; and in the absence of wood or coal we were obliged to procure fuel from long distances at a frightful cost.

Affairs wore a very unpromising look at the close of 1865, and were not much better at the end of 1866, though we had laid 260 miles of track during the year. During 1867 we climbed to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and added 240 miles of track, making about 540 miles of completed road beyond the Missouri River. At the end of that year we were over the top of the mountains and nearly half-way to Salt Lake City. The cost of building over the mountains was so much less than we had expected that the construction company found itself with a surplus from the proceeds of the subsidy bonds. This was imprudently distributed in dividends, so that in a short time we were in greater distress than ever for money. To add to our embarrassments the fact that we had reached the dividend point brought the harpies down on us from outside, and led to dissensions among ourselves. Nothing but the faith and pluck of the Ameses, fortified with their extensive credit, and the active financial aid of men like John I. Blair and other capitalists carried the thing through. Meantime the scene of active operation from the river to the mountains was attracting public interest and exciting public curiosity more and more every

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day. People who thought for a long time that the whole scheme was wild and visionary began after a while to realize that out there on the "Great American Desert" an extremely interesting enterprise was afoot, and that whatever came of it one thing was certain, the world had never seen railroad building on so grand a scale under such overpowering disadvantages and at such a rapid rate of progress. It opened fresh fields to the newspaper correspondents and a theme of uncommon interest for the press. After the first year the newspapers of the country began to be filled with accounts of the progress of the work, with descriptions of the methods pursued in construction and the physical aspect of the country traversed. Public interest had gradually been wrought up in this way to such an extent that during the last year of construction it was the prominent topic; and the progress made in track-laying was telegraphed all over the country each day. It culminated on May 10, 1869, when in all the large cities of the Union business stood still while the telegraph clicked the blows of the hammer that drove the last spike.

The chief engineer of the work, a man whose animating spirit had much to do with the wonderful rapidity with which it was pushed, was General G. M. Dodge, who had explored the whole country from the Missouri River to Salt Lake as far back as 1853, when he was employed on the Rock Island Road making surveys. He was an enthusiast who communicated enthusiasm to his working forces, and he showed skill in the management of hostile Indians, contractors, laborers, and the ruffians and gamblers who followed the camp. The close of the war, in which he distinguished himself, left him at liberty to accept this position of chief engineer, and his intimate relations with Grant and Sherman put him on such terms with commanding officers of garrisons and military posts along the route that he was enabled to avail himself of military aid against marauding Indians, and also frequently in maintaining order when worthless camp-followers became unruly. With him were General Jack Casement and his brother Dan, in charge of the track-laying, men of boundless energy and undoubted courage, upon whom he could rely to carry out any order with military promptness and unquestioning obedience. The working force was almost entirely composed of discharged soldiers, whose experience during the war admirably fitted them to encounter the dangers from hostile Indians and endure the privations and hardships of camp life on the Plains. At an alarm of Indians these men fell into line and prepared to meet the attack with the readiness and decision of veteran soldiers.

During 1868, and to May 10, 1869, we laid five hundred and fifty-five miles of track, which took us to Promontory Point, just north of the shores of Salt Lake, where we met the track of the Central Pacific and made the connection between the two roads. For various reasons the two companies had not always worked together in perfect harmony; and one result of mutual misunderstanding was, that instead of making the connection when the working parties came together, the graders on both sides kept right on until the two roadbeds lapped over two hundred miles. When the track-layers met the law required a junction to be made and this was done at Promontory. A controversy on the subject was subsequently settled by the Central Pacific leasing of the Union the track from Promontory to Ogden, which became the junction point.

Popular interest in the enterprise had become so universal and absorbing, and the event of completion was awaited with so much anxiety, that a celebration of the occasion with some formal ceremonies was not only proper but necessary to meet the public expectation. But the scene was so remote, and we who were on the ground had been so much occupied with pushing construction and overcoming the pecuniary embarrassments and other complications with which we were beset, that there was no opportunity to make arrangements on any adequate scale for the celebration of what we all felt to be one of the most important achievements of the nineteenth century. There was no

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time to make an elaborate programme nor any facilities for carrying it out when made. But our feeling was that, however simple the ceremony might be, the people of the whole country, who had kept in such close touch with us and had given us such sympathy and encouragement from the beginning, should be with us in spirit at the culminating moment and participate in the joy of the occasion.

Arrangements for this purpose were made at very short notice, and through the hearty co-operation of the telegraph companies, all the principal offices in the country were informed a few hours beforehand that as soon as the preliminaries were completed a signal would be given and every office being put in connection with Promontory; the blow of the hammer driving the last spike would be communicated by the click of the instrument at the same moment to every station reached by the wires.

General Dodge and the two Casements, and the force under them, were not idle during the night of May 9th and the early hours of the 10th. The rivalry between the two companies had been very sharp, and neither neglected an opportunity to gain an advantage. The tracks were only a few feet apart on the night of the 9th. During the evening General Dodge learned that the Central people had made their arrangements to put in sidings early next morning and secure possession of the terminus. But when in the gray of the morning the Central's construction train moved up they found, to their surprise, the sidings all laid and the rails occupied by the Union Pacific locomotives and cars. The Central people took it on the whole very good-naturedly, and did not permit it to disturb the general good feeling of the occasion.

It was not a large crowd. In brass bands, fireworks, procession, and oratory, the demonstration, when ground was broken at Omaha, less than five years before, was much more imposing. A small excursion party, headed by Governor Stanford, had come from San Francisco; while on our side, besides our own men, there were only two or three persons present, among whom was the Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield. Not more than five or six hundred, all told, comprised the whole gathering, nearly all of whom were officials of the two companies—contractors, surveyors, and employees.

The point of junction was in a level circular valley, about three miles in diameter, surrounded by mountains. During all the morning hours the hurry and bustle of preparation went on. Two lengths of rails lay on the ground near the opening in the road-bed. At a little before eleven the Chinese laborers began levelling up the road-bed preparatory to placing the last ties in position. About a quarter past eleven the train from San Francisco, bringing Governor Stanford and party arrived and was greeted with cheers. In the enthusiasm of the occasion there were cheers for everybody, from the President of the United States to the day-laborers on the road.

The two engines moved nearer each other, and the crowd gathered round the open space. Then all fell back a little so that the view should be unobstructed. Brief remarks were made by Governor Stanford on one side, and General Dodge on the other. It was now about twelve o'clock noon, local time, or about 2 P.M. in New York. The two superintendents of construction—S. B. Reed of the Union Pacific, and S. W. Strawbridge of the Central—placed under the rails the last tie. It was of California laurel, highly polished, with a silver plate in the centre bearing the following inscription: "The last tie laid on the completion of the Pacific Railroad, May 10, 1869," with the names of the officers and directors of both companies.

Everything being then in readiness the word was given, and "Hats off" went clicking over the wires to the waiting crowds at New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and all the principal cities. Prayer was offered by the venerable Rev. Dr. Todd, at the conclusion of which our operator tapped out: "We have got done praying. The spike is about to be presented," to which the response came back: "We understand. All are ready in the East." The gentle-

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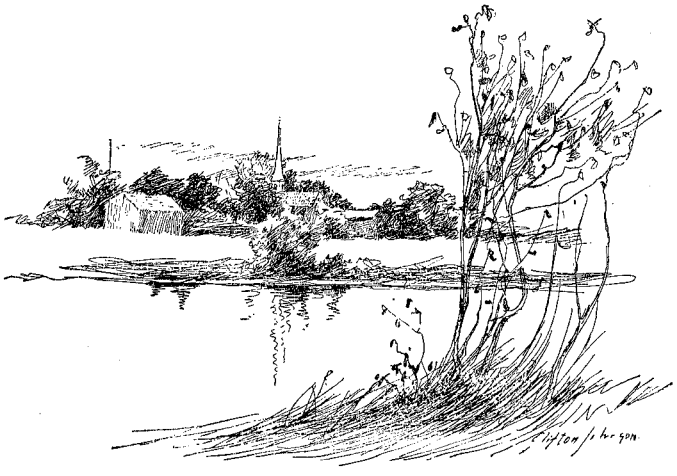
men who had been commissioned to present the four spikes, two of gold, and two of silver, from Montana, Idaho, California, and Nevada, stepped forward, and with brief appropriate remarks discharged the duty assigned them.

Governor Stanford, standing on the north, and Dr. Durant on the south side of the track, received the spikes and put them in place. Our operator tapped out: "All ready now; the spike will soon be driven. The signal will be three dots for the commencement of the blows." An instant later the silver hammers came down, and at each stroke in all the offices from San Francisco to New York, and throughout the land, the hammer of the magnet struck the bell.

The signal "Done" was received at Washington at 2.47 P.M., which was about a quarter of one at Promontory. There was not much formality in the demonstration that followed, but the enthusiasm was genuine and unmistakable. The two engines moved up until they touched each other, and a bottle of champagne was poured on the last rail, after the manner of christening a ship at the launching.

The event was celebrated in all the large cities, and everywhere hailed with demonstrations of delight. In New York, Trinity Church was thrown open at mid-day, an address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Vinton, and a large crowd united "to tender thanks to God for the completion of the greatest work ever undertaken by man." In Philadelphia bells were rung and cannon fired. At Chicago a great impromptu demonstration took place, in which all citizens joined; at Buffalo a large crowd gathered to hear the telegraph signals, sang the "Star-Spangled Banner," and listened to speeches from distinguished citizens; and at every important point the announcement of the completion of the work was received with unbounded joy.

That night our party started on their return, and the next day, May 11, 1869, trains began running regularly over the whole line. New York was in direct rail communication with San Francisco, and a new empire was thrown open in the heart of the continent.



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THE POINT OF VIEW.

WHATEVER may have been its plight in some earlier times, literature certainly has now of esteem of a certain sort enough and to spare.

Let a boy disclose a preference for books over toys and sports, and immediately he becomes the peculiar pride of his parents, and the marvel of the neighborhood. The preference may confine itself to books of the desperate brigand sort, but still is he a lad apart; a lad on whom heaven has bestowed an unusual endowment. The parents, in that case, perhaps confess to a fear that he reads too many stories; but through their very confession their pride shines as clear as its artificiality through an eye of glass. And men and women grown attain, within the circle of their more immediate acquaintance, to the distinction of being great readers with little more difficulty than the boy. It were easy to frame a simple prescription which might safely be warranted to produce, if pursued with anything like diligence, a luxuriant growth of literary reputation in six weeks, so ready is local public opinion to give a reader credit for large achievements. From the smallest to the greatest, the reading man's reading usually falls short of the public estimate, like a rich man's estate; and it is always accounted in him a peculiar grace.

All this indicates unmistakably a wide and spontaneous deference to literature. And it is further indicated in the habit of men who, beginning life in poverty and comparative illiteracy and finally achieving wealth, furnish their houses with books and found public libraries. But, in spite of it all, the practical faith in literature is extremely weak. One is never surprised to find men in stores and offices reading the newspaper; but one would be surprised to find them reading books, and many would be perfectly scandalized. Immediately question would arise of their energy and alertness as men of business.

A boy out of school for the long vacation was set at some light task in a bank. His duties left him with an hour or two each day quite unoccupied. One morning he carried with him to the bank a copy of "Old Mortality," having come in that engaging history to such a pass that he could not comfortably permit his reading to lie over until evening. As he sat over the tale in an intermission from work, there stopped before his desk a man who had a sufficient interest in books to have collected a considerable library, and even to have read by easy stages some of the volumes it contained. Noting the book, but without noting either its title or its character, he said in the gravest tone, "I suppose they use you a little tenderly yet, while you're new, and allow you to read." No doubt it was but a bit of pleasantry, framed with the awkwardness usual to a grave man in his efforts to be playful with a boy. But back of it there lay a sense that a boy reading a book in a bank was unbusinesslike; and this sense the boy received with such force that he was ashamed to have been caught reading there and carried his book to the bank no more. Thereafter he fancied, as no doubt most of the wise,

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earnest men who did business at that bank fancied, that in the odd moments when the bank had nothing for him to do he might better do nothing rather than get interested in a book.

In after years the lesson of this experience was repeated to him in another. He was on a journey, and there entered the car in which he was travelling a man of his acquaintance who, stopping to greet him, found him reading "In Memoriam." "Ah," said the man, "reading poetry?" and he smiled as one might at catching a friend kissing a pretty girl.

If, business done, and the business hours spent, a business man chooses, in the privacy of his own home, to divert himself with Shakespeare, instead of playing with his children, or drowsing over his newspaper, or going into society, oftentimes he may. A few there will be (his own business partners like enough) to begrudge him even this liberty, and to contend that he were better abroad making friends who may later become customers. Against any liberty beyond this the authority of the whole volume of every-day wisdom stands opposed. In short, for all the deference paid it, literature is in the general apprehension a thing quite apart and distinct from all practical vocations: well enough if one has time to devote to it, but not unless one has time, and not in the least conducive, rather obstructive, to skill and success in those vocations.

Much behind the rest of the world, as usual, I have just been reading Mr. Stevenson's "Song of Rahéro," but as I do not propose any discussion of it from a literary point of view, my tardiness is perhaps of no importance. It is the significance of the story itself with which I am struck.

In his notes Mr. Stevenson tells us that he has heard two complete versions of the story, which he has not consciously changed in a single detail, and which we must therefore conclude are identical. He adds that "there seems no reason why the tale should not be true."

Stripped of its graceful adornments, which I presume we may, at all events, attribute to Mr. Stevenson, the story is this:

Rahéro, who hates the King of Taiarapu, contrives a deadly insult, using as an instrumentality a half-witted boy, who is pursued by one of the king's guard and slain. The boy's mother, after vainly seeking the aid of all the dignitaries or "kings" of her own land, goes to the other side of the island, to the hereditary foes of her people, whose king undertakes the pleasant task of avenging her. First, he caused the report to go forth of the great abundance of food in his land, and sent boat loads to be cast into the sea and washed up at the very feet of the Tevas in proof of it. Meantime he built a strong house with a roof, into which he purposes to toll his foes like a drove of pigs and there burn them. All goes as planned, and the Taiarapus, to the number of eight hundred, the king and everyone of his people set out for this land of promise. They are received with apparent welcome and a great feast is prepared, and everyone of them, men, women, children, babes, and graybeards, if they had any beards, eat to repletion and drink themselves into a dead stupor. Wood is thereupon piled all about, the building fired, and all perish except Rahéro, who escapes through the roof after it had fallen in, and taking one of the women of the hostile tribe by force, his own wife and children being burned, rows back to his own land. From this pair all the Taiarapus claim descent. Mr. Stevenson is a little astonished at the idea of the king, commons, women and children all eating together, but naïvely adds: "It troubled none of my numerous authorities; so there must certainly be some natural explanation."

Seeing that Mr. Stevenson is so fine a story teller, perhaps we ought not to hold him too rigidly to accountability as a historian or scientist. But I might almost as well say that the incidents set forth in "Kidnapped" and "Treasure Island" have not troubled me and other admiring readers, and that they are capable of natural explanation. Certainly, they are not impossible, but I have an impression that the author did not expect us to accept them as literal fact.

That there may be a germ of truth in the story of Rahéro is not denied; but all its details stamp the tale as legend—as one of the innumerable attempts of a race to account for its origin, nothing whatever being

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known of the facts. Usually it is a flood, in some shape, which intervenes between the present and the very remote past, from which a single pair only escaped. In this form the deluge legend has gone over the whole world.

But destruction by fire is rare. I do not recall a good example of it. There is, however, the story of the rabbit who shot the sun, causing a general conflagration, from which he alone appears to have escaped in a sadly fragmentary condition. But in the Eddas we are told that at Ragnarok the world will be burned, a single pair, Lif and Lifthraser surviving, from whom a purer race will spring.

Aside from the matter of race origin, the incidents in the story of Rahéro are frequently paralleled. In the Volsung Saga, Sigmund and Sinfjotli "go home to the hall, when as men slept there, and bear wood to the hall and lay fire therein; and withal the folk therein are waked by the smoke and the hall burning over their heads." There was in this case nothing to prevent their escape except the two grim warriors waiting outside, for Sigmund's sister comes out and takes a tender leave of him and goes back into the hall to share the fate of the king, whom she cordially hates and whose death she had planned. The victims have taken no precautions and make no attempt to save themselves.

So also, later in this narrative, Gudrun "cast fire into the hall," and the people waking, instead of escaping, which there is nothing in the world to hinder, smite each other down with swords. Gudrun alone survives and is borne over the sea waves to Jonakr. Here again is a touch of the race legend. She becomes the mother of Hamdir, Sorli, and Erp, but the curse which attaches to the Andvari hoard prevents a further development. The two first go to avenge their sister Swanhild and are slain, first having themselves killed Erp, who elsewhere appears to be only a half-brother. From the Lay of Hamdir it would seem that here was another instance of setting fire to the hall:

> "Look on these hands of thine,
> Look on these feet of thine
> Cast by us, Jormunrek,
> On to the flame."

The fire may, however, have been merely what would have been burning in the hall, and it does not appear that Jormunrek had been surprised.

In the Nibelungen Lied the hall in which the Burgundian heroes had taken refuge was fired, but here there is nothing marvellous or improbable in the incident itself. But taken in connection with the rest of the story, it would be exceedingly unsafe to conclude that it represents any actual event.

In the wistful, not to say regretful, mood stirred by the more and more frequent intrusions of the novel without a hero, it may prove solacing to note how little real use fiction has ever been able to make of the Perfect Person. If the mood were of grief at an assured bereavement, of course one would hardly dare to enlarge on the smallness of the loss. But thus far the novel with a hero has not been finally displaced, only ominously crowded; and its friends are still in a sufficient composure, one may trust, to submit to fortification against the worst.

The man who yields to no assaults of passion, does no injustice, harbors no illusions, and maintains his affections ever fresh and warm, is an ideal precious to every heart not warped out of all capacity for ideals; and imaginative literature, to be of more than the day, has always had to give, and always will have to give, at least sufficient glimpses and intimations of him to keep the ideal quick and gracious. Whenever a complete portrayal of him has been undertaken, however, by presenting him as an actor in the living scene, it has been more or less of a failure, so far as I recall, except when he has been kept to a subordinate rôle.

The finest instance of the perfectly balanced man that imaginative literature supplies, the one that seems surest of never losing its charm, is perhaps Horatio. He is imaged to us as completely as can be; we hold him always for our personal friend. And yet no character in the whole play is of less moment to its story than he; and nothing that he either does or says is the source of our impression of him. The impression comes wholly of the affection in which Hamlet held him, of the enticing accounts that Hamlet gave of him, and of the illumination of his by Hamlet's own charac-

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ter. That the beauty and effectiveness of the play are greatly heightened by his presence, is undoubted; but with no "necessary question of the play" is his connection vital. He is a sympathetic, indeed, but a perfectly composed and level-headed looker-on at an awful tragedy. Nor could he have been much more, I dare think, and not have been marred in his true perfection.

When the attempt has been made to put the balanced man at the centre of the action one of two catastrophes has infallibly befallen. Either he has become a wooden and insipid personage whose very name died out of memory the moment the book or spectacle was done; or he has gone off into a course of conduct in gross conflict with the character given him at his introduction. Especially prone to the latter kind of undoing were the heroic youths of the last century. Action was secured to them only by making life between the descriptive ravishment of the first scene and the repentant exaltation of the last a self-stultifying debauch; and the real feat of the imagination was for the reader, who, seeing with what depravity they behaved, could still think them noble.

The difficulty lies in the nature of things. Novelists and playwrights have not lacked the power of truly conceiving the perfectly balanced character. Indeed, the best of them work constantly under the influence of such a conception, even in the creation of characters of a designedly different sort. One must have the sense of a right line to know a crooked one. But there is so little that the perfectly balanced character can be made to do. Rarely is the file of strange and moving incident set marching by him. Whim, foible, perversion, one-sidedness, not balance and perfection, are the bread of fiction.

For an instance, take Molière. He is better than almost any other; for with him the action is brief and simple, the characters are few and often simple, too, and it is easy to see the method by which the piece is evolved. The clear victim of some maggot of the brain, a human creature distinctly out of plumb, is found and set free to follow his mania of hallucination to fatal lengths; and the acts into which his distorted sense of the relation of things leads him and enforces others make the story. All else is subordinate. The well-balanced man is brought in, but only as an interlocutor; a person with a stick to prod the animals into diverting gambols. Mr. Lowell has said that Molière's "quality was comic power rather than humor." And this is true in respect of the development of the story; but in the choice of these central characters out of whom the story springs, he is preëminently humorous. They are one and all fellows overridden by humors. No other than a humorist could have had Molière's quick eye for them. And the indispensable material of fiction is always somewhat after their sort.

When a man is planning for the comfort of his mature and declining years, there are some things that he arranges for as matters of course. He will try to plan so that he may have an income proportionate to his habits of expenditure as long as he lives, and he will arrange, if possible, to have the income continue just the same to himself or his heirs after he is tired and stops working. He will be apt to try to arrange also to have a wife to grow old with, and to have children about him, in various convenient stages of development, to keep him in touch with contemporary life. And he will form the whist habit or the habit of reading books, and take reasonable measures not to have gout, or dyspepsia, or any unreasonable affection of the liver.

Such precautions any prudent man will take as he sees the propriety of them, and many others too; but there are one or two comforts that he may miss by not appreciating their value until it is too late to provide for them. A particular luxury of this sort, for which a timely arrangement must be made if a man is to have it at all, is a periodical meeting with the men who were young when he was. In order to secure this enjoyment, it is necessary, in the first place, to be young with a considerable number of persons associated in the pursuit of some common interest, and to form more or less intimate relations with them. They must be the right sort of people too; people whom it is not only edifying to know while they are young, but who promise a development which will make a fair propor-

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tion of them good company in their maturity. Having formed such an acquaintance betimes, the habit of renewing it periodically should be started early and carefully nursed, the periods growing gradually less until they become annual.

The simplest way to accomplish all this is doubtless to go early in life to a good college, and return yearly to its Commencements. But where that has not been feasible, the same end is often otherwise accomplished, as by being a veteran of the war, and meeting one's fellow-veterans annually at a Grand Army Encampment; or by being an earnest politician and getting sent pretty regularly to conventions. The points that require attention are, that you must meet old friends who were young, or comparatively young, in your company, and from whom you are ordinarily separated. The old friends whom you meet every day won't do. You talk to them, when you see them, about what happened yesterday and was in the morning paper. The sight of them does not annihilate time for you; your intercourse with them has been too constantly contemporaneous for that. But the old acquaintances whom you only see once a year carry you back every time to the years when you first knew them.

It is a valuable refreshment to the spirit to be thus transported, and one which rightly constituted persons prize with increasing appreciation as the years pile up on them. After a man has found his vocation and got into the root of it, existence comes to smack too much of the tread-mill, and a sensation that is quickening and pervasive, and out of his every-day experience, is the more welcome and the more reviving to him in proportion to the increase of the difficulty in finding it.

Therefore, if you intend to be happy though old, form the habit early of regular attendance on some periodical function. Have a taste for something in particular, and stick to it until the other enthusiasts on the subject are old acquaintances. Then meet them persistently once a year, and presently you will have a habit that will be of real value to you when you have passed the time for making new friends.

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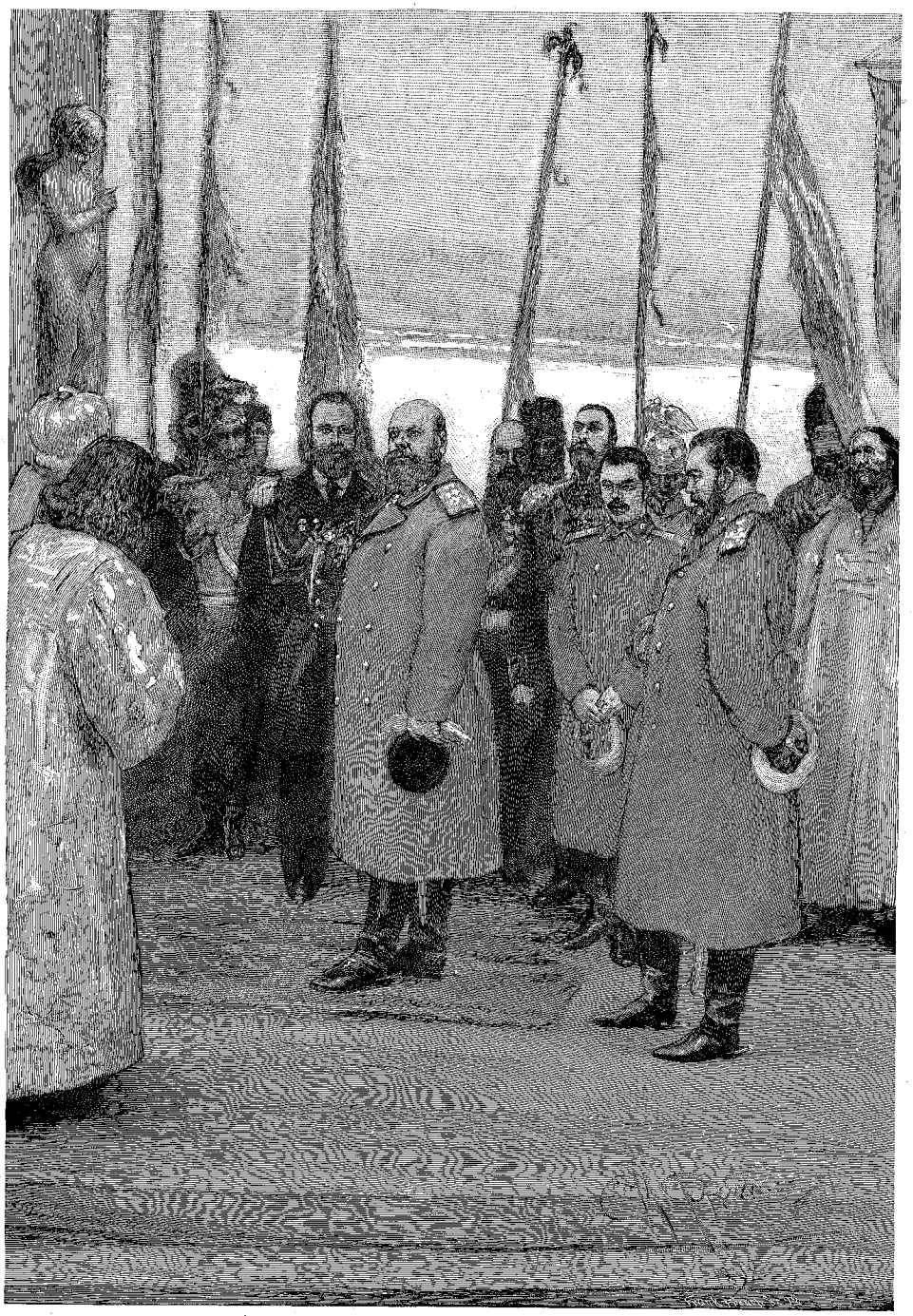

DRAWN BY ILYA EFIMOVITCH RÉPIN. ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA BLESSING THE WATERS OF THE NEVA AT EPIPHANY.

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